MICHAEL ANGELO ATTENDING HIS SICK SERVANT, URBINO.-BY L. HAGHE.



Vol. III.-No. 4.

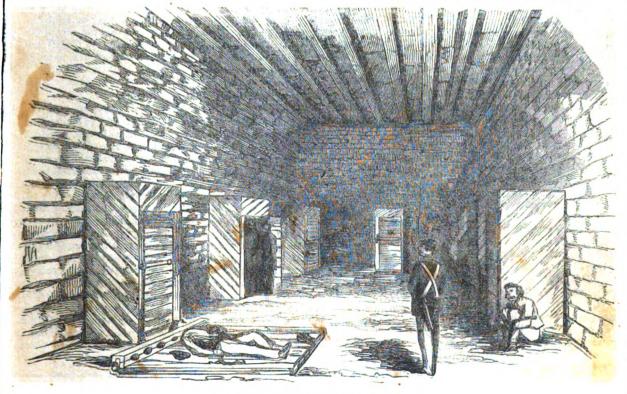
OCTOBER, 1858.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

REMINISCENCES OF MEXICO.

I had visited Tampico before it was occupied by the Americans during the war with Mexico, and a miserably dull place it was. Having no harbor in which a vessel might be safe against the northern winds, they had to sail up the river, at the mouth of which a sandbank barred the entrance to large vessels, which had therefore to anchor outside of it, and to run out to sea at the approach of the northern winds, which blow here frequently with great fury, there was but little inducement to traders to risk their vessels on such hazardous enterprise. A few vessels of the smaller kind only were seen here, who imported little and exported less.

The old Mexican custom-house on the plaza had been transformed into a guard-house and prison. In one of the large damp rooms of this building, and which had only one airhole, Colonel Gates ordered to have constructed dungeons for refractory soldiers and others. These dungeons were built of strong pine boards, six feet high, seven feet long and three wide, with one small airhole four inches square. This was to be the abode of human beings. The unfortunates, whose fate it was to be incarcerated here, had to divest themselves of every stitch of clothing, on account of the suffocating heat in these terrible holes, rivalling in horror the black hole of Calcutta, or the lead chambers of Venice. Little air could enter through the small aperture, and it would have mattered very little even if a greater quantity had found entrance there, from the pestiferous quality of the whole



PUNISHMENTS IN A MEXICAN DUNGEON.

Vol. III., No. 4-19

atmosphere of the room in which these dungeons were built. In this naked state mosquitoes and other vermin, reared by the uncleanliness which was prevailing, devoured the prisoner; daylight never penetrated into this infernal contrivance, and he was left to despair. I have known en incarcerated in these holls for three months in succession.

Another ingenious mode of punishment was a platform, rais: I on the plaza in front of the guard-house, on the principle of a pillory. A kind of stocks was raised about four feet from the ground, into which the sufferer was fastened by the neck and hands, being unable to stand upright. He was kept there for hours exposed to the heat of the tropical sun, often with a large pieces of wood as a gag in his mouth. If he was a tall man his suffering was terrible, for being unable to endure this builed position his body was partly suspended by his neck and hands. The Mexican populace used to collect here, gazing with astonishment at these scandalous and cruel exhibitions. These pillory-stocks, however, did not remain long, for not only Americans but even Mexicans remonstrated against it, and at last it was removed into the large dungeon-room, where operations were still continued, but in a horizontal position.

Official advices of the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo reached us shortly after my arrival, and the news was hailed with rejoicing by the volunteers and with regret by their officers; the misery of the former and the glory of the latter would end.

Tampico having returned to its customary dullness, heat and yellow fever, I thought advisable to ruralize, and hired a " canoero" with his "palanka," resembling a baker's bread shovel, to take me to Pueblo Viego, opposite Tampico, and which belongs to the state of Vera Cruz. I did not remain any time in this village, but proceeded to the one league distant town of Tampico Alto, rendered famous by the miraculous image of Nuestro Senor de Tampico Alto, kept in the ancient church, which is said to be richly endowed. During my sojourn the annual fair was kept there, and thousands of pilgrims and traders were to be seen, most of whom camped in the streets. I was not astonished at the reported wealth of the church, when I saw the thousands of pilgrims disposing of their donations in the receptacle placed for that purpose at the entrance, the quantities of wax candles, which were blessed and sold in the church, as well as many thousand yards of ribbon, which the buyers suspended round their necks.

The fair was no great affair certainly, and little money circulated on account of the absence of the Gringos, who used to spend Uncle Sam's money freely. There were more gambling tables then vendors of merchandise, and the latter were neglected, while the former attracted the visitors, who are all gamblers, ladies not excepted. Barrel organs strove to outroar and outscreech each other to attract attention, and caused an infernal musical discord. Biguelas (guitars) sounded, and jaranas (small sized guitars, with many brass strings), tinkled everywhere; and now and then was heard, loud and above all the din, the screech or howl of a Mexican "cantador," imitating invariably the female treble.

It is sufficiently known that Monte is the favorite game of the Mexicans, but at their fairs they have other games which are equally patronized, among which the game of Lotto or Keano is predominant. It is played in the same manner as in the United States, but with the difference that, instead of cyphers, the tables are furnished with small pictures, which the Mexicans, many of whom do not know any cyphers, find more intelligible and amusing. The pictures are also painted on a pack of cards, which the banker calls out one after the other, the players being careful to look over the table and to mark the picture, if it happens to be on it, by a bean. The pictures, though coarsely painted, represent well-known objects, and are easily recognised; as, for instance, a snake, a human skull, a man with a wooden leg, a dagger, the devil, &c., and the calling out of each is accompanied by a witticism, for the amusement of the bystanders. The man with the wooden leg is meant for Santa Anna, who is universally detested by the Mexicans of the lower and middle class, and when calling out his name the picture is not mentioned; instead of which is said: El que ha vendido el poys (he who has sold the country); or, el traider (the traiter).

After Nuestro Senor de Tampico, the most fortunate individual in town, and who carried the most money away from it, was undoubtedly a poor "arriero" (a mule packer), who came from a great distance in the service of a trader, and was accompanied by his wife. They had taken possession of a roofless and otherwise dilapidated house on the outskirts of the town. One day, when the woman was alone in the house, and occupied in cooking their frugal meal on the half crumbled hearth, her attention was attracted by a round whitish spot, three or four inches diameter, resembling in size and appearance the mouth of a "botija" or oil jug, as they are sent hem from Old apain with olive oil, and which contains about two gallons, I believe. She had a knife in her hand and scraped listlessly over the spot, when in reality she found it to be a botija, at which she wondered, thinking it singular that such an object should have been used in the building of a hearth. She opened the jug, and imagine her joy and astonishment when she found it nearly two-thirds filled with Spanish doubloons. The farmer possessors of the house had fled the country many years ago, at the commencement of the insurrection against the Spanish government, and the fortunate finder was the lawful owner of the treasure. The finding of hidden treasure in Mexico is by no means unfrequent, and quite a number of such cases came to, my knowledge while I was in Mexico, and which is not to be wondered at, for the reason of the absence of banks and the naturally suspicious Spanish character.

About a mile from Tampico Alto is the head of a large lake called La Laguna de Tamiagua. At the border of this lake is a little village inhabited mostly by poor people, who make a living by the transit of goods and passengers from Tampico to Yuspan, partly by packing, partly by covered boats. To this village I removed on account of its pleasant situation, and the facility which it offered for hunting and fishing in its vicinity. The lake was divided from the ocean by only a narrow strip of land, consisting at some places of barren sandhills, and at others of beautiful forest, free of undergrowth, and full of a variety of game, which was seldom disturbed by the hunter. for the inhabitants were too poor to waste their time with hunting, and too indolent when without occupation. Crossing the lake in front of the village, which was called La Orilla de Tampico Alto, and which I was able to accomplish in about an hour, I'landed, and crossing the sandhills, which are here only about half a mile wide, I found myself at the seashore, where I indulged frequently in a salubrious sea-bath. Following the sea beach for a few miles towards the south, the sand became very soft and white, and this was the favorite region of the sea turtle, of which two kinds are met here, namely, the green turtle, called by the Mexicans "tortuga caballera, and the white turtle, which is smaller than the other, and is only met with in the months of May and June.

The season when the turtles leave the sea and come on the sandy shore to deposit their eggs lasts from May to September, and during that time the market of Tampico is well provided with the same, and they are sold at the rate of two to four dozen for one shilling or real. There are a number of Mexicans who follow the digging of turtle eggs as a trade, and being acquainted with one of them I accompanied him on one of his rounds along the sea beach. We did not proceed very far till we found numerous tracks of turtles which had crawled from the sea, which they always do at night, and especially about the time when the moon is full, or nearly so. The tracks caused by them are very large and distinct, and penetrate considerably into the sand, on account of the great weight of the animal. A natural instinct seems to tell them that their eggs are sought after, and considerable cunning is employed to lead the seeker of them on a false track. The animal makes with its powerful feet, or paddles which serve as feet when on dry ground, and by which it propels itself when in water, a number of holes in the sand, which it covers up again, forming a small mound over it, and it requires some experience and practice to select the right one in which the eggs are buried.

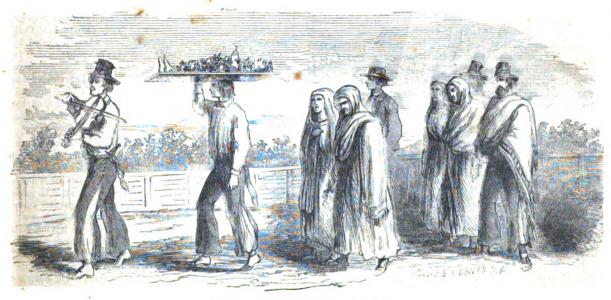
Having passed many old tracks we soon came to a fresh one, and finding the mounds we removed them one after the other, after which we inserted a long and pointed Mexican straight

sword into the sand underneath; and coming to a place where the ground was softer than at other places we thrust the whole sword down. Drawing it out we found some little of the inside of the eggs adhering to the point, which indicated that eggs were buried on that spot; and having dug it out to a depth of about two feet, found the "posso," as the Mexicans call it, which means a well, properly so called on account of the shape of the hole, which was about twelve inches in diameter, quite circular, and nearly three feet deep. We took one hundred and sixty-seven eggs from it, all laid by one turtle, and I have even found a hole afterwards which contained one hundred and eighty-four. The eggs are a trifle larger than a silver dollar piece, and are inclosed in a skin, as the eggs of all amphibious animals are. All the holes are alike. The eggs are boiled in water with a little salt, which penetrates through the s in, which latter shrinks a little by this process, and losing its perfect roundness becomes wrinkly. The yolk is not very yellow, and is coarse grained, but of good flavor; but the white part of the eggs does not change its slimy consistency after boiling, and is thrown away by some persons. After a few hours' search we had more eggs than we could conveniently carry, and returned home. The sea turtles, although easily caught at night by means of turning the same over with a pole, are not molested, for they are never eaten by the natives.

cooling in the moulds it is of the consistency and color of maple sugar.

The ignorance and superstition among this people I found to be very great, and they believe in all kinds of ghosts and hobgoblins and supernatural quackery, which latter is much employed by them when sick. Next door to the house where I resided a woman was suffering by some malignant disease. I was requested by her relatives to take her in hand, for said they being a foreigner I must be a doctor. And, in fact, this is a common belief among a large majority of the Mexicans throughout the country, who, although inimically disposed towards Americans and others, admit their superiority in learning and skill, which absence of vanity does not throw a bad reflection upon their character.

I was, however, by no means disposed, with my limited knowledge in medical matters, to take such a heavy responsibility upon my conscience as the life of a fellow-being, and was compelled to decline. Curanderas (curers) were then sent for, who practised all they knew and did not know on her, but to no avail. It was then suggested that she should send for a remedy to the priest of Tampico Alto, who sent her a bottle with blessed water, with which she had to sprinkle her forehead every morning, and a paper on which was written a religious formula, and which was to be applied to the ceat of the disease.



FUNERAL PROCESSION OF A MUNICAN CHILD.

small piece of ground on which they plant their corn, gamotes (sweet potatoes), chile (red pepper), yuka (cassave root), pumpkins and sugar cane. The soil is very fertile, and land being abundant the same ground is never used for the next year, because the weeds growing very luxuriantly, and the Mexicans having a natural antipathy against work, avoid weeding by rather cutting down the timber or chapparal near the old piece, which they fire after drying a little, and the ground is ready for planting. The Mexicans never plough in the regions near the coast, and such an agricultural implement as a plough never met my eye until I visited the interior.

The government in Mexico, unlike that of the United States. derives no revenues of land sales, for it has not the right to sall any, for all the land which is not used by private individuals is the property de la nation, as they call it, and every citizen and even a foreigner has the privilege of taking possession of as much land as he can cultivate.

I saw here the Mexican style of making sugar or pilonzillo. After having pressed the cane between a coarse press set in motion by a mule, the juice is poured into a large copper and boiled down to a certain degree, when it is stirred continually

All the inhabitants of the Orilla of Tampico Alto have a | Everybody expected this to be a certain cure, but they were deceived, for the woman died a week afterwards.

During my residence at this village I used to beguile the time by fishing and hunting excursions, always unaccompanied, because I could not find anybody who had the time or inclination to share in that sport. I harpooned an abundance of fishes, ad killed deer, wild hogs, pheasants and wild turkeys, which inhabit the forests.

There was to be a fair at the small town of Tamiagua, which is signified on the borders of the lake about fifty miles distant, on the way to Tuspan, and I resolved to visit that town and see how the festivity would be conducted. I had been there before with one of the practical canceres, and did not doubt but I would find the way to it, which, it fact, could hardly be missed by keeping near the shore. Accordingly I hired a small cance with sall and paddle, and providing myself with comestibles sufficient for a few days I set out, intending to proceed at my leisure, and land now and then for the jurpose of hunting. Having arrived about ten or twelve miles a start from the village, at a place where the lake suddenly vident to a great extent, and a favorable wind springing up. I set s.i. and was flying over the water, for the canoe was extremely light and to prevent its burning; it is then poured into small cone shaped, little more than two feet wide. I intended to I ap near the moulds, without separating the sugar from the molasses. After shore, but unexpectedly the wind changed into a furious norther, the lake quickly became turbulent and my little craft was blown irresistibly into the foaming sheet. All my endeavors to regain the shore again were abortive, and in order to save myself from drowning, not having acquired the useful art ot swimming, I had to keep before the wind; on the contrary of which the huge waves would certainly have upset me, and there would have been my end. There was no time to lower the sail, for I had to pay all my attention to the steering of the canoe by means of the paddle, and only at times I ventured to bail out the water which constantly poured over me from both sides. An awful predicament for a man who could not swim!

I was warned of dangerous fishes and alligators, which I saw freethently not very distant from me with their huge heads and tails sticking out from the water, which they are in the habit of doing in tempestuous times, and it was horrible to contemplate being devoured by these hideous animals. It was about noon when the tempest overtook me, and my little bark bounded like a nutshell and flew before the wind, until I perceived in the distance an island right before me, which enlivened my spirits considerably, having hope now to be saved from an awful death. The sun was just setting when my canoe touched the shore, over which the waves dashed furiously and upset my canoe immediately. This island, as I afterwards learned, is called La Isla del Toro.

But I was saved, although with a wet skin, and looking about for my gun, sword and a few cowhides which I had in the vessel, I succeeded also in drawing the same on the dry land with the sail and the paddle, losing, however, my provisions. Beginning to rain, I constructed a shelter by poles over which I laid my cowhides, and having fortunately a box with tinder, flint and steel, I lit a fire, and made myself as comfortable as circumstances would admit for the night, which I passed very well. I felt very hungry in the morning, and cleaned and dried my gun, in order to go in search of some game, but saw nothing worth shooting, and only the "sopilotes" or buzzards abounded; my appetite not having reached, however, that point yet which would stimulate me to eat that disgusting bird, I continued my search after better game. I did not find anything but wild cattle, which were extremely timid and ran at my approach; by dint of creeping near a herd, however, concealed by trees and brush, I succeeded in killing a calf, from which I cut the hind-quarters, and carried them into my tent. I felt now quite easy and comfortable, not caring how long the tempest might last.

When the rain subsided a little I explored the island, which I found to be about three miles long and two and a half wide, and uninhabited by any human being thought myself a second Robinson Crusoe, with the difference, however, of my confinement lasting only four days, through which time the storm continued, an abatement of which I hoped for with impatience, for I had discovered the tracks of tigers, and longed to leave their unpleasant neighborhood, keeping a bright fire during night time. On the third morning I found my meat to be spoiled, having no salt for its preservation, not having used the necessary precaution of breiling the same sufficiently. I was compelled, therefore, to look after more game, and in my perambulations came upon fresh tracks of cattle, which I followed until I heard their lowing. I then crept Indianlike and noiselessly forward upon my hands and knees until I got near a herd, which was grazing on a small grass plot surrounded by the forest. Unseen by me and the cattle there was, however, another hunter watching his prey, in the shape of an enormous tiger, which I suddenly saw bounding forward and striking down with a tremendous blow a calf nearest to him, while the herd fled in consternation. It may be imagined that I did not wait to witness the further movements of the ferocious beast, but beat a precipitate retreat, selecting another part of the island for a hunting-ground, and where I killed another calf.

The sun on the fifth morning rose beautiful, the atmosphere was clear, and the wind had changed; and I embarked, resuming my voyage, not knowing exactly which way to go, having lost the customary route entirely, but steered southwards, hoping to meet some canoero

After a few hours' sailing I arrived at another island, near the shore of which I kept, having the main land five or six miles distant to my right. Gradually the channel became more narrow, until at last I arrived at a point where it was only about fifty yards wide. Approaching this point I was horrified by the sight of innumerable alligators, some of enormous slae, basking in the sun on both shores, as if guarding the passage through the channel. I was loth to proceed, and dreaded passing through this formidable array of sentinels, with their enormous open jaws armed with rows of teeth resembling whipsaws; but where could I go? Returning was out of question, and so I made a virtue of necessity and west onwards, having loaded my gun previously with a brace of balls and laid my sword handy.

The alligators, however, seemed to have about as much fear of me as I of them, and one after the other at my gradual approach tumbled into the water with a tremendous splash. Their curiosity seemed, however, excited, for they invariably rose with their loglike heads over the surface again. taking a good look at me, without, however, showing any signs of hostility. Only one, and he seemed the great grandfather of the alligator tribe, judging him by his enormous length, nearly succeeded in upsetting my canoe, for, being belated or fostering hostile intentions, he precipitated himself under the very bow of my frail vessel, which he lifted from the water, and by which I was nearly swamped. I escaped, however, unscathed from this perilous channel, which I was informed is called by the natives El Estero del Caiman. They also told me that the passage through that part of the lake is never travelled by the canoeros on account of its dangerous inhabitants, which are as they call it en carnizado, that is, have tasted flesh and have acquired a desire for it. After having passed the channel I gained again the open lake, and evening setting in and not venturing on shore, I passed the night in my little craft, having fastened the same to a long pole which I had thrust into the muddy bottom of the lake

Proceeding on my voyage next morning, I kept near the shore of the main land to my right, and seeing plenty of wild turkeys I landed on a convenient spot and gave chase. When in the canoe I had heard a low but distinct growling and roaring, and determined to ascertain the cause of it. After i had crept for a short distance through the trees and bushes, I saw three wild hogs playing in a muddy pool quite near me, without having perceived my presence, and having selected one, which I killed, the others fled. At my approach I found the animal not yet dead, and he snapped at me with his long tusks and gnashed his teeth in a horrible manner. He could not, however, move from the spot, being dangerously wounded, and I despatched him with my sword. I proceeded immediately to build a fire, and a framework of sticks over it, on which I placed my game to be smoked for future use, after having cut it in suitable pieces.

I proceeded now into the forest and soon killed a turkey, but after a while I felt an intolerable itching on my arms and legs, the cause of which I could not discover, and this unpleasant sensation increasing in degree as I scratched, it became almost insupportable, and I returned quickly to my cance. Here I found innumerable buzzards perched on the trees and fighting with each other about the picking of the bones of my wild hog, all of which had disappeared. I then inspected myself minutely, and found part of the white shirt which I wore covered with a something resembling a black dust, and examining it closely ascertained it to be all alive and to consist of myriads of ticks, here called "garapattes;" these microscopic animals had caused the itching, and I found myself to be covered with them. Carrying some tobacco with me, I made a strong infusion with which I washed myself all over, and thus killed the little tormentors. This minute size seems to be the first stage after creeping from the egg, after which they grow to a large size. In certain seasons all the forest where cattle roam is infested by them, and makes travelling through them extremely annoying.

I now re-entered my canoe and sped onward, sleeping in it again during the night, and in the morning I met some canoeros, who informed me that I was only about ten miles

distant from Tamiaqua, and where I arrived towards noon, taking my lodging with a negro family, who were very worthy people.

The inhabitants of this place are, with a very few exceptions, negroes or mulattoes, and are all fishermen, providing a large part of the interior with dried, smoked and pickled fish and shrimps, which abound in the shallow lake in front of the town. Some of the inhabitants have accumulated considerable wealth by this traffic.

I arrived on the last day of the fair, having been belated by my Robinson Crusoe adventure, and in the evening I repaired to the place where the festivity was held, accompanied by my black host. I met the customary uproar, &c., of a Mexican fair, varying in nothing particular from what I had witnessed at Tampico Alto.

While strolling through the crowd, I arrived at one of the temporary shanties where the game of monte was played. Round the table a number of ugly-looking fellows were seated, apparently of the lowest grade of Mexican society, all of a dark hue, with the exception of the banker, who had a large pile of silver and gold coin before him, and was a white man, and a most diminutive specimen of a Mexican. He had a large hooked nose and his face was flushed, which, as well as his manners, indicated a considerable degree of intoxication. I found him on the most familiar terms with the ragamuffins participating in the game, of whom one, who seemed to be a loser, addressed him, saying: "Mi general, creo que es asted muy picaro, muy ladron," which means, "General, I think you are a great rogue and thief." The general took little notice of it, and pursuing the game said in an almost unintelligible voice: "Vaya usted un poco al carajo, pendejo!" which is untranslatable into the English language, but means nothing very nice or decent. A bystander informed me that this individual was "el valiente General De Los of the Mexican army stationed at Tuspan." A curious specimen of a general I thought.

Strolling farther on, I came to a shanty where the keano game was played, at the entrance of which I saw standing and speaking to a dusky but withal very handsome young Mexican woman; a young American, a former volunteer of the Louisiana battalion in Tampico, whom I immediately recognized and had known in Tampico as a very well-behaved young man. While making towards him, two boisterous fellows with long swords suspended to their sides, as most Mexicans are in the habit of wearing, intended to enter the shanty, and one of them violently jostled the aforesaid woman, which nearly caused her to fall. The American's eye flashed fire at this indignity, and bounding forward he dealt a tremendous blow in the face of the ruffian, which felled him to the ground, and perceiving that his comrade put his hand to the sword in order to draw it, struck another blow which sent him also sprawling over his friend. A great confusion ensued, swords were drawn on all sides, and the exclamations of "maledito Gringo! matalo!" sounded round him; but the American grasped a heavy box containing the tablets of the keano game, with the intention of hurling the same at the first who would attack him, when suddenly a stentorian voice in the lowest bass key sounded near the shanty, exclaiming, "Que hay, brutos? que hay, demonios?" The ring which had been formed round the American suddenly opened, and a pricet of gigantic stature entered, asking in an authoritative manner about the cause of the tumult. He then perceived the American, and walking up to him, took him by the hand, saying, "Que hay, hijo?" (what is the matter?) The American, who had acquired a knowledge of the Spanish language, told him in a few words what had occurred, when the priest turned round, and looking with a withering expression from under his cance-shaped hat at the discomfitted fellows who had regained their legs, said, "Mal rayo te pate, brutos, marcha!" (the thunder strike you, beasts, march). The fellows showing some disinclination of obeying the order, he went a step nearer to them, drew himself up to his full height, which was considerable, and without a word stretched out his arm towards the direction which he wanted them to take. The fellows were completely cowed, and sneaked off without uttering a cyllable. "Come, hijo," he then said, "you had better go home

with your wife. I will escort you, and see that no harm is done you by those beasts." When in the act of leaving, the American had to pass quite near me, and seeing a white man, which is a rare occurrence here, scrutinized and recognized me, said, "Why, captain, is it you, or is it your ghost?" I assured him by grasping his outstretched hand of my substantial materials, and the priest evincing some curiosity, the American introduced me to him, to which he cordially and politely responded, inviting me to pay him a visit on the next day. Having informed the American where I resided we parted.

On the next morning the American came to fetch me, in order to go to the priest's house, which was near the church, built of adobe and whitewashed. We were received in an affable manner, and the servant was sent for decanter and glasses, for the priest, being an old trooper, did not consider a glass of something strong in the shape of brandy or rum at all inconsistent with his sacerdotal profession. The house was scantily furnished, and the only ornament which met my eye was a fine picture of the Immaculate Conception, a copy of Murillo's, a heavy sword and two horse-pistols suspended on the wall. Admiring the sword, which was of Toledo manufacture, the priest said, "Es el suyo," which means, it is yours. I thanked him, but being well acquainted with Spanish complimentary phrases did not consider it my property, unlike what a certain gentleman thought when a similiar compliment was offered to him by the former Spanish minister, Calderon de la Barca, at Washington; but for the truth of which I will, however, not

Calderon de la Barca was at a dinner party at Washington, and when over their wine, drew out his gold and brillantly jewelled snuffbox, a present of his sovereign. The box was much admired by those sitting near him, especially by one to whom he said with a most polite inclination of his head, "Es el suyo, soñor," upon which the addressed gentleman thanked him and put the snuffbox very coolly into his pocket.

In the course of conversation the padre told me that he had served in the Carlist army in Spain against the Cristinos, in a battalion of friars and priests, of which there were several, and when tranquillity was restored he and most of the fighting priests were sent away to foreign parts, the Spanish government tearing their belligerent propensities.

These soldier-priests are by no means scarce in Mexico, and have at all times distinguished themselves, earning fame and notoriety, like the Cura Hidalgo, the leader of the first insurrectional movement against the Spanish government, and who was taken prisoner and shot at the town of Guadaloupe, which was named to his honor and memory Hidalgo afterwards, and where the treaty between the United States and Mexico was ratified; also Padre Jaranto, the guerilla chief, dreaded by his friends and countrymen, but not by his foes, the Americans, who were once or twice close on his heels. He made himself notorious and detested for his rapacity and bandit-like conduct. He stole from his friends with the pretext of maintaining his troops to fight the Americans, who seldom were enabled to get a glimpse of the warrior-priest, who studiously and most prudently kept beyond the reach of a rifle ball. Having acquired a taste for riding fine horses richly, caparisoned, which were all stole, he disdained to resume the cassock again after the war was over, and taking an active part in one of those terrible but bloodless wars following a "pronunciamento" of some town or village or rancho against the supreme govern ment, was taken prisoner in one of the northern border states, and a few musket balls put a stop to the depredations of Padre Jaranto, to the benefit of mankind in general and his countrymen in particular.

We at last took our departure from the priest, who pressed us to repeat our visit frequently, and the American told me when on our way home, that the padre, with all his rough exterior, soldier-like rudeness and swearing, was much esteemed by his flock on account of his plety and charitable actions. He, like all Spaniards, treated the Mexicans with a somewhat supercilious and disdainful manner, which they seldom resent, and being too ignorant to know better, think the Spaniards, with all the hate which they bear against them, their superiors.

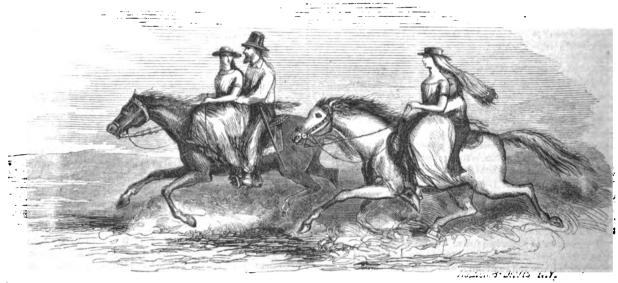
still continue to co.

The American also told me that he had married the Mexican lady in whose company I saw him, who owned some property; and that he was treated by the padre and the inhabitants generally with much respect, although they knew he had served against them during the late war: In fact this friendly and even deferential disposition of the Mexicans in regard to their conquerors I have observed throughout the country wherever the Americans had penetrated, leaving a general impression of their superiority behind, with the only exception of religion, in which of course, being strictly Catholic, the natives differ.

During my travels I had occasion one evening to stop at a rancho where I intended to pass the night, which is never refused in any instance. The proprietor was an old Mexican, with whom I got into conversation about the recent American occupation of the country. He had a most favorable opinion of American justice and impartiality, which is seldom denied by this people. His opinion was based on experience, which he illustrated as follows: Captain West, commanding the mounted volunteers of Tampico, arrived one day at his rancho with a party of his men, demanding of him, the proprietor, a certain quantity of corn for the horses and comestibles for his men, to which he yielded with much reluctance, as he felt certain that the pay for it would never be forthcoming. With a heavy heart

from whom all arts and sciences have gone over the world and | soft and juicy; it is planted at the foot of the trees, on which it creeps up and forms a green pod from six to ten inches long, and about an inch thick. By drying it shrinks to the thickness of about a quarter of an inch, and loses its color, which changes to a dark brown or black. After being planted, it requires no care and is not eaten by the roaming cattle. At the aforesaid place a number of Frenchmen reside who traffic extensively with this article, which is principally exported to France, where it is employed as a spice, as also for dyeing purposes. The largest and best of the vanilla pods are bought on the spot with one real apiece.

At this town I had an opportunity of witnessing the Mexican style of getting recruits for the army; this is always done during the fairs, when much people is collected and the fandangoes are most lively. I was standing in the evening on a corner of the plaza, where a great number of men and women were collected; there was a long line of females and another of males, which fronted each other, and danced after the time of the fiddle, at times varied by a songster's shrill treble, their uniform and monotonous "baile." When the enthusiasm seemed to have reached the highest pitch, suddenly a number of soldiers surrounded the place of amusement and pounced upon those which were pointed out to them by their officer. The women screamed and ran, and there was little or no resistance shown, and the captured men with their arms tied behind their



PILGRIMS GOING TO THE FAIR OF TAMPICO.

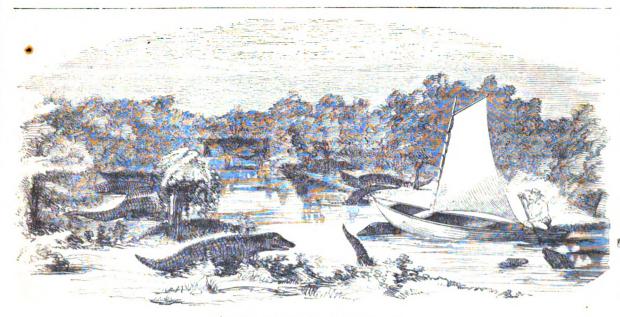
he delivered what was demanded, for which he received of Captain West an order on the quartermaster at Tampico, Captain Babbit. He took the paper, but threw it indifferently into some corner. Having some months afterwards occasion to visit Tampico on business, he thought he might take the order with him and make an experiment with it. He arrived at Tampico, presented his order at the quartermaster's office, and, to his utter astonishment, received his pay immediately. Having been accustomed to be pillaged by his own countrymen, he could not conceive how war could be waged in an honorable manner, as was done by the Americans, who he was told were Gringos, which means everything that is bad.

The tobacco monopoly is strictly enforced here, and nobody is allowed even to raise a single plant. During my sojourn in this town, officers paid a visit to all the gardens and fields, and finding tobacco plants, compelled the owner to pay one dollar fine for each. And with all this rigidity, it seems the law is entirely powerless in some parts of the country, as in the district of Papantla, where the Indians raise nothing but tobacco, and are never molested.

In the vicinity of this town, in the forest, is found an abundance of the vanilla vine, and about ferty miles from here south, in the district of Misantla, this costly spice is cultivated

backs were led away. On the next day I saw them marched off into the interior, deprived of their hats and their hair very closely cut, and escorted by a strong body of soldiers. fidelity and bravery can be expected of such soldiers?

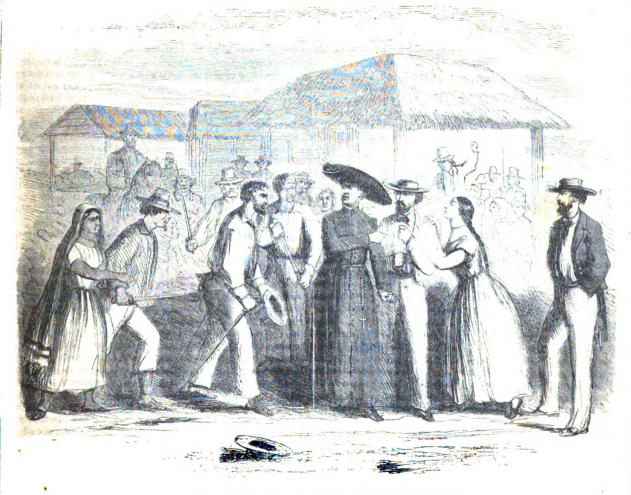
In order to recruit the army, order is sent from the government in the capital to the prefects of the different districts, who, in his turn, demands from each subordinate alcalde a certain number of men, without inquiring into the modus operandi. This being of no consequence to the prefect, the alcalde is left to act according to his pleasure, and adopts the only means left open to him—that of force—in order to satisfy the demands of the government. Having carte blanche in this respect, the alcaldes very frequently employ this favorable opportunity of getting rid of those who are obnoxious to them. The alcalde of this place, named Don Igneco Franco, was detested by the inhabitants for his tyrannical acts, which latter not being able to obtain redress, mutinied about six months previous to my arrival, demolished his property and would have killed him if he had not saved himself in time by flight to Tuspan. A large party of soldiers then entered the town, installing the tyrant again in his former position, and killing a number of the inhabitants. When the fair had ended, I took my leave of the priest and the American, and returned in my canoe to the Orilla of Tampico extensively. The vine is green like the leaves, both being very | Alto, without any accident worth recording.



ESTARO DEL CAIMAN, OR ALLIGATOR STRAIT.

landed at Acapulco. The steamer had been leaking during the voyage, and the pumps were hardly able to keep her from sinking. There was much excitement among the five hundred passengers who were on board of her, and we prepared for the worst; but we were saved from a watery grave by the goodness of the Almighty, although our escape was a hairbreadth one. We

In 1852 I went from California in the steamer Republic, and were entering the aforesaid port in a dark night, when the water in the hold commenced extinguishing the fires under the boilers. There was no choice left, and the captain ran the vessel on the low sandy shore in the port; the hold filled and even the cabin floor was covered with water, and passengers of all sexes and ages had to pass the night on deck; but we were saved, and thanked God for it.



SPAULSH PRIEST RESCUING AN AMERICAN FLOM MEXICAN BRAVOS

Having only paid my passage to that port, from where I in- | lead into the "camino real" (highread), to the city of Chiltended to travel to the capital, and from there to Vera Cruz, I met with no disappointment, but not so the other passengers who had taken through tickets via Panama, and feared much delay and expenses which might be caused by the time required to stop the leak. A considerable number of them, therefore, formed the plan of crossing Mexico and going to Vera Cruz, from whence they would embark for the United States. I having the same intention, I might have joined this party, but wishing to remain a few weeks at this place, and knowing by experience that there is often a scarcity of provision at the Mexican ranchos, where the people are not always prepared to furnish catables to a large number of travellers, I resolved to travel alone. It is true, I was warned of the perils which a single traveller is apt to encounter on the roads in Mexico, but this not being the first time that I traversed Mexico, and never having been molested, I paid little regard to it, considering those robber tales much exaggerated. The party then left without me. I had installed myself in one of the hotels, kept by Americans, and roamed about the town examining what was worth seeing -which was very little.

Acapulco, with its suffocating heat, its small but fine harbor, its crumbling fort and its swarthy inhabitants, has been described frequently; and all that is worth observing is the perfection which the natives have acquired in fleecing travellers, having been spoiled by the prodigality of returning American miners; their charges are altogether preposterous. After a stay of a week, I felt heartily tired of Acapulco and prepared to leave. I accordingly resolved to purchase a horse, saddle and bridle, but the town being pretty well drained of these things by the before-mentioned party, I was asked an enormous price for them, which I was unwilling to pay. was told that I might purchase a horse much cheaper at a small town called Chilaps, about twenty miles from Acapuloo, and resolved therefore to proceed thither.

Presenting my passport to the prefect, he furnished me, for a small consideration, with a permit to carry arms, namely, a sword and a pair of pistols. I had hired a mule of an Indian, which latter would accompany me in order to return with the animal. On the morning when I intended to set out, the Indian brought the mule, saddled and bridled, and I had only to mount. Of course I thought the Indian would accompany me also mounted, and asked him where he had his animal, upon which he opened his enormous mouth and laughed in derision, saying, "Yo ando mas lejero que mulas o cavallos" (I travel faster than horses or mules). Now I had heard it frequently said, that the Indians could outstrip a horse on the long run, but never credited it, and I made ready to try the experiment. I told him that I was accustomed to ride somewhat fast and that I would assuredly leave him behind, but he only laughed, saying, "Muy been, senor, veremos" (very well, sir, we will sec).

I set out at a brisk trot and the Indian trotted beside me, but after a while he considered this slow travelling, and said he would run in front, for the mule knowing him, would then probably go quicker. He did so, but the animal did not show any inclination to change his gait for a faster one, and the Indisn then took his station behind the mule, and belabored his posteriors prodigiously with a big stick, and we went along briskly indeed; and thus we travelled all day, at the close of which the mule showed some symptoms of fatigue, by slacking his space frequently; but not the Indian. We arrived at a rancho where we passed the night, and before daybreak next morning the untired Indian was stirring again, feeding the mule and making ready for departure. I was astonished at the Indian, who, as lively as ever, trotted along, and I began to believe the tales about endurance and swiftness of Indians, while I remembered in the description of the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards what was said about the runners of the Emperor Montezuma; and certainly these follows seem to have alitheir strength concentrated in their lungs and legs. We arrived at Chilapa about noon, when I paid the Indian, who immedistely mounted his mule and returned to Acapulco. I soon procured a good horse, saddle and bridle, for a very reasonable price, and left the next day by a road which would

paneingo.

The country through which I passed was mountainous and beautiful; great part of it being covered with timber and abounding with small mountain streams, and I thought whata fine country this would be for mills, &c., if in better hands; it is at present very sparsely settled. I had been deceived as to the distance between Chilapa and Chilpaneingo, and night overtook me before reaching the latter city. This was annoying, for many of the Mexican towns have no houses of entertainment for strangers, and to crown my misfortune I lost the road in the darkness, and rode about without knowing what direction to take. I had just resolved to dismount, and pass the night under a tree, when I heard the tremp of horses and veices of males and females, and I rode in the direction from where the sounds proceeded: I found is to be a ranchero family on their way to Chilpaneingo, on a visit to their friends, and they invited me to ride with them, which I did with pleasure. They asked me where I intended to stop when arriving at the town, and telling them I was entirely doubtful about it, informed me that there was no hotel of any kind, but that I might accompany them to the house of the people whom they were visiting, and I would be welcome. After about an hour's riding we arrived at the town, where we were very cordially received by the friends of my guides.

My entertainers were poor people, and their one-story adobe house formed only one large room, in which the whole party, myself included, was quartered, besides the host's family, consisting of fourteen persons, six men and eight women and children. I found this somewhat unpleasant, but that is quite customary in Mexico, and I passed the night very well on a board, over which a straw mat was stretched.

My host, whose name was Romero, led me over the town, showing me everything which he thought interesting, and told me that he was related to the old revolutionary hero, General Bravo, to whom he insisted on introducing me. The old and venerable gentleman received me with urbanity, asking me many questions about California, the American people and their institutions, and seemed well satisfied with my answers. General Bravo has figured with much credit in the Mexican revolution, is universally esteemed, and has a great number of relations here, for which reason Chilpaneingo is sometimes called the city of the Bravos. There seemed to be a misunderstanding between the citizens of this town and those of Thistla, the government seat of the state (Guerrero), and the residence of its governor, General Alvares, who rules there supremely, as most of the Mexican governors do, and who cares very little about the federal government at the capital. Meeting a number of ferocious-looking Indians in the street, who were armed with swords and wore sandal son their feet, Romero told me that they were of the mountain tribes, Pinto Indians, whom Alvarez employed as soldiers, and who were much disliked by the citizens.

Early the next morning we heard suddenly a great noise in the street, and we all rushed out to learn the cause of it. We saw armed men running through the street, and understood there was a fight between the Pintos and the citizens. Wishing to witness the fray I armed myself, and proceeded to the plane, accompanied by Romero. There was great confusion, much shouting, oursing and yelling, as also much hacking and thrusting with long straight swords, but little blood was spilt, as as generally the case in Mexican battles. The Pintos were wersted by the Braves and ran out of the town, pursued to some distance by the victorious citizens, who sent a volley of stones and dirt after them. The latter, then flushed with victory and glery, went to the house of the alcalde, who treated the mata dores with a speech and "pulque," their favorite drink.

After a stay of three days at Chilpaneingo, I left without having been able to persuade my kind host or his family to accept a single real for his hospitality, and accompanied by their well-meant wishes, resumed my journey.

I was dressed in Mexican style, and as all travellers of that nation are accustomed to dress, in buckskin riding pants, jacket of the same material and a very broad-brimmed hat, all of which I consider the most proper for a horseman in a warm

country, and where chapparal and thorny brushwood abound;! for often I had to travel for days in succession through a country covered with thorny cactus species, especially the prickly pear plant, here called "nopal" and the fruit "tuna," of which latter I met several kinds, some of which are most delicious and wholesome. The inside of the prickly pear, after being cleaned of its seeds, is pressed and freed of its juice, after which a kind of a cake is formed of it of the consistency of cheese, very sweet and nourishing, and generally carried by travellers. It is called "queso de tuna" (prickly pear cheese).

When I came near the village of Zumpango I saw a troop of Indians travelling before me, carrying immense cratelike baskets on their backs, to which was attached a band which passed round their foreheads; the crates were filled with empty bottles and coarse crockery ware. They came also from Acapulco, peddling the contents of their crates. Indians travel from sixty to seventy miles from their homes with an enormous load, climbing steep mountains with apparent case, and return, after a couple of weeks' absence, with the net profit of one dollar or ten shillings! The Mexican Indian is one of the most frugal individuals in the world, and ives almost exclusively on tortillas (corn cakes), over which a little mashed green pepper is spread with a little salt and tomato, or a handful of black frijoles (beans), cooked with a sprig of a plant called "passote," which gives them a pungent flavor, although unpleasant to those who are not accustomed to it.

In the afternoon I arrived at a river called Mescal, which I had to ford, but on coming to the middle of it I found it deeper than I had expected, and my horse was obliged to swim, of which he acquitted himself, however, gallantly, although the river ran rapidly; and I arrived on the opposite shore in safety, though very wet, but the weather being warm I did not mind it. I passed the night at the small village of Mescala, near the river. The name Mescal is either derived from an intoxicating liquor thus called, or the liquor is called after the river, I do not know which, but there are certainly great quantities of that beverage distilled here. It is made of the core of the wild maguey plant, which grows abundantly on rocky and barren places, and is transplanted easily by only throwing the plant on the ground, where it takes root without further preparation. The long, spearlike leaves, which each ends in a very sharp and hornlike thorn, are cut off close, near the core from which they spring, which core then resembles a gigantic pineapple, weighing sometimes fifty pounds. These are reduced to pieces and deposited in a hole in the ground, which has been previously dug, and lined with stones heated by a powerful fire. The maguey core is then covered up with plantain leaves and afterwards with hot stones, over which is thrown a quantity of earth. After having remained there some time and baked sufficiently, it is dug up again and can be eaten. It is very sweet to the taste, too sweet, in fact, to be pleasant, and from between the coarse fibres a syruplike liquor runs out. All is then put into large skins forming bags, which serve as vats, in which the substance ferments; afterwards it is distilled and forms a very strong liquor called Mescal, smoky and otherwise unpleasant of taste to strangers, but loved much

When I left Mescala the following morning I fell in with a Mexican dressed all in "guero" (leather), gorgeously trim med with silver lace and queer-shaped "charms," which dangled from all parts of his jacket in abundance, and resembled small drumsticks. He wore a black broad-brimmed and cone-shaped beaver hat, with an immense "toquilla" (hatband or cord) round it resembling two large sausages, and on which, as also on the crown, were suspended a great number of solid silver ornaments. On each side of his pantaloons, which were open from the hip downward, and under which he wore very wide and snowy white cotton drawers, were tastened, more for ornament than use, about a gross of globe-shaped silver buttons of the diameter of a two shilling piece, there being no space between each button. On his heels he wore spurs, fastened by leather straps and large silver buttons to his shoes, with rowels at least five inches in diameter. In front of his pantaloons he had another silver button which is not turned over, but only scraped by it, and the harrows used

eclipsed all others in size, being larger than a dollar. The saddle and bridle of the horse were similarly loaded down with very coarsely made but massive silver ornaments. While we rode side by side and were conversing about different topics my curiosity was excited, and I took the liberty to ask this moving silversmith's shop who he was, when he informed me that he was the "administrador" of a "hacienda" (plantatation) in the neighborhood. I found him to be a genuine Mexican in taste and gross ignorance. He cursed Santa Anna, who he asserted had sold his countrymen to the Americans, affirming that not a single battle had been gained by the latter fairly. It was, of course, out of the question to argue with such a prejudiced ignoramus, and we parted, he to return to tyrannizing his peons, and I to continue my journey towards Tereconquilco.

I arrived at this town in the evening and repaired to the "meson," which I was told I would find at this place." Mesons are the only class of public-houses provided for the entertainment of travellers, where they can have an empty room, or rather hole, for two reals a night. There being no furniture or bedding provided, the traveller may employ his horse-blanket and "scrape" for a mattruss and covering, his saddle for a pillow, and if he is not too fastidious, may pass the night very well and in security, if the nauseous atmosphere in the unventilable room, and the myriads of fleas and bedbugs, swarming in every crevice and hole, will let him. which, however, is seldom the case. Meals for the man and feed for the animal can be had cheap enough.

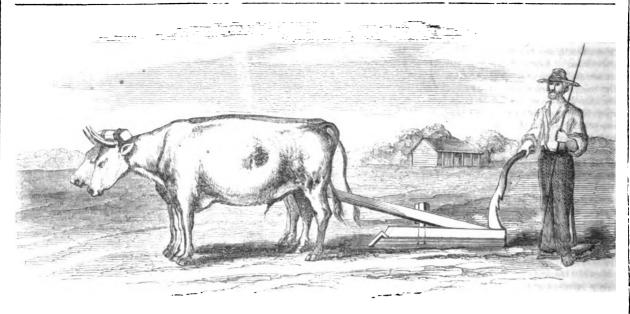
In the morning, when I was ready to leave the meson, I found the smallest coin in my possession to be a Spanish doubloon, which I offered to the host. He could not change it, and went away with it to some grocers or merchants. He had succeeded, and coming back offered me twelve dollars for it, saying that he could get no more for it, the merchants having informed him that gold was not of the same value as in former times, and that the great quantities of gold exported from California had reduced that metal much in value! Finding that travelling would be rendered rather expensive with this great reduction of the vellow metal. I resolved to be careful in future to be provided with silver coin, which had retained its value as yet.

When I was in the act of mounting my horse, a black-looking individual, with a very high-crowned hat and with the air of a policeman, carrying a long sword in his hand, entered the yard, while his leathern breeches, open to the hip on both sides, were flapping with great noise about his legs. He stepped up to me, saying that I was wanted by Don Pascual Arosameno, "El Senor Prefecto." I could not at first imagine what that gentleman's desire might be, but followed the individual, leaving my horse tied to a post. After traversing several streets we arrived at a one-storey alobe house, where we entered, and I was ushered into the room or office of the prefect.

The policeman was sent about his business, and the prefect, a pure Indian, asked in a pompous manner about my name, business, route, &c. He then demanded to see my "carta de seguridad." I told him that I had left it in the pouch which I carried tied to the pommel of my saddle, and asked permission to fetch it, to which he assented. I returned to the meson. mounted my horse, and left the town, avoiding the street where the Senor Prefecto lived, all for the reason that I had no "carta de seguridad." Although I did not expect very serious consequences in being without the aforesaid document, and knowing that only foreigners who reside in Mexico have to furnish themselves with it, for the consideration of three or four dollars yearly, being only a traveller myself, I knew the rapacity of the Mexican individuals too well, and fearing to be delayed or fleeced, or both, I thought it more prudent to let 'El Señor Prefecto' wait for my return.

The ascent from Acapulco towards the interior is very gradual. and although hardly perceptible, is very considerable, and the higher I ascended the more I found of the white and Indian race, people of African blood becoming source.

I saw, after leaving Tepeconeuilco, the first ploughing and the first plough, which is extremely primitive; the ground



MEXICAN PLOUGH.

are generally some branches of a tree. The soil in the interior is by far less fertile than on the coast parts of the country, and suffers often for want of water. I have seen some fine improved American ploughs at different haciendas, but was always informed that the peons did not know how to handle them, and they were left like rubbish rusting.

Towards evening, I arrived at the small town of Huitchilaqui, very romantically situated among rocks and trees, where I found a meson. I met here an American gentleman, a Mr. Wright, who owned a line of pack and passenger mules, making regular trips between the capital and Acapulco. He was married to a Mexican lady, the daughter of a veteran Mexican general, named Gonzales. He had rendered important service to General Scott in the quality of a guide, and was proceeding to Acapulco.

I also met here a Mexican gentleman, named Don Ignacio Comonfort, senator of this state (Guerrero), who came from Thistla, where he had visited his friend General Alvarez. was accompanied by an "eriado" (groom), and learning that we would pursue the same route, we left together on the next morning. While we were riding along we conversed about many topics, but especially about abuses and improvements, the ignorant state or the numerous "indigenos," scarcity of "gente de razon," in Mexico, rendering it unfit for republican institutions. Although he expressed his opinions in a guarded manner, it was quite clear to me that they were founded on sound and unprejudiced judgment and knowledge. He informed me that he was not a native of the state which he represented in senate, but that he was born in the city of Puebla. I was much pleased with his manly appearance, great politeness and urbanity, and it was easily perceptible that he was a man seldom found in Mexico, and in advance of his country arm in liberal and enlightened ideas. Being bound for a hacienda in the neighborhood, we parted about noon; and having been invited to pay him a visit in the capital, where he expected to be in a few days, I left him.

The many crosses which I found near the road, indicating the place where murders were committed, impressed my mind with the conviction of the danger which a lonely traveller incurs, and I kept my eyes on the alert and my arms handy. After proceeding a few miles through a forest, I found myself at a small clear spot near the road, where was raised on a pedestal of hewn freestone a very high cross of the same material. This place is known to travellers as "La Cruz del Marquez." Reading the inscription on the cross, I found it to be the spot where a certain marquis was assassinated by the robbers, together with some of his retainers, and by which atrocious act the perpetrators made much booty; some of them were caught, however, and hung on a gallows which I found standing near,

and from which were suspended several pieces of rope, one of which still retained the skull and part of the skeleton of one of the criminals, and was moved by the wind; on the ground and underneath were strewn the bones of the others who were executed. On the gallows was written in white paint and very legible the words, An se casiga el ladron y el assessino (thus are punished the robber and the assassin). While leaving this horrible vicinity I could not help thinking how beneficial it might be, if even only one in the hundred murders committed in Mexico were punished in similar manner. Men have been pointed out to me who were known to have committed five or six murders, and still no proceedings were instituted against them; but were called by the people, may valients.

In the evening of this day I arrived at Cuernavaca, a flourishing town about forty miles from the capital, celebrated for the abundance of fruit and aguardiente, which latter is distilled here extensively and is of good quality, being made of the juice of the sugar cane, which is cultivated here.

Leaving this place, the country, which had been mountainous at intervals, became very level and almost devoid of trees. For tens of miles in succession I travelled through maguey fields, and the road became very lively with packtrains, travellers on horseback and mules. I met numerous muletrains, which were conveying that favorite beverage, pulque, to the capital. Each of the mules is loaded with two goatskins filled with it, and has a bell suspended under its neck, which causes considerable tinkling. They always travel in a trot, for the pulque spoils easy, and when more than one day old the sale of it is prohibited in Mexico by the authorities, being rendered unwholesome by over-fermentation.

By the many animals which trotted along over a very dry road, the dust was rendered very annoying, which was heightened by the great heat. I was very thirsty, and coming to one of the little shanties near the road where pulque was sold, I asked for some to the value of two "tlacos," which might be equal to about one cent. An earthen bowl, holding nearly a quart, was handed to me, which I emptied, although it had not a very pleasant taste, being somewhat nauseous. This was the first pulque I ever drank, and was ignorant, therefore, about the effect it would have upon me. I was told it was of an intexicating quality, and quickly I felt the truth of it to my cost, for my head began to ache and I was hardly able to keep in the saddle. After awhile, however, I felt a little better, but not entirely recovered, and was much pleased when I entered one of the gates of the capital, and proceeded immediately to one of the mesons, where I laid down to recover from that unpleasant state which the injudicious use of pulque had thrown me into, vowing to be-more careful in future.

On the following day I felt better and took a walk to the

Alameda, which was near my meson. The Alameda is a beautinful spot, overshadowed by stately trees and ornamented with fountains, statuettes, flowers and grassplots. On three small monuments are inscribed the names of the three principal revolutionary heroes: Hidalgo, Merelos and Melendes. The numerous stone benches, which are provided abundantly, are the resort of great crowds; at night the gates of the Alameda are closed to visitors. It is a great pity that this beautiful spot is surrounded by a most abominable ditch, which is the receptacle of all that is most filthy from the surrounding houses, thus rendering promenading, and especially in warm weather, disagreeable, caused by the horrible effluvia which arises from it, and poisening the vicinity with a dangerous miasma, which causes fevers and other diseases.

In New York we will find most street-corners taken possession of by grocers, in the city of Mexico they are occupied by pulque venders, and the quantities of that beverage drank here is enormous, and eclipses even, as I believe, the lager bier, for here little else is drank. Wine, brandy and other foreign alcoholic beverages are comparatively in little demand, for nobody, may he be rich or poor, can eat his meal without his pulque. Drunken individuals are plentiful and at all times on every street, and they are called "empulcado" (intoxicated of pulque). The inhabitants of the Mexican capital can no more exist without pulque than New York Germans without lager bier. The former, however, admit sometimes that pulque is intoxicating. Taken moderately, it is considered to be very wholesome, and is even prescribed frequently for the sick in the hospitals as a daily drink. As I had occasion to observe before, the taste is not pleasant at first, but a new comer quickly accustoms himself to it and acquires a liking for the same.

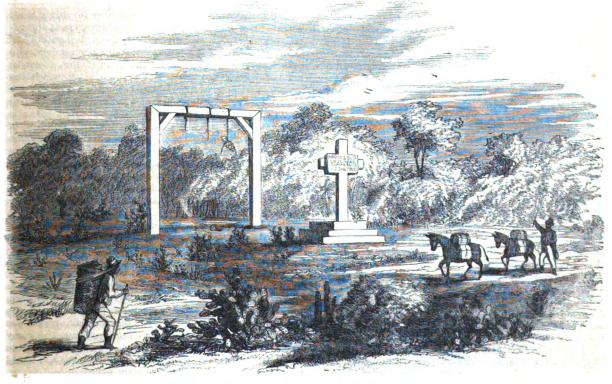
Pulque is the juice which collects in the core of the maguey plant, which has been hollowed out, and which hollow is often large enough to contain a common bucket full of the juice, which the Mexicans call "el miel" (the honey), and which is very sweet and pleasant to the taste, but said to be less wholesome than pulque, which is the "miel" merely fermented in goatskins. The miel is dipped from the "posso" (cavity) of the core with cups, or is drawn out by means of a siphon—a species of calabash shaped thus by nature; this being done generally three times a day, after which the cavity is covered with a large rock; after each drawing the core is scraped a little, and

a portion of the same is removed in this manner. The juice is poured into a goatskin, quite clear like water and after remaining there for about twelve hours changes its cotor to a milk white, loses its transparency and is then fit for use as pulque. The specie of maguey which produces this fiquid is unlike the wild maguey cultivated, but after planting requires no more care, growing in the most barren soil. Enormous fortunes have been made by the cultivators of this plant, which requires about seven years before it is fit for use. The long, spearshaped leaves reach a height of about fifteen feet; and in many parts of the country its leaves, when dry, are used for fuel, as also dried cattle dung, there being no forests, coals or peat. Each plant is fit for use for about six months, during which time it produces from thirty to forty dollars' worth of pulque.

At all the principal crossings in this city a "sereno" (policeman) is stationed, armed with a sword and sometimes a pistol; and I very naturally inferred that the police system must be in a high degree of perfection, but when I was told that daring the previous week seventeen murders and innumerable robberies had been committed, without the perpetrators having been brought to justice, I changed my opinion, and learned afterwards that those serenos were a most corrupt set of individuals, who might easily be bribed and were often in league with criminals of all kinds. At night the sereno cries the hours, thus, for instance: "las once y nublado" (eleven o'clock and cloudy), or "las once y sereno" (eleven o'clock and clear, meaning the weather), from which is derived his title of sereno.

This city is full of splendid churches and convents, of which former the cathedral is most imposing. It stands on the plaza, on the spot where formerly the temple of the Mexican god of war, Huitzelipotzeli stood, and to whom were sacrificed innumerable human beings. This church is immensely rich, and the inside of it magnificently adorned. The custodia (depository of the "santissimo," or sacred wafer), is of solid goid, richly jewelled, being the present of one of the citizens, and is said to have cost \$200,000.

Beggars of all sexes and ages are stationed in great numbers in the vicinity of the cathedral, and are very importunate: and near the different entrances there are at all times corpses stretch ed on a board, surrounded by its relatives, who solicit a small gift from those who enter the church, in order to collect sufficient to pay the priest for the burial permit! In the wall outside



LA CRUZ DEL MARQUEZ, AND GIBBET OF HIS ASSASSINS

of the cathedral is to be seen a large flat circular stone, on which are sculptured hieroglyphic signs in regular circles, being the Astec calendar, which has been described frequently by others. On the plaza near the cathedral is also located the Palacio National, the temporary residence of the president of the republic. It is a large but not a handsome building.

The markets I found provided with all kinds of comestibles in abundance, but they are always in a most filthy condition.

The day after my arrival, when I was strolling through the streets, I witnessed a scene by which I was forcibly impressed with the conviction that the Mexican people are somewhat intolerant in religious matters. Walking along through the Calle de San Augustin, I heard the steady tinkling of a bell at a distance. The noise came nearer gradually, when suddenly from around a corner proceeded towards me a procession of men and boys, bearing in their hands burning wax tapers. In front of them walked a man who was ringing the bell without intermission. Behind followed a coach, in which was seated a priest with a "santissimo" (custodia) in his lap. The people rushed from their houses and fell down on their knees, making the sign of the cross, as also those who were in the street, which latter was muddy; not being a Catholic myself, I did not imitate their example, but uncovered my head, standing still. At this moment, from the direction where the procession was moving to, an individual on horseback appeared, who seemed to be a foreigner, and who, the street being narrow, repaired over the sidewalk, where he halted, in order to let the procession pass; he also uncovered his head. When the procession drew near two ragged and dirty-looking fellows, with looks which boded no good, stept up to him, telling him to dismount while the procession was passing. He refused and was immediately surrounded by a great crowd of leperos, and the words of " Gringo, Yankee, hereje (heretic), Judio (Jew), matalo !" were heard and he was forcibly dragged from the horse. The coach was then passing and the priest opened the window, commanding order and silence, when the ragamuffins desisted and gave the man, whom I recognised by his accent to be an Englishman, a chance to mount his horse and ride away.

The leperos form a large class in this city, for all the markets, public places and streets swarm with them; and I believe, of the the lazaroni of large cities in general, those of the "halls of the Montesuma" are the most wretched and in the lowest grade of civilisation. Dressed, if dressed it can be called, in tatters, recking with filth and vermin, they are to be seen by thousands basking in the sun in all public thoroughfares, and it is an enigmatical question how they make a living, for work they do not, nor do the majority of them beg; and it is most naturally supposed, therefore, that stealing must be their occupation.

The Mexicans are a polite people, and are in fact much too polife to make a person feel easy, and with all their hospitality their compliments sound extravagant and ridiculous. Go to a well-bred Mexican's house, and he will with many bows tell you, "Mi casa es el suyo" (my house is yours), "es a su servicio" (it is at your service), &c., although he has never seen you before; and I have heard of a case where a very polite gentleman actually said to another, who praised his wife, "Es el suyo, es a su servicio, senor cavallero!" But not only those who have received a liberal education practise this troublesome politeness, but it is found among all classes down to the leperos.

Observe those two individuals, what polite language they use, styling each other "cavalleros," while, with the profoundest respect for each other's merit, they have uncovered their uncombed heads, keeping the crownless straw hats in their hands and waving the same gracefully while conversing. They both wear cotton breeches, somewhat the worse for wear it is true, for one of the legs is missing; but does it matter? the weather is warm, and they don't care a fig for the world's opinion. They both wear over their shoulders, instead of a shirt, a something which seems to have been a "serape" in bygone times. "Caval lero," says the one, "me hace usted el favor de la candela?" (will you favor me with a light, sir knight?) "Con mucho gusto, vuestra merced" (with much pleasure, your grace), replies the other, and handing over his cigarro, the first resumes his hat, while the second waits respectfully with his hat in it and till

the other has lit his cigarro, for which he receives "Mil gracis, wiven vuestra merced mil anos" (thousand thanks, may your grace live a thousand years).

The Mexican horsemen, and their saddles and bridles, are the best in the world, and their dress, when on horseback, is very proper. The Mexican gentleman, when riding, even only on a promenade, has doffed his cumbersome coat and fashionable hat, which is replaced by a short jacket and a low-crowned, broad-brimmed sombrero. His enormous and dangerous-looking spurs cannot hurt the horse's flanks, for the points of the rowels are blunt, and cannot penetrate through the skin.

It has often been said that the Mexicans are an immoral people, and that a great number of both sexes live together as man and wife without marriage rites. This is true; but when understood that this ceremony is not a civil institution, but is solely performed by the clergy, who do not get salaries, and is maintained by the fees they collect of their parishioners, who are frequently too poor to conform with those regulations, there will be found some palliation for these poor people. The usual fee for performing a marriage ceremony is a fee of twenty or twenty-two dollars for the priest. Now there are in Mexico millions of peons, or half slaves, and others who never in their lives possessed that sum, or had the least prospect of acquiring it. What can they do?—the priest must and will be paid—must this people live in celibacy?

The Accordada, or city prison, is a large and massive building located near the Alameda, where are stationed some companies of the "guarda policia" (regular soldiers), among whom I found a considerable number of Americans, English and Germans, as also three lieutenants of those three different nations.

After having paid a visit to Mr. Comonfort, I took a seat in one of Soratusa's stages for the city of Jalapa, where I had some business, the stage continuing its route to Vera Crus.

Jalapa is not a large city, but located on a high elevation, commanding a fine view over the surrounding country. I saw a number of very beautiful women here, the rosy checks of whom seemed to verify the report of the salubrity of this location. The inhabitants of Jalapa have the fame throughout Mexico of being most hospitable and affable, and judging by the phenomena of seeing Jalapa ladies walking arm in arm with our gallant volunteer officers through the atreets, on the very next day of the taking of it by General Scott, to the great spite and mortification of a few "patriots," this report must be true.

I had come to Jal. with the intention to visit a small Indian town called Chiconguiaco, situated high up in the mountains, and about thirty miles from Jalapa. In California I had become acquainted with a practical Mexican silver miner, who spoke highly of the richness in silver ore of the mountain chains in these regions, and especially of that in which the aforesaid town is located. He had not made a secret of the difficult approaches to it, but my curiosity being excited, and being accustomed to bad roads, I resolved on the visit. He also had informed me that I would find there a rather wild set of Indians, and that the only "gente de razon" were one Don Luz and his (my informer's) brother, the schoolmaster, to whom he requested me to bear a verbal message. I accordingly purchased a mule and other requisites and left Jalapa, taking a road which led into a northerly direction.

Although mountainous, the first part of the road was tolerably good, and in spite of the usual robber stories with which I was entertained, and warned especially to be cautious when I arrived at the "mal pays," in the vicinity of the haciends El Toro, I arrived sate and sound at the small town of Naulingo, located on a high mountain, where I passed the night.

When I left here my troubles began, and I had to pass over very steep and dangerous trails high up on the mountain sides, and made slippery by the rain, which had fallen during the previous night. In Naulingo I was told that this region was infested with an abundance of very ferocious tigers, and many instances were related to me of persons being killed by those dangerous animals. With all these unfavorable reports, I found myself at Chiconguiaco at noon, and unscathed.

It was Sunday, and the Indians had not gone to their field

labors, but were all to be seen in the streets of the town, having heard their uproarious noise long before I entered it. At the moment when they perceived me they set up a tremendous yell, and seeing them running towards me I prepared for battle, because their intentions seemed to be hostile. But I was quickly surrounded from all sides, when I observed that they were all drunk. I cannot say even at the present moment if they were laimically disposed towards me or not, although they seized the bridle of my mule, seemed most furious, and spoke all at the same time in an Indian dialect called "Huautchinango," which I did not understand. When I mentioned in Spanish that I wished to see Don Luz, suddenly one of them steppod forward, tore away the reins of my mule from the Indians who had retained it; the uproar ceased, and my guide holding the reins in his hand led me away, apparently much elated by his triumph.

We arrived at a small adobe house surrounded by a corral, in which a considerable number of cattle and horses were running about. Don Lus, who was occupied in twisting a lasso of raw cowhide, received me quite politely, as all Mexicans do, and although he was nearly white, his Indian features were quite prominent. I told him that on my arrival I had been received by the inhabitants in rather an unceremonious manner, relating to him the circumstances which attended it, and knowing him to be the most influential man in town, had inquired for him, in order to escape further annoyances. He said I had done well, and assured me of his regret, after which he gave orders to my guide to call the alcalde and 'regidores' (common council), who appeared immediately, dressed like the rest in wide and short breeches, over which they were a shirt, both of bleached sheeting. Don Lus spoke very harsh to them, and ordered them to have all the men flogged who had a share in this breach of civility towards a stranger. Speaking in the Indian dialect, which I did not understand, he translated it to me, when the men had left. His orders were strictly executed, and when I afterwards went to the house of the schoolmaster much deference was shown to me by all I met

This illustrates Mexican republicanism, and in a similar manner as above related the millions of Mexico are governed.

The fate of a Mexican schoolmaster is certainly unenvisible. I found him in a barnlike building, used for a school-house, in a corner of which he had a wretched-looking hole of a room, which was his abode. He was half Indian, half white, and he was happy to hear of his brother, whose statement about the rich silver deposits he corroborated, showing me some specimens of ore which might have contained some sixty or seventy per cent. of silver. He informed me that he did not know the exact spot on the mountains where the ore was taken from, and that the Indians who knew it kept it very secret, without, however, being able to make any use of it themselves.

I had at first intended to return to Talapa, but dreading somewhat the abominable road over which I had passed, and having a good mule, I resolved to continue my journey towards Misantla, and from thence to a small seaport called Nautla, from where I proposed to embark on one of the little coasters for Vera Cruz, which city I wished to visit. I accordingly set out, finding the road but little better than the one which I had left behind, arriving on the same day at Misantla without encountering any travellers, with the exception of two Iadians, who scrambled like cats up the steep mountains with crates filled with crockery suspended on their backs, which would have been a good load for a mule.

All the country through which I passed from Jalapa to Misantla produces an abundance of the jalap root, having derived its appellation from the city of the same name. It grows everywhere among the mountains, and the Indians claim the gathering of it as their exclusive privilege, not permitting any person not belonging to that part of the country to infringe. This country also produces great quantities of the sarsaparilla vine, which is gathered and sent to Vera Cruz to be shipped; it employs thousands of hands.

The majority of the inhabitants of Misantla are Indians, who occupy themselves principally with the raising of the precious vanils. A number of Frenchmen, whom I met here, buy the

same up from the Indians, and forward it to France. This seems to be a lucrative business, for some of the merchants possess considerable wealth.

After leaving Misantla the country became somewhat more level. The weather was very warm, and having departed from the aforesaid town at rather a late hour, and wishing to arrive at Nautla with dispatch, I resolved to continue my journey during the night, the road being tolerable and the moon clear. I did so accordingly; but not having calculated upon the fact that the human system must rest at regular intervals, I began to feel very drowsy while riding along. I fell asleep at times. and was often nearly falling from my mule. After having travelled along in this style for some distance, I do not know how far, nor can tell what hour of the night, having nothing but low chapparal to my right and left, and the road having been level, I approached a low spot of the road darkened by the shadow of tall trees. When I arrived here, and not being able to keep in the saddle, I dismounted under one of the trees on the side of the road, and throwing my arms over the saddle, I leaned my head against the latter, trying to sleep thus awhile.

But however drowsy I felt, sleeping while standing was out of the question, and I suddenly heard approaching footsteps; I looked up and saw a figure dressed in white entering also the shade of the trees. I stood quite immovable, and so did my mule, which was sleeping with his head hanging low. When the Indian-for it was an Indian-dressed in white approached. he saw my mule, but could see little of me, who was bending behind the animal, it being very dark where I was standing; but after he had approached a few steps nearer he saw me, and bounding back with terror, as it appeared, and without waiting another moment, ran past me. I thought this quite a curious joke, and mounting my mule galloped after the Indian, who was running with all his might, and although terror seemed to lend him wings, I overtook him, commanding him to stop, which he did, while he crossed himself innumerable times, looking terribly frightened. The Indian had mistaken me for the devil! I thought this an excellent joke, and had a great mind to carry it a little farther, but I pitied the poor fellow, and assured him that the devil did not look like a white man, but was black. He felt reassured, and then related to me that the identical spot where he found me was known to be a favo. rite haunt of the enemy of mankind, who had been seen there by many persons. He was sent by his master (being a peon). with a commission to some rancho in the neighborhood, and he told me many devil and ghost stories while he walked beside my mule.

Having recovered from my drowsiness by this funny adventure, I continued my journey and arrived at daybreak at Nautla, where I found the inhabitants already stirring.

A Frenchman residing here, employed in buying up corn from the Indians, which he sends to Vera Cruz in a small craft, informed me that I might take passage in the latter, which would be ready for sailing in two or three days. He invited me to stay in his house until my departure, which I accepted. A Frenchman is a Frenchman everywhere, and Monsieur Durivage, my entertainer, was no exception. His ideas were French, his manners were French, and a flag over his house was French; although he was a Mexican citizen, belonging naturally to "la grande nation," he would keep the motto of "mon pays avant tout," notwithstanding he had adopted another one for his home. At the appointed time the little bark sailed, and I on board of her, having sold my mule, arriving at Vera Cruz on the following day.

Having landed, I installed myself in a hotel facing the customhouse and gate which leads to the Muelle, and which is kept by a Frenchman.

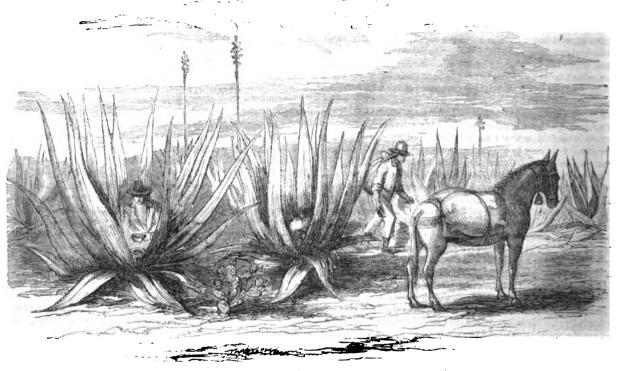
My room commanded a fine view over the bay and the famous old castle of S.n Juan de Ulloa, which is built on a rock protruding from the sea, about a mile from the main land, and is used as a prison for criminals from the whole state. It was built by the Spaniards, who were masters in the construction of fortification; it is, however, in bad repair at present. Between the fort and the city the shipping is anchored, and is by no means safe against the northern winds. Great numbers of sharks inhabit the waters near the city and fort, and are called here

facetiously "capitani del puerto," or port captains, and by aid of an opera glass I could see these voracious and dangerous fishes with their fins sticking out of the water. The Mexicans do not however, dread them, for I saw plenty of men amusing themselves with swimming.

A few days after my arrival, the "conducta" arrived from the capital, by the way of Real del Monte, which town is famous for its silver mines, principally owned by English companies. The conductor brought \$800,000 in silver bars and dollars, and was escorted by about one hundred Mexican lancers. Formerly the treasure was transported on mules, each of which was loaded with from three to four thousand dollars, and in some parts of the country, as for instance on the routes from Zacatuas, Durango and Guanajuato, this is done still; but there being a good wagon road established between the capital and Vera Cruz, the treasure is forwarded on wagons, which are drawn by twelve or sixteen mules. The largest part of the treasure is destined for the bank of England, and loaded on board an English steamer, which arrives there periodically, and ships also great quantities of cochineal, jalap root and sarsa- found a number of American negroes, who (observing them

Soon after my arrival it was returned to its former abode, accompanied by all the priests, dignitaries and a majority of the principal citizens. The image is sculptured of wood, is a gigantic negro, of course black, has abundant wool on his head, and is nailed on a cross.

Having become acquainted with Captain Durand of the topographical engineers, who was conducting the construction of the railroad intended to connect Vera Crus with the city of Mexico, which was commenced Heaven knows how many years ago, and of which only about two leagues have been completed. I one day by invitation rode out with him to the spot where workmen were busy with its continuation; and surely I believe it will be completed in fifty years or a few more, at the rate in which it was proceeding. Most of the laborers I found to be Americans, Germans and Irish, who all suffer dreadfully with the different kinds of fever which prevail there, while they are working in the intense heat, surrounded by swamps, and inhaling their obnoxious and miasmatic vapors. The pay of the laborers is one dollar per diem. Among them I



THE MAGUEY PLANT, FROM WHICH PULQUE (THE NATIONAL DRINK OF MEXICO) IS DISTILLED.

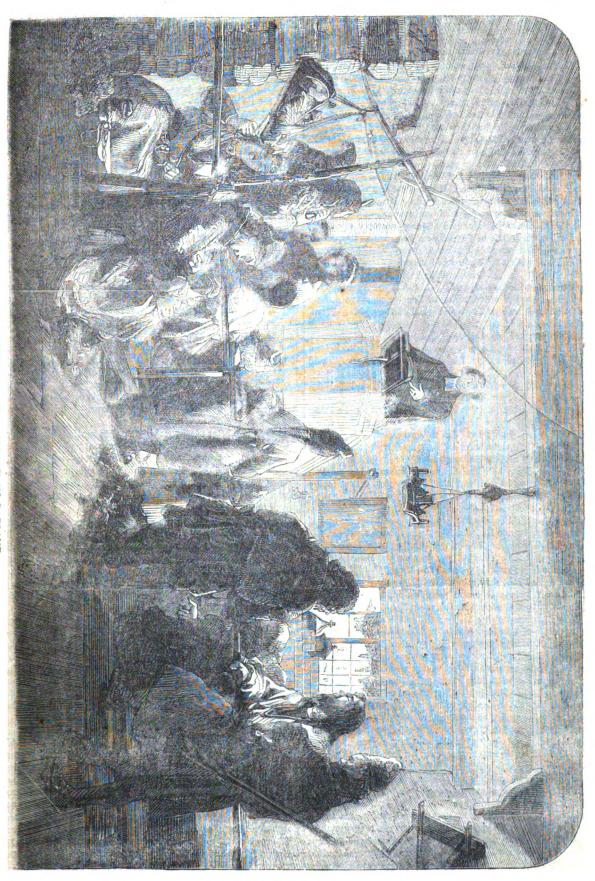
parilla, the cochineal being sewed up in cattle hides, and the sarsaparilla forming bales.

Cortez had certainly selected a poor spot where to plant the cross, and subsequently a city, for all the vicinity is nothing but barren sand-hills, unfit for any vegetation, with exception of the south-side, perhaps, near the beach and going towards the direction of Sacrificios, where General Scott landed. On this side of the city are located in the wall, and forming part of the same, very substantial barracks, in which are imbedded a great number of cannon balls, mementoes of the late war, left here for the edification of the conquered Mexicans by General Scott and his brave army.

On this side is also standing a small chapel, which was demolished by shells and shot, but was built up again, and had been finished a few months previous to my arrival. This chapel is dedicated to a miraculous image of Christ, called here "Nuestro Señor de Buen Viage" (our Lord of a good voyage or journey). All those who are setting out for travel, either on sea or by land, first visit this chapel, imploring the miraculous image for good success. When the Americans landed, the precious image was removed from this dangerous spot, and deposited in one of the churches inside the walls of the city.

nearly devoid of clothing, performing their hard labor with great vigor, eclipsing all those of the white race while sweating and glistening in the sun), add here another proof to the assertion, that only the African race can endure with impunity the effects of a tropical sun.

Before leaving Vera Cruz and Mexico, I had occasion to visit a hacienda in the vicinity of the Puente del Rey, now Puente National. This bridge is thrown over a deep chasm, is executed in a bold style, and is of considerable length. The inhabitants of the vicinity believe that the devil assisted the architect in the construction of it. I was much astonished at the natural defences which were offered here against a hostile army, and was lost in wonder, being an old soldier and slightly acquainted with engineering and tactics, how Santa Anna came to neglect this most favorable position, which might have proved a second Lodi, but undoubtedly with the same result. The brave old veteran leader of our army merits the highest praise for the intrepidity with which he dared to accomplish a passage over this dangerous spot, where he might have exposed himself to batteries hidden among the trees and brushwood with which both sides of the hills are covered.



BEHIND THE SCENES IN PARIS .- A TALE OF THE CLUBS AND THE SECRET POLICE.

CHAPTER VI. - CREZ LA PLANTAGENETE.

WHEN Sir James Plantagenet was a baby-oh! but fancy him a baby !-his mother took him in her arms one day to the door of the cabin which she and his father inhabited, to look out for the return of his respected parent. That parent's name was Fergus O'Grady, and his exalted occupation was to drive the regular car between Ballinamuck and Ballinatoole, two populous market towns in his native county of Tipperary. On the evening in question, the town of Ballinamuck would have been remarkably dull, had not the presence of a stranger in a dress of strict legal black, standing in the middle of the street, opposite to the door of the Golden Harp, created a slight sensation among the potato-loving inhabitants. It was evident that the stranger was waiting for some vehicle coming from the direction of Ballinatoole. Nor had he long to keep his patience simmering, for the rattle of Fergus's car soon woke the echoes in that moss-grown street. The car drove up, and the stranger eyed the driver with a look of some interest.

"Ough," said Fergus to himself; "sure it's a bailie or worse, bad luck to him, and casting his evil eye upon, me, he is," and he put his jaded beast to her quickest pace, and turned her head cleverly into the yard of the Golden Harp. The stranger followed.

"You are Fergus O'Grady," said he.

"Faith, and if you never spoke a word of truth before, you've spoken it now, for it's meself that you see," said Fergus.

"And you are the driver of the Ballinamuck and Ballinatoole car?"

"That I'll not deny neither, though it's divil a poor thing that it brings me, worse luck to the travellers, who won't travel at all now-a-days; but I'm not ashamed of my perfession, for the days have been when Fergus O'Grady could show gowld ag dinst any man in Ballinamuck."

"Well, then, Fergus O'Grady," said the man of law sententiously, "I have to inform you that being next of kin to the late William O'Grady Smythe, of the county of Meath, gentleman, deceased intestate-

"Arragh," cried Fergus, rubbing down the beast, "and if it's joking you're come for, you're not the man for me, sir."

"Nonsense," said the lawyer, soothingly; "joking indeed. I tell you in plain English, that you have come into a fortune of twenty thousand pounds per annun-there."

Fergus dropped the whip, and started.

"Me, meself, twinty thousand pounds; och! by St. Patrick then, I always thought I was a gintleman.'

And, by way of proving it, Fergus that night was carried home in a state of most helpless intoxication.

How James O'Grady, the son of Fergus, was brought up as a 'rale gintleman," and how he managed to change the nomenclature of the Hibernian monarchs for that of the Norman kings, and how he bought for much gold the honorable order of knighthood, is so utterly irrelevant to our story, that, even if acquainted with those interesting particulars, we should prefer to refer the reader to the peerage and baronetage of Sir Bernard Burke, Bart., in which he will doubtless find all satisfactory details on this point. Suffice it for the present to say that Sir James Plantagenet having married into the aristocracy of his native isle, having increased his fortune to the extent of another ten thousand pounds per annum, and having consigned to everlasting oblivion the name and "perfession" of his respected father, together with the towns of Ballinamuck and Ballinatoole, was, on the night on which Girardon was taken before the minister, giving, in his wife's name, a very stately and regal ball in his mansion in the avenue of the Champs Elysées, to which, aming numerous other guests, was invited that same handsome young Englishman, whose conscience, as we have seen, was so heavily laid upon by the possession of a five-franc piece, and-no change.

If the character of this native of that soil, which we are

were weak in re the pièce de cent sous, it was even weaker in going to the Plantagenet's ball at all. For this Englishman was, and had been all his life, a socialist; first by feeling, then by education, then by habit, and lastly by conviction; a socialist not of the pillage and bloodshed school, nor of the high-flown chartist order, which demands general liberty in everything and for everything simply because it is liberty, heedless of the first laws of nature, which mark out limits even for freedom; but rather a socialist because, seeing great evils sitting in high places, he longed and worked to overthrow them, and because, having indulged youthful dreams of Utopias and model republics, he had modified them afterwards into certain general political theories. Yet, in one respect, this man was different to all other socialists—he was a Christian, if, as I believe, a man can be a Christian without admitting the divine right of kings.

I have said this man began by being a socialist by feeling. I should rather have said a communist. The theory of a community of wealth is very grateful to a mind contented, like that of a boy ordinarily is, with a prima facie view; and a kind of sanction is lent to it by the Biblical account of society in the apostolic age, because, when told it was impossible, one could exclaim, "It has been done;" and when it was asserted to be contrary to the law of nature and the evident purpose of God, one could predicate the same things of Christianity in its purest form. But how much more grateful is this theory to a cockney in London, who, while he keeps his eyes and his cars open, cannot, as the clergy and magistrates bid him do, shut up his bowels of compassion. And such a Londoner had our Englishman once been. Loafing in the streets and parks after school hours, very observing, and very thoughtful, this boy had had too much opportunity of comparing the externals of the rich and the poor, without going deeper into this deep question, and he suffered-compassion weighed him down-bec use he could not remove the cause.

Thus, when after his father's death, his mother took him to Naples, where they then settled, he was already ripe for an education in that worst school of politics-Italy-which admits of only two views—the contempt of the people, or the hatred of rulers; because Italy has not yet undergone that grand shock of complete and successful revolution, which must of necessity precede a constitution.

Fate, too, as we are wont in our worldliness to call the wisdom of the Father-fate seemed to be against him. Had his mother not possessed a comfortable little income besides his own; had he, like most English people, had five brothers and six sisters, instead of being an only child, he would have taken to some profession, and have returned from time to time to politics, theoretically and grumblingly, but never actively. The habit of antagonism grew upon him, so that, even had his own ideal republic been realized with every possible advantage, he would probably have belonged at least to the opposition in it, if he had not sooner or later plotted to overthrow it; which state of mind, amounting nearly to monomania, we thoroughly believe to be that of half, or perhaps two-thirds of the so-called patriots of modern Europe. The spirit of intrigue is as fresh in them as under the monarchs and mistresses of France, but it has usurped the watchwords of liberty and equality, to blaspheme them with the knife in Italy, and the guillotine in France.

At three-and-twenty this young Englishman, already at the head of a Mazzinist club in Naples, was sent by them to rouse and collect the sympathies of Parisian rouges; and it was then, when he found a people bold and independent as the French are compared with the Italians pressed and held down by a man who had nothing to recommend him but his own success, and the cupidity-called devotion-of his ministers, that he settled down to a revolutionist, if not a socialist by conviction.

Then what did this man mean by going to a ball? How could he, who acknowledged no sovereign but the will of the people, and who knew no people but the starving populace of St. Antoine, reconcile it with his conscience to countenance by his presence the extravagant amusements of the rich? Was it because he believed it important for his ends to keep up his contaught to believe is the most productive of heroes in the world, I nection with the upper world? Yes. Was it because he hoped

because he dreamed of a coalition between Legitimist, Orleanist and Red? Yes. But besides these reasons, there was another stronger at the bottom. It was because he was weak, and he liked a little gaiety; because he was still an Englishman, and delighted to meet his countrymen; because he was fond of pretty women and of flirting; and it was a relief to get away from dirty ouvriers in dirty blouses to clean tarlatane and the exciting waltz. "Well," say you, "and you can take this feeble creature for your hero?" Yes, decidedly.

A hero forsooth? As if every man under the sun was not a hero, if you only chose to treat him as such. What is the hero of a novel after all? Ask all the novel-mongers of the United Kingdom-and their name is Legion-if their heroes are aught else than common men, who by their able arrangement of matters, are made to bear the 'thrilling interest' of the plot, to figure most conspicuously in the most uncomfortable dilemmas, to rush into countless perils, only to be dragged out again safe and sound by the lively invention of Mr. James or Mr. Cooper, as the case may be. Are the men themselves anything more than impassioned dummies? Or take a higher class of dabblers in fiction, and ask them if they have ever known their heroes in real life as they have painted them. And why not? We draw from nature, but can we do more than draw what we see, or describe what we hear? When we speak of the young gentleman's real character, do we not let loose our imagination, do we not dive into the recesses of his heart, which in actual life are all barred against and hidden from us? Well then, if we did as much with any man, he would be as much a hero.

Sit like a vampire on the heart of-say a Liverpool merchant -who to all outward appearance is the very antipodes of romance. Fix your teeth in every hidden feeling; draw out and expose to light every long-untouched chord, which he has forgotten himself, and then say if there is no poetry, no music in that L. S. D. soul. Go back to his boyhood. Had he no aspirations beyond ledger? Was it not duty that forced him into a business which he did not love, but which his father, grown hoary in worldliness, chose as his destiny? Or before he espoused that excellent Mrs. Smith, best of women in the best of Guipère point, he may have had some slight touch of real passion, which duty, the stern Quaker, bade him relinquish? Is there no poetry in that very sacrifice of all to duty, whom he worships as a God, and a higher God than gold-the polytheist? Then, ghoullike, put your lips to that big artery. Ah! the blood flows not freely there, it is clotted and stagnant, for the current that should be there is in the big red vein of worldliness. That artery is the one that leads to heaven. It worked once, long since when as a child he loved his Maker, as he knew Him in his bible and prayer-book. He knows himself that it is clotted, and flows no longer; but then he excuses himself by the want of time, the necessity of working for his daughter and sons. Then that son, on whom he has lovingly spent so much, and who now is breaking his heart with his folly? Is it a wonder that he rushes on 'Change, and grows rash in his speculations, when the thought of that favorite child comes across him, like the shadows of waving trees by night? Nestle, I say, like a veritable vampire in that man's heart, paint all that you find there, and you will make a better hero of the Manchester tradesman than many that Scott or Bulwer have drawn.

If such can be done with cottons and bread-stuffs, what can I not do with a young man of no commonplace character, with many an aspiration, many a poetic feeling, many a yearning beyond the vulgar herd?

Enter then, my hero, the noble mansion of the worthy Plantagenets, and don't mind their carpings, as you glance at yourself in that ocean of looking-glass, and pass your gloved hand through your curling hair.

"Your name, sir, if you please," said an individual scated behind a little table, and provided with a large book and writing materials.

"Paul Montague."

The individual bowed and wrote down the name, for such was the concourse at the Plantagenets', and so often had well-dressed young men entered their saloons for the sole purpose of pocket- | take my arm; I want to talk to you.'

to make converts among the rich and powerful? Yes. Was it | ing the silver spoons and forks on the supper-table, that these popular parvenus admitted no one who was not willing to have his passport made out at the bottom of the stairs.

The individual, therefore, glanced at Mr. Paul Montague, and filled up certain spaces, with a description of his height, hair, &c. &c. That individual was of course a detective officer of the Paris police.

Bah! you will tell me that all balls are alike; and so they are in all the outward concomitants, the lights, the floor, the servants, the refreshments, the music, the supper, and so on. But how is it that the same young lady comes home looking very cross and ennuyée from one ball, and returns from another with the exclamation, "What a delightful dance!" Or how is it that young Foppy can say of one "a devilish good hop," and of another "cursed slow," if all are alike? The fact is-si magna parvis, &c.—that dancing parties have one thing at least in common with religion—their agreeableness or disagreeableness depends on the inner man and inner woman. If at a ball your temper happeneth to assort with the temper of the youths and damozels with whom you flit upon the light fantastic; if, in short, not to be prudish, you find occasion to flirt, however discreetly, you will enjoy the ball given by that vulgar Mrs. A. far more than the élite society at Lady B.'s, where you had not one partner that you could make eyes at.

For my part I revel in balls. I have the bad taste, modernly speaking, to consider them among the first class of enjoymen's in civilized life, where real enjoyment of a pure character is so difficult to find. I know that many of our twenty-seven millions would like to burn me at the stake for asserting this; but as these are chiefly the same people who deem it a crime to read a novel, and damnation to write one, I have nothing to fear from them. No! it were ungrateful in me, who have enjoyed more dances than most people, because I was always ready to go to them, and always had hundreds to go to, to deny this "soft impeachment." Yet I can't tell what there is in this nocturnal revel that entrances a man—and still more a woman—who is not done up. There is much in the lights; there is much in the music; there is much in the flirtation; and pardieu, there is something too in the supper-va! animal! But, by the Prophet's beard, how the combination of all these enchants one I cannot tell. I only know that I am very fond of balls, and I say it in the face of ten thousand blases and pseudo-blases Lon doners, for whom I don't care a nutshell.

Well, these thoughts might have been in the head of the exquisite Paul Montague, otale five-and-twenty, as he lounged into the Plantagenets' first ballroom—for they had three of themif he had cared to think at all about the matter, which he did

Next to the Tuileries, à L'Empereur-and the Hotel de Ville, à la Hausmann-the ballrooms of Sir James and Lady Planta genet were the best in Paris, and the best filled.

Montague glanced round him as he lounged in. There was no lack of tarlatane, and a fair proportion of beauty. For instance, there was that young English lady with the golden hair and Grecian profile, who, a year before, had so captivated the Emperor, that the Empress, mindful perhaps of Mesdames de Pompadour and Dubarry, had scratched off her name from the list of invited to the Tuileries. At this moment she was flirting with a diminutive puppy, who was secretary to somebody or other, and basked delighted in her patronage. Montague was making his way towards her in the wicked hope of cutting this man out, when he was stopped by a very distingué and handsome man.

- "My dear Montague, how are you?"
- "Ah! count, I am looking for our hostess."
- "Bah, our hostess; nonsense. You are looking for some pretty girl."
 - "No, 'pon honor,'
- "Well, you will not find milady easily. She is at this moment opening the supper-room, which is nearly a quarter of a mile from here, and—'
 - "Sir James?"
- "Is gone to bed, of course. The bon bourgrois, he hates music and dancing, and retires early to sleep off his port. But stay

- "Charmed. What is the topic?"
- "A serious one;" then lowering his voice, "how about the young Badinguey?"
- "Oh! he is a certainty, if anything human can be looked upon as certain."
 - "And you are making your arrangements accordingly?"
 - "I; bah! I have nothing to do with him."
- "I know it, my dear fellow. No scandal about the empress. What I meant was this; your party, for I know all about you, is proposing some means of preventing the dynasty—hein?"
 - " As you please, and next."
- "We, that is, my party, the Faubourg Club and others, are anxious to improve the occasion."
 - "Good, and you propose--?"
- "A coalition," and the count stopped, and looked gravely into Paul's face.
- "Humph!" A pause. Then; "Who is that beautiful creature?" He pointed with his eyes to a young girl seated by her mother, after the French fashion, whose loveliness had arrested more eyes than his that night.

She was very peculiar. Whether it was the contrast of deep blue eyes with the blackest hair, or whether because that hair was dressed out on each side in an old-fashioned style, very graceful, but far too antiquated to be even pardonable in Paris; whether it was the extreme simplicity of her dress-a clear white muslin without a single ribbon upon it, but covered from the berthe to the bottom of the skirt with little rows of the same stuff finely plaited, but so narrow, that perhaps on the skirt alone there were some thirty or forty of the tiny flounces ineither I nor Montague have ever been in the dressmaking line, but the latter observed this remarkable feat of the toilette and made a note of it, which I have here copied); or lastly, whether it was that sad, pale face in the midst of so many thousand smiles, and so much pretence of happiness, Montague could not tell, but he felt that there was more about this girl than her mere beauty, great as that was to attract him.

"Who is she?" he repeated impatiently, finding that the count, who was looking in another direction, paid no attention to his question.

- "Eh? oh! who is she? Oh! I'll tell you all about her in a few minutes; but first, my dear friend, my very dear friend, do listen to what I have to say to you."
 - "I am all ears, count."
- "I was saying that we propose a coalition. How do you think your club—pardon me, I mean to say your party—will take our proposal?"

Montague, quite enwrapt by the face of the new beauty, scarcely heeded the question.

- "Take it?" he replied; "oh! they will be delighted with
 - "Really, are you certain?" asked the count eagerly.
- "Certain? certain of what? Oh, yes! you were talking of a coalition, but this is a very bad place to discuss these matters. What do you say to an interview to-morrow? Will you come to my lodgings, or shall I go to your hotel? or shall we meet at some cafe?"
- "Ah! my dear fellow, I see you are hopeless. That pretty face has disturbed your peace of mind. Well, if I do you a great service—something which I know you are dying for—will you collect your mind and answer me one question?"
 - 'Well."
 - "Well, I will introduce you to that young lady."
- "Bah! who is she?" replied Montague, stifling his happiness and assuming indifference.
 - "Is it a bargain?"
 - "Well, yes. First for your question. I am all attention."
 - "Well, then, is there really an opening for a coalition?"
- "My dear Ludowsky," replied Montague in a low voice, De Coucy himself—you know De Coucy? proposed this the other day at our last meeting."
 - " Are you sincere ?"
 - "Quite."
 - 'And how was the proposal received?"
- "Somewhat surlily, of course. But I do not mind telling you that De Coucy twists them all round his little finger."

- "So there are hopes. One more question."
- "A hundred if you like."
- "Do you think you could make me a mason?"
- "You?" replied Montague, laughing. "I will think of it. But call on me to-morrow morning, will you?"
 - "I will. Now I will introduce you to your Cleopatra."

As Ludowsky drew Montague towards the young lady, the Englishman could not help observing that she turned her head away, as if unwilling to make his acquaintance, and he had to screw up all his nerves to conquer his natural shyness.

- "Allow me to introduce an intimate friend," said the count.
- "M. Montague-Mademoiselle de Ronville."

Montague bowed very low.

"May I have the pleasure of this next waltz?" Habit had obliterated in his mind the senselessness of these conventional words.

The young lady bowed, made no reply, but rose slowly, as if to perform a most obnoxious duty. She placed a very small hand on Montague's arm, and he led her forwards towards the circle of dancers which was now forming.

In spite of the abuse which is lavished on modern dances, chiefly however by those who look on only, and those who cannot dance well enough to enjoy them, I am bold enough to assert that a waltz à deux temps, with a really good partner, and really good music, is the highest enjoyment that mingles the physical and the psychical here below. Every one knows that the dervish revels in the delight of his dizzy whirl, but the dervish has neither a lovely girl within his arm nor the inspiration of a music that makes one love. The infatuation which he feels is selfish, no other partakes of it; but the waltz is the harmony of souls in a pure and perfect enjoyment. The whirling motion raises the body above the earth, which is spurned and forgotten by the feet, and this motion is in harmony with the music, which thrills doubly through the soul as the body obeys its measure. And this enjoyment is pure. To the pure all things are pure; and you narrow-minded, who find sin in all innocent enjoyment, say what you will about your own daughters and sisters, but you shall not say of Montague and Madeleine that their waltz would have caused the slightest blush on the face of their angels.

The room was pretty clear, because so many people had gene in to supper, and they danced away rapidly over hundreds of square feet, yet without interrupting their enjoyment by a single word. Still Paul could manage to think just so much as this: "French girls are always stiff and silent in a ball-room, but the stiffness and silence of this one at the first alarms me. Perhaps she bates Englishmen. Then why come to an English party? Perhaps she is not pleased with my physiognomy. Yet, I'm sure I tried to look amiable and that sort of thing. Perhaps—perhaps—she has a bad temper. Oh! impossible with that face. Well, this dance will rouse her, we shall see."

Some of you may not know that young ladies of the better classes in France do not walk about with their partners after a dance, but return at once to the side of their chaperones. This of course, generally puts a stop to flirting, but then as flirting is a crime of deep dye for a French girl, and a constant occupation with young married women of the same nation, that is no matter. Not but what French girls do flirt, and not always so harmlessly as English ones, when they have the opportunity poor things; but then the opportunity is so very rare.

Now Montague, having lived abroad so long, understood all this, and therefore drew up long before the waltz ended, in order to have an excuse for talking to his partner. Although shy by nature, Montague had long since conquered that sweet fault of youth, and therefore left the opening topics of the weather, the opera, the balls, &c. to emptier craniums, and plunged at once in medias ree. Strange then that this time be could not find a single word to say; that he stammered and stopped and began again, and at last was forced to have recourse te commonplace.

"Have you been to the opera lately?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young lady, half turning her head towards him to answer his question, and then immediately looking the other way again. A slight pause, after which Paul managed to collect sufficient intellectual power to proceed with. "You go very often, I dare say?"

"Every opera night, sir," and again the face was turned away. This was an unfortunate answer for Paul, for his visits to that noisy house were few and very far between. But he pushed on courageously.

"Indeed? you must adore the opera?"

"Au contraire, monsieur."

"How? you go every night, and do not like it?"

"I hate it."

"Do you then dislike music?"

"Au contraire, monsieur," in the same tone.

"What, you like music then?"

"I adore it, when it is real."

"What a quaint girl!" muttered Paul to himself. "I love this eccentricity, but I fear it may be put on. Parisians are so very deep." Then aloud, "May I ask what you mean by music being real ?"

The young girl turned at last towards him-for hitherto she had pertinaciously kept her face away from Paul-and looked at him at first with a smile of pity and contempt; but when she saw in his face that same English honesty, which, whether it be real or not, should be and justly is the boast of our country, this smile of hers softened down into one of common

"You are perhaps not a Parisian, sir?" she asked coldly.

Montague felt flattered at this question. It proved how pure his French accent, and yet more his French manner must have

"Alas! mademoiselle," he said in his Frenchest style. which, however, little suited him, "I have not that happiness; I belong to the barbarians of the island la-bas."

For a moment Madeleine wavered. She thought that this Englishman might be free from the faults of Parisians, and that she might be open with him, but the next she remembered who had presented him, and she refrained.

"Well then, sir," she added carelessly, "you, being a barbarian, as you so patriotically call Englishmen, may perhaps have sufficient romance left in you, to understand me when I say that by real music I mean music which comes from the heart and goes straight to it-music that is not all noise and flourish."

Then fearful lest she should say too much, Madeleine lifted up her beautiful arm and placed her hand on Paul's shoulder. The next moment the youth's magnificent answer, which he had prepared while she was speaking, was drowned in the whirl of the waltz. It ceased when the music stopped; but Paul was determined to draw out this strange girl, and bethought him of the supper.

"Thank you, sir," she replied to his invitation; "I must return to my mother."

He led her back, bowed low, and was just retreating when his arm was caught by the count.

"Well, what do you think of your partner. Eh?"

"She is prouder than Lucifer."

"Proud; I believe you; a devil of a temper. But is she not beautiful? Well, will you let me introduce you to her mother? They are very nice people—rather countrified, you know-for they have lived all their lives in the wilds of Brittany; but capital people to know. The old boy, who is not here to-night—a baron, by the way, of the real sort: one of the few whose ancestors have been barons and nothing more for centuries-will give you excellent shooting next autumn. Come.'

Paul was only too glad, but he affected some indifference. Any friends of yours, my dear count, of course-

A few minutes later, Ludowsky had given his arm to Madeleine, and Montague and the baroness were following them into the supper-room.

Lupowsky-" What do you think of the Englishman, mademoiselie ?"

MADELEINE-" I have not done him the honor to think of him

Ludowsky-" Perhaps because he is a friend of mine?"

MADELWINE-" Precisely, sir."

LUDOWSKY-"How flattering! But really, Madeleine-

The young girl shuddered.

"Please call me by my surname, sir," she said quietly.

"Well, then, Mademoiselle la Baronne de Ronville—is that enough?-how long is this farce to last? How long will you persist in refusing to accept at least my friendship?"

"I accept the friendship of those only whom I like."

THE BARONESS-" I am delighted to make the acquaintance of a friend of the count's."

PAUL—"I felt, madame, that I could not have a better introduction."

THE BARONESS-" Ah . you knew, then, how we loved him?" Paul started, but immediately recovered himself.

"I might have guessed it from the way in which he spoke of

"Ah! he is so amiable, so unpretending, so unsophisticated, in spite of all his advantages—his rank, his appearance, his wealth "

"And," continued the homely little baroness, growing quite sentimental over the prospect of one day effecting this brilliant match for her daughter, "you see how devoted he is to my child, and how much she likes him."

And in truth at this moment, Montague, not a little piqued, saw that the mouth of the count approached very closely to the ear of the young lady, and that by the inclination of her head she was not a little interested in what he was saying to her.

Ludowsky-" Ah, mademoisetle! you may hate me now, but one day you shall love me I am a man of strong will, and when I have made a resolution I carry it out.'

MADELEINE-" Diamond cut diamond. sir."

Ludowsky-"I have taken my first step, mademoiselle."

MADELEINE-" Indeed, sir! I am curious to know the plan of your campaign?"

Ludowsky-" You know the chateau de Trenoc?"

MADELEINE .- "That dear old place near us, where I have spent so many days in wandering among the deserted rooms? Ludowsky-" Well, it is mine now. I have bought it."

"Oh, sir !" exclaimed Madeleine, looking straight in the count's triumphant face; "you have saved it from destruction."

" Yes."

"But then-" she stopped, for what was on her lips would have wounded him too much.

"Ah! I know your meaning. You are afraid that I shall establish myself there. You are mistaken. I intend it as your wedding-gift."

Madeleine was too much moved to utter the almost indignant reply which was in her mind.

"It is to be fitted up and restored magnificently, and will be yours alone."

Madeleine said nothing. She knew the conditions of this gift, and perhaps, fortunately for her, they had now reached the supper table, after a terrific struggle through an eddying crowd, and conversation paused to give way to a now more important discussion, that of wings of chicken, mayonnaise, champagne and chocolate—this last being a glorious addition to supper of those astute Gauls, which, lack-a-day! has not yet found its way into this country.

After supper the gentlemen brought back their partners; and Montague, who was not yet sufficiently in love to be "off his feed," returned to the supper-room to pick a bone, not, however, before he had been invited by the amiable baroness to call on them in the Rue du Bac, where, as staunch Henri-Quintists, they had preferred taking a little au troisième to a more modern apartment on the other side of the river.

"The baron is so fond of your countrymen," said the little baroness, who, since she had been in Paris, had tried hard to learn the way to make unnecessary compliments, an art not studied in more solid Bretagne. "Indeed he tells me that the Bretons and the English are of the same race I do not know if he is right, but I hear you have a province in England called Cornwall, and we have one in Brittany called Cornouaille, which must be the same name."

The baroness, like all French ladies of old family, had a supreme contempt for geography, to say nothing of logic.
"Oh yes, madame," replied Paul, gallantly repressing a

smile; "the names are undoubtedly the same; and the Cornishmen and Welsh are of Celtish origin like the Bretons."

"Celts! oh yes. That is what our peasants call themselves in their funny language. Well, you will come and call on us, will you not?"

"With pleasure," replied Montague, quite sincerely.

Soon after he ensconced himself in a little corner close to an untouched fowl, secured a roll and a bottle of English Bass-a great luxury in Paris—and began to feel happy, as a sensible man ought to icel at supper after waltzing for a couple of hours -when he espied opposite to him an individual engaged in the same happy occupation, but from time to time eyeing Paul with a mingled look of interest and admiration. Of all the small people in France, M. and Madame de Beaufort were the smallest. Tom Thumb himself might have made love to Madame de Beaufort, and have played marbles with her husband; and yet they were not dwarfs. You conversed with M. de Beaufort for hours, as you would have done with anybody else, as long as he was seated; you felt a respect for him; you looked on him as a man; and yet when the moment came for rising, Monsieur de Beaufort got on his legs-not a man, but a child-a mere little thing that you could have thrown like a hare over your shoulder; yet M. de Beaufort carried off his shortness most wonderfully. His wife, himself and his servants, all stood the same height. His brougham was the smallest in Paris. Madame de Beaufort's spaniel, a wretched little Queen Anne's, which her husband, in the innocence of his heart, had bought in London for a King Charles, at a very high figure, and which went by the appropriate English name of Tiny, or, as she called it, Teenee, was the smallest of its race. M. de Beaufort s tiger was an infant just stept out of long clothes, which dangled behind his diminutive cabriolet as if every movement of his fine horse would hurl it from the footboard and smash it to pieces on the stones. In addition to this, M. de Beaufort's fortune was not large, while his family, for he had none, was all in keeping. All in short combined to make M. de Beaufort and his wife a charming little couple.

But that which M. de Beaufort had made an exception to his rule of harmony was apparent to all at the first outset. M. de Beaufort had a great soul. His little black eyes glistened from out a pair of shaggy eyebrows, with a fire worthy of an Achilles. His conversation was of the most animated description. Give any topic—the smaller the better—and M. de Beaufort would seize you by the button-hole—the lowest button-hole of course, would begin in a low mysterious tone, gazing at you intently with glistening eyes all the while, then gradually growing more emphritic, gesticulating with one hand, then with the other, and at last raising his voice to an overwhelming pitch, as he uttered his own opinion, would dance about, thundering, furious, excited to the utmost degree. And all this, perhaps, about a washerwoman, or a pin's head, or a pork pie. No matter, M. de Beaufort was at home on all subjects.

When he again subsided, it is wonderful how small you felt by the side of M. de Beaufort. Though you were double his height, and could have put him into your waistcoat-pocket, there was something about the fierce glance of his eye, something about his profound manner, that overwhelmed you. You dared not contradict him. You shrank tremulously from the bare idea of offending him, and miniature as he was, you at once acknowledged with extraordinary promptitude that M. de Beaufort was indubitably right.

M. de Beaufort had two peculiarities—his devotion to his wife, who was a quiet little nonentity and his admiration of the English.

"Don't tell me," he would say, looking furiously up into your face, "that you are not vastly our superiors. I appreciate your modesty, but you are wrong, sir, wrong. An Englishman has no need to be modest. To begin with the men. What distinction! What height! And yet,' he would add, lowering his voice mysteriously as if the Pythoness herself were speaking, 'yet size is not everything. Little and good, small and active. All your great men have been small—Wellington, Washington, Napoleon, Alexander—great souls and little bodies. Then, sir, your women. your ladies. Ah! if I had never met with Madame de Beaufort, I must have married an Englishwoman.

Their grace, their figures, their complexions—oh, their complexions," and he would dart a sudden glance at his wife, who was as brown as Burton alc. "Yes, sir, I have ridden many times, ten times, fifteen times at Longchamps. I am fond of riding, sir; I have one or two horses that are not bad, sir. I carry a light weight, as you may judge; and yet I never was in a race yet which an Englishman did not win. And yet—"

And so he would run on, putting in a good word where he could for the French; for with all his Anglomania, M. de Beaufort was a patriot. And with all his talking, the little man was a gentleman, and a man of taste and feeling.

M. de Beaufort (whose family, by the way, was not allied to the great Beauforts; indeed, how could they be so? though he would tell you mysteriously that "your English Duke, you know, a younger branch of our lot, you know—") was very happy to be in an English ball; but it was a melancholy fact that he had not met with a single Englishman that night who had appreciated him, perhaps because his knowledge of their language was limited to a few sporting terms, and he was unable to raise sufficient excitement in the British breast about his "groom," his "tigaire," his "King Sharle," "le sport." "le stipéll-shase," and so on. Now there was something in Paul's face so good-tempered and pleasing, that the little man felt he must go to bed miserable if he did not make his acquaintance. He therefore watched his opportunity, which came at last.

"Ah! the salt, sir; allow me to pass you the salt."

Paul acknowledged the attention with a smile and there was then a little pause of etiquette.

"Ah! monsieur," said the little man, seeing that Paul was helping himself to that necessary of life with the end of his fork; "ah, sir, we are still barbarians in some respects. We do not yet know the English luxury of salt-spoons.

"And yet, sir," replied Montague politely, "we bring all our elegancies from France; in dress, for instance, and cookers.

"Ah! sir," exclaimed the little man, delighted to be able to mount his hobby, 'that is all your native modesty. Permit me to differ from you. It may be true—it is true, ma foi—that you derive some advantages from a nearer intercourse with us But, sir, what do we not derive from you? You, with your wealth, can command every luxury from every country, and your natural good taste enables you to value what is good in each, and to adapt it to your own manners. We, indeed, may have a certain adaptability for elegance—a certain genius, so to speak, for the art of life; but you, sir, you Englishmen, understand in the highest degree that great feature of life—le comfort."

And as he rolled out this word with an unnatural French pronunciation, the eyes of the little fellow clistened furiously, and he glared at Montague, as if he had just convicted him of a heinous crime. But he was calm again in a moment.

"You have no champagne," he said with a bewitching smile. "Permit me to fill your glass." The glasses were filled.

"Allow me," he added, holding his own across the table. Montague could not refuse and the ceremony of touching glasses was gone through.

"That is a French custom," he continued, laughing; "but a good one. In England you only bow the head. Well, well, it is more distingué."

And so he rattled on till Montague rose. Then he rose too; but Paul, not anxious to have the little dwarf tacked on to him for the evening, managed to escape.

"Ah!" said M. de Beaufort to himself, "I must manage to get him introduced to Madame de Beaufort."

As Paul returned to the ballroom, in which he knew he should see the De Ronvilles, he felt much refreshed and quite happy m his mind. He was, therefore, delighted to find that the music had stopped, and the dancing was supplanted for a time by a rapid rushing to and fro of eager partners, and a most dangerous importation from the lounging-rooms of chairs, benches or stools, so that those who were foolish enough to block up the doorways had either their shins bruised or their heads punched according as the bearer chose to carry his chair low or high. It was evident from these preparations that the cotillon was about to commence; and drawing on a pair of clean gloves—for he was dandy

enough to wear two pairs per noctem—Mr. Paul Montague hastened towards Mademoiselle de Ronville, in the fervent hope that he would be in time to secure her for that "fascinating" dance, as a friend of mine calls it. But men propose, and the ladies dispose, and Paul had not got half-way when a loud merry voice, crying "Here he is," in unmistakably native English, induced him to look to the side whence it came. He saw a fat, heated woman of five-and-forty, with those little corkscrew ringlets peculiar to ladies of certain or rather uncertain ges, pursuing him hotly, and dragging, rather than being supported by, a handsome man of some thirty summers, well known to Paul, who now in vain sought for a hole to escape by. It was hopeless.

"Mr. Montague," cried the stout party, panting; "Mr. Montague, you renegade, you naughty man, why don't you stop? I want you." Her voice was pitched in an alto key, and of course caused some sensation in the room; but when those who turned round saw that it was Lady Plantagenet they took no further notice, her habits being well known.

Paul drew up immediately, gave a furtive wink to the man whom her ladyship was dragging after her, and stood modestly but very impatient before his panting hostess.

"So ho, then! Mr. Montague," she said, or rather gasped out, "you think yourself worthy of being run after by the ladies? A pretty cavalier, indeed?"

"I assure your ladyship-"

"Don't ladyship me, you naughty fellow. I know all about you; I hear you are a rank republican, a chartist, or some horrid thing of that kind. And that's the reason you run away from us unfortunate aristocrats."

"Upon my honor, your ladyship---"

(Montague laid a peculiar stress on this word, which he was fond of using when lickspittles were near at hand).

"Come, no prevarication; confess it, and—ah! you know M. de Coucy, of course——?"

The two gentlemen bowed to one another with a needless show of ceremony, and while the two hypocrites exchanged furtive winks, each muttered, "I had not the honor, but"——&c.

"Not know M. de Coucy?" exclaimed her ladyship, growing redder still, for she was celebrated for mal apropos introductions, and had offended her best friends by asking political enemies to dinner together. "Why, I thought you were sure to know one another; he is one of your wicked party—are you not, De Coucy?"

De Coucy bowed, and appeared covered with confusion, but he really enjoyed the scene. Paul thought the opportunity favorable, and tried to slip away.

"Oh, no, no! you are not going. Come back, sir, come back. I have been hunting for you all this time, and am not going to let you slip away. I want you to dance the cotillon."

"Precisely what I am going to do. I must run and claim my partner."

"Your partner, indeed? But you are not engaged?"

"But, my dear madame-"

"Come, we will convict you. Whom is it to?"

"Mademoiselle de Ronville," Paul stammered out.

"Engaged to Miss de Ronville, for the cotillon? I don't believe you, sir. I convict you of a falsehood, you see, for I know she is going to dance with her intended."

"Her intended?" exclaimed Paul, stupified.

"Yes, of course; your intimate friend, Count Ludowsky. He told me she was engaged to him."

"What! is she engaged to Ludowsky!"

"Yes, for this cotillon."

"But, I—I meant engaged to be married."

"Ha, ha, I hope you have not fallen in love with her. He looks quite upset; does he not, De Coucy?"

"I am so amazed that Ludowsky did not tell me."

"Oh, no nonsense! you knew it well enough. my dear diplomatist. Upon my word I must speak to Lord Cowley for you. You would be invaluable at the Embassy. Ha, ha!"

The blow was successful, and Paul allowed himself to be led off by Lady Plantagenet without another word.

'I am going to introduce you to a little French helress, niece of M. de Beaufort, who will have his estate and fortune."

The next moment Montague was performing a succession of bows before the little man whom he had met at the supper table, a little woman of the same height, and a little girl in white muslin, who looked half shy and half pert.

A smile full of triumph and delight was on the face of the little man, as he caught hold of Montague's elbow, evidently

afraid that his prize would run away.

"My niece, sir. Clothilde, Mr. Montague." Then aside to Paul; "My niece is a capital dancer—waltzes like Taglioni, and polkas like Cerito. Have you a chair? You may be late. But here, stay, take the chair I was sitting on for Clothilde, and I will fetch you one for yourself in a moment. Shall I place it here? It will be better for Clothilde to be near her aunt: she is so very young, and only just presented."

And he bustled the unfortunate Englishman into a seat in front of himself, and Clothilde into another. Just then Paul caught sight of Ludowsky in a supplicating attitude before Madeleine, who was slowly shaking her head, and lowing stiffly to her adorer. The next moment the count moved away disappointed, and selecting the ugliest girl in the room took his place in the circle.

(To be continued.)

ANCIENT AND MODERN MODES OF SEPULTURE.

Ir must be admitted that, so so on as that mysterious principle which holds our dust together has fled, it is the signal for a putrifying decay and a rapid decomposition into other elements; and that, in the progress of that decomposition, certain gases are evolved, which, holding in their combination a large amount of putrescent animal matter, are not only of a disgusting effluvium, but also of a most poisonous and destructive nature. Grant that this is but a transmutation to new forms of life, it may well be a consideration to philanthropists how this necessary process may be begun and carried on so as least to imperil the health and happiness of humanity-in a word, how we may dispose of our dead with the smallest amount of injury to the living. Among some nations water is selected as the hiding-place of the dead. By our mariners it has been been a matter of necessity, and the deep salt sea has received into its insatiable depths more brave men and fair women, more loving hearts and hoarded treasure, than can well be summed up in history or told in poetry.

Down the waters of the sacred Ganges or Hooghly float innumerable corpses, which may be seen continuing their dismal voyage covered by birds of prey, already commencing their disgusting meal. There are lands where bodies are left to decompose in the air—where wild dogs, jackals, and vultures perform the last offices, leaving the well-picked skeletons to whiten in the sun. In one island in Polynesia the corpse of a man is suspended about two feet from the ground, until a watcher, appointed for the purpose, sees the skull drop off, which is then carried to the widow, who henceforth wears it hung about her person as a memento or charm. The custom of embalming, as performed by the Egyptians and other nations of antiquity, is at best an unnatural and imperfect effort to interfere with the laws of nature.

Cremation, or the destruction of human remains—rough the action of fire, was the most extensively used, and was considered the most honorable mode by most of the nations of antiquity. And hence the idea of the funeral pyre and urn sepulture is as much associated with heathenism as burial in the earth is with Christianity, though there is, in truth, no necessary connection between the two.—Though it is now well ascertained that the body of the poet Shelley was burnt from reasons pertaining to the quarantine regulations, it was at the time considered an additional proof—had any been required—of his determined hostility to Christian observances; and it was with some little difficulty that a clergyman could be persuaded to read the burial service over his remains.

Greeks commonly burned their dead on the sixth and seventh day after death, but up to that time myrrh, gum of cedar tree, salt, wax, and many costly and swent-scented drugs, honey, balm and bitumen were used to prevent any disagreeable odor.

The funeral pile itself was composed of fir or pine wood, generally in the form of an altar. Pitch, turpentine, and other inflammable substances were spread over the pile, and cypress trees were set round at a certain distance. Then the eyes of the corpses were generally opened, and if a wind arose it was considered a favorable omen. When all was consumed, the calcined bones and ashes, soaked in costly wines, were gathered together, and placed in the funeral urn, which was consigned to the sepulture. The Romans interred their dead, in the first instance, and adopted the custom of burning them from the Greeks; but not to a very great extent until towards the end of the republic. It was most general under the emperors, and gradually fell into disuse about the end of the fourth century, when Christianity became the prevalent creed. But the Greek and Roman was alike prohibited the burning or burying of the dead within any city, both from sanitary and civil considerations. The Greek "koimeterion," or bed of slumber, was generally at a considerable distance outside of the towns. The Romans frequently made the tombs by the roadside; and when the bodies of the latter were not burnt they were enclosed in stone coffins. So sacred were the tombs, that they served often as a place of refuge in times of persecution.

The resting-place of the Jews were called Bethaim. For the most part they buried their dead, burning sweet spices on the couch where the corpse rested. Cremation was, however, not entirely unused among them, as reference to the books of the Old Testament will show. Of Asa, king of Judah, it is recorded, " And they buried him in his own sepulchres, which he had made for himself in the city of David, and laid him in the bed which was filled with sweet odors and divers kinds of spices prepared by the apothecaries' art; and they made a very great burning for him." (2 Chron. xvi. 14). "All the valiant men arose, and went all night, and took the body of Saul and the bodies of his sons from the wall of Beth-shan and came to Ja-buried them under a tree at Jabesh, and fasted seven days." (1 Sam. xxxi. 12, 13.)

WILLIAM THE FIRST OF PRUSSIA'S BEAUTICS.

During his father's lifetime William commenced the formation of a regiment of tall recruits, which he was obliged to keep sedulously hidden from the paternal eye, exercising them privately at Mittenwalde, and giving orders that, should the king pay-one of his infrequent visits to that place, they should instantly conceal themselves, and remain perdur till his departure. On Frederic William's accession, he had felt deeply

grieved and astonished that the citizens of Berlin should refuse to receive his pet giants into quarters among them. The great Elector had built a house and laid out gardens in the Dutch style at Potsdam; these gardens his grandson turned into parade-grounds, and here he established his "blue children," as they were called, on account of the color of their uniform. Dielefield gives a description of this regiment of colossi. "Nature," he says, "who has been so lavish to them in one respect, has been but a niggardly step-dame in others. They had either ugly faces, or crooked legs, or some other defect. However, Frederic William lavished enormous sums upon them; some of the peculiar giants had as much as two florins pay per day, and were allowed to carry on a trade besides. No sum was considered, by the usually parsimonious king, too large to be paid for a huge grenadier; and those potentates who wished to be on a friendly footing with the King of Prussia, had nothing to do but to search their dominions for the tallest specimens of humanity contained in them.

A present of a recruit of six feet might be counted on to secure Frederic William's friendship; of six feet two, his warmest alliance; and so on in proportion. The tallest and finest of these grenadiers was an Irishman, by name James Kirkland, whose procural and transmission from his native bogs to the parade-ground at Potsdam had cost Frederic William upwards of one thousand two hundred pounds sterling. But no one whose stature had obtained a more than ordinary growth was safe from the hands of his majesty's recruiters. His passion for tall soldiers led him to wish to raise a race of large people, so as to be able to recruit his great regiment without trouble. One day meeting a very tall and well-made village girl in the neighborhood of Potsdam, he asked her to take a note, which he wrote on the spot, to the captain of his regiment. Either suspecting something, or being in a hurry, the girl gave the note to a little old woman whom she fell in with, and charged her to deliver it as directed. This note contained an order to the captain to have the bearer instantly married to the tallest man in the regiment, whose name was specified. On being acquainted with his fate, and introduced to his bride, the poor young fellow was in despair. He begged and entreated, fell on his knees and wept, but all to no purpose; the king's will was law, and the matrimonial noose was tied. However, the king, on hearing of the exchange of brides that had been made, allowed the marriage to be dissolved.

A NICE POINT OF LAW.—Two Quakers in Philadelphia applied to their society, as they do not got to law, to decide in the following difficulty:—A. is uneasy about a snip that ought to have arrived, meets B., an insurer, and states his wish to have

the vessel insured. The matter is agreed upon. A. returns home and receives a letter informing him of the loss of his ship. What shall he do? He is afraid that the policy is not filled up, and should B. hear of the matter soon, it is all over with him; he therefore writes to B. thus :- " Friend B., if thee hasn't filled up the policy thee needn't, for I've heard of the ship." "Oh, oh!" thinks B. to himself, "cunning fellow; he wants to do me out of the premium." So he thus writes to A. :-" Friend A., thou be'est too late by half an hour, the policy is filled." A. rubs his hands with deight, yet B. refuses to pay Well, what is the decision? The loss is divided between them.



y glidere - with that the



ALFRED TENNYSON POET LAUREATE OF ENGLAND.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY: ALFRED TENNYSON.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago two youths walked into the shop of Effingham Wilson, publisher and bookseller, at the Royal Exchange, Cornhill, London, and after blushing and stammering, as all young poets do when first popping the question to a publisher, requested him to issue to the world a small volume of their verses. No name was to be on the title page, and there was to be no mark by which the production of one could be distinguished from the other. The book was to be called Some Poems by Two Collegians. Wilson, who is a genial and oblig ing man, received the two young poets with his usual bonhomie, and promised to lock at them, and give an answer in a few days. Unwilling to depend upon his own judgment he gave them to one of those solemn old asses called critics, who after putting on his Dogberrian spectacles, and bewildering his little wits with the manuscript, returned them with the opinion that the loems marked H. M. were excellent and gave un-

doubted evidence of great genius; but that those marked A. T. were the most detestable trash he had ever read—in point of fact, they were either unintelligible, or else mere nonsense verses, or nursery rhymes. We have seen the letter enunciating this marvellous effort of criticism, and the signature attached to it was the editor of a London newspaper.

Our readers may be amused to learn that the A. T. was Alfred Tennyson, and the H. M. was Henry Milman, son to the Dean of Westminster, the author of three ponderous dramas, the Martyr of Antioch, Fazio, Belshazzar, and other equally respectable dullnesses. Attracted by the severe condemnation of Dr. Black. Effiingham Wilson was provoked to read Tennyson's verses. Although not a professed admirer of the Muse, being rather a fierce politician and an ultra radical, he felt so pleased with some of the poems, that he determined to publish them in conjunction with young Milman's. While, however, the volume was passing through the press, Dr. Milman, who had a high opinion of his son's powers, refused to permit Tennyson's verses

to share the volume, and paid all the expenses of resetting the type—thus Tennyson's verses were issued in 1833, by Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, London, and Henry Milman's by Longman's. The public have decided that Dr. Black and Dean Milman were no judges of poetry, and that Tennyson is the greatest poet of his class that ever lived. Milman, who thus so narrowly missed the honor of being born Tennyson's twin brother in boards, has not been heard of as a poet since his first volume, but settled down into that most prosaic state the parsonic, and now sends a rustic congregation to sleep twice every Sunday, in a fine old Norman church near Gravesend, where the ivy over the windows dims the light of day, and where the sparrows on the porch, and other open parts of the building, almost chirrup the minister out of his pulpit.

In 1836 another volume appeared from the press of Moxon, and Tennyson was recognized by the critics as one of the most promising of the English poets. To this succeeded a complete edition in two volumes, which was followed by a medley called The Princess. This poem was written as a contrast to the Love's Labor Lost of Shakespeare.

In 1850 be married, and has since then resided principally in the Isle of Wight, and at Kew on the Thames. On Wordsworth's death he was appointed Poet Laureate, and deserves mention for receiving in wine instead of money the annual butt of canary. His latest volumes have been In Memoriam and Maud. Some critics have pretended to discover in his writings the effect of the fenny Lincolnshire scenery upon his muse—that is, we think, considering the subject too curiousl

Of all our modern poets the present Laureate is the least known in general society; for many years he contented himself with an annual visit to London, spending the rest of the year, till his marriage, with his father, a clergyman in Lincolnshire, or at a small farm-house near Maidstone, in Kent, where he smokes, and broods over his verses. He is very indolent, and delights in lying on the grass, watching the varying aspect of nature, and fastidiously correcting his poems. He has been for years busy over an epic called King Arthur, a part of which he has published under the title of Morte d'Arthur. The genius of Tennyson is not epic-it is reflective and descriptive. He cannot paint man in action, which is the soul of the Epos. In company he is reserved, and has as great a repugnance to argument as Dickens. In the fields, when with congenial companions, he is very pleasant, and full of remarks on scenery, and its influence on the human soul. His favorite authors are Coleridge and Shakespeare. He was born in 1812, and is consequently in his forty-seventh year, although from his intense indulgence in tobacco he looks older. We understand since his marriage he has abandoned this habit of smoking. In his bachelor days he told a friend that he expended two-thirds of his annual allowance from his father in cigars. The death of a relative putting him into possession of a small sum of money, he embarked it in a speculation to make burnt wood look like old oak carvings, and lost it all in less than a year.

His marriage with a lady of some property, and his income as Poet Laureate to Queen Victoria, enable him to live in a state of otum cum dignitate. We shall not indulge in any labored essay on his genius. We have given specimens of his varied performances to enable our readers to put their own estimate upon him. He is one of those subtle and suggestive writers whose works will bear many readings—and with every successive perusal fresh beauties are developed. Nevertheless, his poetry appeals rather to the cultivated mind than to the common heart of the world, and therefore, as the world becomes more highly educated, so will the fame of Tennyson increase.

The greatest of all Tennyson's poems is the The Two Voices. There is no such condensation of thought, pro and con, in any language as this marvellous effort of epigrammatic philosophy. Every verse is a volume. Every triplet a triumph. Not a word wasted. It is a mosaic of gens rescued from the monotony of brilliancy by the artistic manner in which the ruby relieves the pearl, the amethyst the jasper, while the diamond gives a sparkling soul to all.

Nevertheless, without the poet's intent is borne in mind, the reader might as well be reading an unknown tongue. Tennyson's intention was to represent the debate of Hope and

Despair in a poet's soul, or as Browning suggested to him, the soul of a sensitive being. The author intended to present the arguments for and against suicide in their strongest natural light, and he has certainly done it. Let us preface a consideration of the poem by stating the plot.

A morbid and reflective man is weary of life; the spirit of discontent suggests suicide. The tempted spirit argues the case with his Mephistophiles. The tempter tells him, that death is better than life for so miserable a man! Upon the other saying:

Let me not cast in endless shade What is so wonderfully made!

The scornful devil replies:

To day I saw a dragon fly Come from the wells where he did lie.

He dried his wings—like gause they grew; Through crofts and pastures wet with dew, A living flash of light he flew.

This sarcastic reminder that a dragon-fly is equally wonderful in its make is artfully put. The poet replies, and tells the scorner that man is far superior to the dragon-fly, there is no analogy between them:

Thereto the silent voice replied:
"Self-blinded are you by your pride;
Look up through night; the world is wide.

Think you this mould of hopes and fears Could find no statelier than his peers, In yonder hundred million spheres?"

Thus answering the egotism of man by the possible fact, that there exist beings as superior to man as man is to a dragon fiv:

It spake moreover to my mind:
"Though thou wert scattered to the wind,
Yet there is plenty of thy kind!"

This blow at egotism, or the necessity of every man's existence to human nature, draws forth:

Then did my response clearer fall; "No compound of this earthly ball is like another, all in all P

The egotist having established his identity is cruelly crushed by the devil's scoff:

Good soul! suppose I grant it theo, Who'll weep for thy deficiency?

I would have said, "Thou canst not know, But my full heart, that worked below, Rained through my sight its overflow."

Although somewhat subtly expressed the roughest heart must feel this. The rifle bullet pierces the bear's hide as easily as the dandy's skin.

Baffied thus in egotism, the desponding spirit, with that lingering love for life which blazes up even at the very moment the suicide pulls the trigger or quaffs the poison, retires upon curiosity, which it ennobles into that interest every human being should take in its kind, or as Tennyson expresses it:

The years with change advance; If I make dark my countenance, I shut my life from happier chance !

Some turn this sickness yet might take.

The devil coolly assures him the disease is incurable in these words:

What drug can make A withered palsy cease to shake?

Many a jaded soul will say Mephistophiles is right. The soul then urges:

All the years invent; Each month is various to present The world with some development.

Were this not well to bide mine hour, Tho' watching from a ruined tower How grows the day of human power?

The scornful tempter laughs at the idea of a brief life of thirty years being able to judge of human progress:

said, "When I am gone away, He dared not tarry," men will say, Doing dishonor to my clay."

The tempter rejoins:

Co vexed spirit, sleep in trust ;

The right ear, that is filled with dust, Hears little of the false or just.

oul replies:

I toil beneath the curse, But knowing not the Universe, I fear to slide from bad to worse.

And that in seeking to undo One riddle, and to find the true, I knit a hundred others new.

"Consider well," the voice replied,
"His face, that two hours since hath died;
Wit thou find passion, pain or pride?

His palms are folded on his breast; There is no other thing exprest But long disquiet merge! in rest!"

The soul then urges:

"If all be dark, vague voice," I said,
"These things are wrapped in doubt and dread,
Nor can'st thou show the dead are dead.

Whatever crazy sorrow saith, No life that breathes with human breath Has ever truly longed for death.

'Tis life, whereof our nerves are seant;
Oh! life, not death, for which I pant;
More life and fuller—that I want."

Few poets have thrown a deeper truth in so few words as Tennyson has done in these two great lines:

Tis life not death for which we pant, More life, and fuller, that we want!

The stanzas describing the dawning of the Sabbath day are exquisitely written. The desponding spirit opens his casement, and watches the villagers go to church:

One walked between his wife and child, With measured footfall, firm and mild, And now and then he gravely smiled.

The prudent partner of his blood, Leaned on him, faithful, gentle, good, Wearing the rose of womanhood.

And in their double love secure, The little maiden walked demure, Pacing with downward eyelids pure.

I blest them, and they wandered on— I spoke, but answer came there none— The dull and bitter voice was gone.

A second voice was at mine ear,
A little whisper, silver clear,
A murmur, "Be of better cheer."

Then forth into the fields I went, And nature's living motion lent The pulse of hope to discontent.

All seems beautiful to the now restored soul—the woods were full of song—the grass was half hidden by flowers—there seemed no room for wrong in the world. The poet concludes this grand philosophical poem with these verses:

So variously seemed all things wrought, I marvelled how the mind was brought To anchor by one gloomy thought:

And wherefore rather I made choice To commune with that barren voice, Than him that said, "Rejoice, rejoice!"

The matchless lyric of Dora is a model of simplicity; indeed, it sounds more like a scripture legend than a modern poem. The subject is that of a young farmer who marries a maiden in defiance of his father's will, and thus incurs his sternest hatred. The son dies, leaving his wife and child destitute. This child, the very image of his dead son, is placed in the old man's way by William's cousin, who had loved him, and who had been slighted by him for the other. This leads to the reconciliation of the father and his wife's widow. The following will show the marvello force and simplicity of Tennyson's poem. The commencement is bare almost to baldness:

With farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his nices. He often looked at them,
And often thought, "I'll make them man and wife
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearned towards William; but the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.

The old man then proposes his son marrying Dora. William refuses. The father insists. The young man leaves the farm:

And half in love, half spite, he wooed and wed A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

The old father in his rage vows he'll disinherit his niece if she speaks to either his son or his wife. William dies, leaving a son:

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And looked with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora.

Dora persuades Mary to let her take the child and place it in her uncle's way. She consents. The first day the old farmer takes no notice of the child:

But when the morrow came, she rose and took The child once more, and sat upon the mound; And made a little wreath of all the flowers That grew about, and tied it round his hat To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.

The stubborn old brute takes his grandchild home, but drives Dora out of his heart and house. She goes to Mary, who refuses to have her William's son brought up by such a stern, unfeeling man. She therefore proceeds with Dora to the farmer's house to demand her boy. The description is faultless:

The door was off the latch; they peeped and saw The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees, Who thrust him in the hollows of his arms, And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks, Like one that loved him, and the lad stretched out And babbled for the golden seal, that lung From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.

They enter. Mary then relates William's death and forgiveness of his father, and demands back her child. We doubt if any can read the conclusion without tears:

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the room;
And all at once the old man burst in sobs—
"I've been to blame—to blame—I have killed my son!
I have killed him—but I loved him—my dear son—
May God forgive me! I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children!"

Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kissed him many times.
And all the man was broken with remorse;
And all his love came back a hundred fold;
And for three hours he sobbed o'er William's child,
Thinking of William.

So those four abode Within one house together, and as years Went forward, Mary took another mate; But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

The commonplace character of Mary and the heroism of Dora are depicted in the two last lines most conclusively.

We are not admirers of Tennyson's blank verse, although he now and then throws off a passage of great power—it is frequently feeble, and its characteristic is elaboration. His most successful effort is the poem on Godiva, which he prefaces with a few careless lines eminently calculated to place the present day of railroads and the days of old feudality in powerful contrast. The subject is, of course, the well-known legend of the Earl of Coventry promising to remit some heavy taxes if his wife, whom he passionately loves, will ride through Coventry without her crinoline—in other words, in puris naturalibus, or to drop metaphor, naked. It thus commences:

I waited for the train at Coventry; I hung with grooms and porters or the bridge, To watch the three tall spires; and then I shaped The City's Ancient Legend into this

How graphically the grim old robber chief is painted:

She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode About the hall, among his degs, alone, His beard a foot before him, and his hair A yard behind. She to'd him of their tears, And prayed him, "If they pay this tax, they starve." Whereat he stared, replying half amazed, "You would not ket your little finger ache For such as these?" "But I would die," said she. He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul: Then falliped at the diamond in her ear; "O ay, ay, ay, you talk!" "Alas!" she said, "But prove me what it is I would not do."

And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand, He answe ed, "Ride you naked through the town, I nd I repeal it." Then nodding, as in scorn, He parted, with great strides among his dogs.

As every one knows, her devotion triumphed over her woman's instincts. She rode "clothed as with chastity" through the town. The conclusion is admirably told:

And all at once, With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers, One after one; but even then she gained Her bewer; whence reissuing, robed and crowned, To meet her kird, she took the tax away, And built herself an everlasting name.

The commencement of this poem has been succeed at by some brainless critics as being a bit of Miss Nancvism and aristocratic affectation, as though Mr. Tennyson shrunk from grooms and porters Tennyson's meaning was to make civilization the frame to place a picture of the feudal times in. Tennyson was addicted in his youth to a sort of refrain, which partook more of the musical than the poetical. In his ballad of Oriana he sings:

My heart is wasted with my woe
Oriana.
There is no rest for me below,
Oriana.
When the long dim worlds are ribbed with snow,
And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow
Oriana,
Alone I wander to and fro,
Oriana.

And in his fine verses of Lady Clara Vere de Vere he makes that lady's name commence every verse of the poem. There is a strange verse in this, and which was much ridiculed by the critics when it was first published. It is the queer manner in which Tennyson tells his reader that a young man cut his throat for love of Lady Clara Vere de Vere:

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You put strango memories in my head,
Not thrice your blanching limes have blown
Since I beheld young Lawrence dead.
O your sweet eyes, your low replies;
A great enchantress you may be:
But there was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see.

And in his Dream of Fair Women he has a similar death for Iphigenia, who was sacrificed by that beast Agamemnon to propitiate those devils the Greek gods. It is strange that religion instead of humanizing man should have demonised him. We consider Tennyson rather unartistical in making Agamemnon cut his fair child's throat instead of piercing her to the heart. The poet, however, said he meant to describe driving the steel to the carotid artery. She is supposed to be describing her own immolation:

I strove to speak; my voice was thick with sighs As in a dream. Dimly I could descry The stern black-bearded kings, with wolfish eyes, Wailing to see me die.

The high masts flickered as they lay afteat;
The crowds, the temples, wavered, and the shore;
The bright death quivered at the victim's throat;
Touched—and I knew no more.

The picture as italicised is perfect. The Greek vagabond cutthroats stand out as "the stern black-bearded kings, with wolfish eyes."

In the ballad Tennyson is equally great, the best being his Lord of Burleigh. This has the merit of being founded on the well-known story of the Marquis of Exeter's marying Miss Hoggins, a farmer's daughter, whom he woos and weds under the name of Mr. Cecil, a village painter. After the honeymoon he takes his wife to Burleigh Hall, and there astonishes her by announcing to her that she is Marchioness of Exeter. Common report adds that the unexpected honor was too much for her, and that she pined away beneath the weight of a grandeur foreign to her nature. It is so exquisitely told that we quote it entire:

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

In her ear he whispers gaily,
"If my heart by signs can tell,

Maiden, I have watched thee daily, And I think thou lov'st me well." She replies in accents fainter, "There is none I love like thee." He is but a land-cape-painter, And a village maiden she. He to lips, that fondly falter, Presses his without reproof; Leads her to the village altar, And they leave her father's roof "I can make no marriage present; Little can I give my wife, Love will make our cottage pleasant And I love thee more than life They by parks and lodges going See the lordly castle stand; Summer woods about them blowing, Made a murmur in the land. From deep thought himself he rouses, Says to her that loves him well, "Let us see these bandsome houses Where the wealthy nobles dwell " So she goes by him attended, Hears hun lovingly converse, Sees whatever fair and splendid Lay betwixt his home and hers ; Parks with oak and chesnut shady, Parks and ordered gardens great, Ancient homes of lord and lady, Built for pleasure and for state. Al' he shows her makes him dearer: Evermore she seems to gaze On that cottage growing nearer. Where they twain will spend their days.

O but she will love him truly! He shall have a cheerful home; She will order all things duly, When beneath his roof they come. Thus her heart rejoices greatly, Till a gateway she discerns With armorial bearings stately, And beneath the gate she turns; Sees a mansion more majestic Than all those she saw before; Many a gallant gay domestic Bows before him at the door. And they speak in gentle murmur, When they answer to his call, While he treads with footsteps firmer, Leading on from hall to hall. And while now she wanders blindly, Nor the meaning can divine Proudly turns he round and kindly, "All of this is mine and thine." Here he lives in state and bounty, Lord of Burleigh, fair and free, Not a lord in all the county Is so great a lord as he. All at once the color flushes Her sweet face from brow to chin; As it were with shame she blushes And her spirit changed within. Then her countenance all over Pale again as death did prove: But he clasped her like a lover And he cheered her soul with love. So she strove against her weakness Though at times her spirit sank : Shaped her heart with woman's meekness To all duties of her rank And a gentle consort made he, And her gentle mind was such That she grew a noble lady And the people loved her much. But a trouble weighed upon her, And perplexed her, night and morn, With the burthen of an honor Unto which she was not born, Faint she grew, and ever fainter. As she murmurel, "Oh, that he Were once more that landscape-painter, Which did win my heart from me !" So she drooped and drooped before him, Fading slowly from his side; Three fair children first she bore him. Then before her time she died. Weeping, weeping late and early, Walking up and pacing down, Deeply mourned the Lord of Burleigh,

Purleigh-house by Stamford town.

And he came to look upon her,
And he looked at her and said,
"Bring the dress, and put it on her
That she wore when she was wed."
Then her people softly treading,
Bore to earth her body drest
In the dress that she was wed in,
That her spirit might have rest.

A marked change has come over Tennyson's style since he published his earlier volumes—he then frequently chose subjects which admitted of great licence of language. His love poems on Madeline, Adeline, and Eleanore are striking instances of ambitious phrasing, which almost approach the gorgeous. These are his least successful productions, for although containing exquisite passages of word-painting, the elaboration is too apparent. Everywhere we see that he has reached his height by piling epithet on epithet, and thought upon thought, and not by scaling it at a bound, as he does in his simpler poems:

Thou art not steeped in golden languors,
No trancèd summer calm is thine,
Ever varying Madeline,
Through light and shadow thou dost range,
Sudden glances sweet and strange,
Delicious spites and darling angers,
And airy forms of fitting change.
Smiling, frowning, ever more,
Thou art perfect in love loro;
Revealings deep and clear are thine
Of wealthy smiles; but who may know
Whether smile or frown be fleeter?
Whether smile or frown be sweeter,
Who may know?

This kind of poetry is very puzzling, since it reads more like a collection of musical sounds than the utterance of a thoughtful spirit. Mr. Tennyson in his younger days was somewhat too fond of these affectations, which exposed him, and justly, to the critical abuse of the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood*. Indeed, if we may judge from his love verses, he seems to have had a pretty extensive harem of Adelines, Lilians, Eleanores, Madelines. &c. As a different style are the verses to Adeline:

Mystery of mysteries,
Faintly smiling Adeline,
Scarce of earth nor all divine,
Nor unhappy, nor at rest,
But beyond expression fair,
With thy floating flaxen hair;
Thy rose lips and full blue eyes
Take the heart from out my breast.
Wherefore those dim looks of thine,
Shadowy, dreaming Adeline?

Our readers will no doubt consider these lines as mere rhyming verbiage. To complete our exposition of this phase of Tennyson's muse we give one verse of the finest of these love-chants:

How may full-sailed verse express, How may measured words adore The full flowing harmony Of thy swanlike stateliness, Eleanore? The luxuriant symmetry Of thy floating gracefulness, Eleanore? Every turn and glance of thine, Every lineament divine, Eleänore And the steady sunset glow That stays upon thee? For in thee Is nothing sudden, nothing single Like two streams of incense free From one censer, in one shrine, Thought and motion mingle, Mingle ever. Motion's flow To one another, even as though They were modulated so To an unheard melody, Which lives about thee, and a sweep Of richest pauses, evermore Drawn from each other mellow deep;

Who may express thee, Eleanore?

As Sir Hugh Evans says, "These be the very lunacies of fancies."

The Sisters is a poem in a different vein; it is intensely dramatic, and is, we think, the only instance in his published writings. The plot is this: One of two sisters secretly the end was accomplished.

loves a nobleman; he seduces the younger, who was the most beautiful. She dies overwhelmed with her shame. The survivor resolves to avenge her sister's death. She therefore lays her toils for the false-hearted earl, and creates in him a love for her. Having got him into her power by the sacrifice of her virtue she murders him, and takes his dead body to his mother. Her vengeance accomplished, her reason gives way. Tennyson told us the refrain of

The wind is raving in turret and tree,

was intended to show the troubled state of her mind. The critic will observe how he has marked the gradual rise in her excitement from "blowing, howling, roaring, raging and raving." When all is over the poet restores the maniac to the state in which she commenced her insane lyric by the line,

The wind is blowing in turret and tree.

Tennyson also intended the turret and tree to indicate the locality of the tragedy, which was in the country:

We were two daughters of one race—
She was the fairest in the face:
(The wind is blowing in turret and tree!)
They were together, and she fell;
Therefore revenge became me well.
(O the Earl was fair to see!)

She died; she went to burning flune;
She mixed her ancient blood with shame;
(The wind is hooling in turret and tree!)
Whole weeks and months, and early and late
To win his love I lay in wait.
(O the Earl was fair to see!)

I made a feast; I bade him come:
I won his love; I brought him home
(The wind is roaring in turret and tree!)
And after supper, on a bed,
Upon my lap he laid his heed.
(O the Earl was fair to see!)

I kissed his cyclids into rest:
His ruddy cheek upon my breast.
(The wind is raging in turret and tree
I hated him with the hate of hell,
But I loved his beauty passing well!
(O the Earl was fair to see!)

I rose up in the silent night;
I made my dagger sharp and bright.
(The wind is rawing in turret and tree!)
As half asleep his breath he drew,
Three times I stabbed him through and through:
(O the Earl was fair to see!)

I curled and combed his comely head, He looked so grand when he was dead. (The wind is *blowing* in turret and tree!) I wrapt his body in the sheet, And laid him at his mother's feet! (O the Earl was fair to see!)

In our sketch of Mrs. Browning we have observed how little dependence ought to be attached to a grief which flows into dactyls, spondees and anaposts. Tennyson, in his In Momoriam, has made his sorrow for the death of his friend, Arthur Hallam, go a long way, as economical cooks would a joint. He presents it in every aspect of thought. Of course, in one hundred and thirty-nine poems, all on the self-same subject, and set in the same lachrymal key, such a poet as Tennyson could not fail to produce many beautiful verses, full of thought and feeling most felicitously expressed; but taken as one work, it is a meditation at once languid and melancholy. Its effect on the reader's mind is, of course, most monotonous. An unreasoning admirer of Tennyson has said, that it is a book sealed except to mourners; but this is an error, since the bereaved ones must be of a very similar idiosyncracy to Tennyson, to sympathise in these wearying ingenuities of grief. A continued strain of elegies differs very much from a dirge of Beethoven, or a requiem by Mozart. Music is the consoler and companion of sorrow, and insensibly soothes the human soul through the mysterious avenues of the senses, but the mind rejects, in its anguish and bereavement, the laborious triflings of philosophy or poetry. This, so far as it affects the reader; so far as the poet is concerned, if writing one hundred and thirty-nine poetical exercises on the death of a friend whiled away his griet

The same thought evidently touched him when he says:

I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel;
For words, like nature, half reveal
And half conceal the soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies:
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull marchic, numbing pain.

In words, like weels, I'll wrap me over, Like coarsest clothes against the cold; But that large grief which these infold Is given in outline and no more."

The following is pretty, but has run the gauntlet of the poets from Hesiod to Browning. Pope, in his Heloise to Abelard, has used the thought much more effectively:

Tears of the widower, when he sees
A late lost form that sleep reveals,
And moves his doubtful arms, and feels
Her place is empty, full like these;

Which weep a loss for ever new,

A void where heart on heart reposed;

And where warm hands have pressed and closed,
Silence, till I be silence too.

And every reader must feel there is more thought than sorrow in these similes:

As sometimes in a dead man's face,

To those that watch it more and more

A likeness hardly seen before

Comes out, to some one of his race;

So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,
I see thee what thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old.

But there is more than I can see,
And what I see I leave unsaid,
Nor speak it, knowing Death has made
His darkness beautiful in thee.

We must doubt the good taste of Tennyson bearing through Heaven a tale of woe. In spite, however, of this questionable expression, it falls like a cadence of music:

Lo! as a dove when up she springs
To bear through Heaven a tale of woe,
Some dolorous message knit below
The wild pulsation of her wings;

Like her I go: I connot stay;
I leave this mortal ark behind,
A weight of nerves without a mind,
And leave the cliffs, and haste away.

In a word, this volume resembles in many respects the sonnets of Shakespeare—although perhaps we ought to give the modern poet credit for more sincerity. The poems are very exquisite productions, and afford us an insight into their author's mind, when under varying emotions—an air of mournfulness breathes over both Shakespeare and Tennyson's muse in these two specimens of their genius. But in the elder poet we perceive rather the weight of thought upon his heart, in the younger the weight of a personal sorrow. Both, however, are studies for the poetical student.

Tennyson has seldom dipped his pen in satire, and his verses on Christopher North, published by him some years ago in his volume, would almost lead one to believe he is incapable of severe retortive verse. But, like all true poets, when roused he can strike very sharply, as the following extract will show. When Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer published The New Timon he made in it a malignant attack on Tennyson, who was then just rising brightly in the heavens of fame. The censure of the critics induced the wife-beating author of Paul Clifford to suppress the offensive passage in subsequent editions, but not in time to prevent Tennyson replying in some verses which were published in *Punch*. We give the concluding ones:

And what with spites and what with fears,
You cannot let a body be;
It's always ringing in your ears,
"They call this man as great as me."

What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt—
A dapper boot—a little hand—
If half the little soul is dirt?

Fou talk of tinsel? why we see Old marks of rouge upon your cheeks; You prate of Nature! you are he That spilt his life upon the cliques.

A Timon you! Nay, nay, for shame
It looks too arrogant a jest—
That fierce old man—to take his name—
You bandbox. Off, and let him rest.

As though the sweet-tongued, deep-thinking bard of Lincolnshire felt how these lines jarred with the subtle humanity of his orthodox utterance, Tennyson did not include them in any of his editions. We have now briefly to review his narrative or epic poetry, such as Morte d'Arthur and The Princess. It must be confessed that the blank verse of Tennyson is not an institution, like those of Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, Coleridge or Wordsworth, for these are the only poets who have written distinctive blank verse. Thomson, Akenside, Rogers and others who have used that verse being merely dealers in ten syllabled lines without rhyme.

Shakespeare's blank verse is the finest ever written. It is orchestral. Milton is very grand, and his pauses resemble the organ. Shelley is subtle, musical and passionate. Coleridge thoughtful, musical and varied. Wordsworth full of meaning and simplicity, but disfigured by his great love for commonplace language. Wordsworth made the mistake all great reformers do, of going to the extreme. He consequently took the commonest word-not the simplest, and there is a world of difference between them. Now Tennyson never seems at case in blank verse water; he sustains himself by skill, practice and effort-he does not walk it like a thing of life. Nevertheless, the melody of the practised poet is everywhere visible, and you come every now and then to passages of surpassing beauty. Still you feel he is out of his element, and that it is only in the gorgeous fetters of rhyme that Alfred Tennyson is the free man, and walks a giant on Parnassus.

Maud, Mr. Tennyson's latest volume, while containing many fine verses, is so utterly unfitted for popular appreciation that we shall only chronicle it as a volume published to please himself. It contains evidently a design, but, like Browning's Sordello, in this fast age we cannot stay to discover the enigma-

In the Talking Oak there are some admirable stanzas, full of philosophy, beauty and moral application; but the idea is somewhat too elongated, and many verses are deficient in that finish which lends to Tennyson one of his greatest charms. With the exception of Collins, Gray and Campbell, we have no poet more painstaking than Alfred Tennyson.

There is so much to admire in the writings of this great poet, that we could fill many pages with the most charming extracts, but we trust that those who have not Tennyson's poems will soon possess a copy, since they have an elevating tendency. His Locksley Hall, Talking Oak, Verses at the Cock, and St. Simeon Stylites are all of them masterpieces, deserving copious extracts. As a specimen of ballad simplicity few modern poems are equal to Lord Ronald.

Among his lighter verses the lines headed Lilian are inexpressibly graceful. What can more thoroughly express the the character of the fair one than the measure?

Airy, fairy Lilian,
Flirting, fairy Lilian,
When I ask her if she love me,
Clasps her tiny hands above me,
Laughing all she can;
She'll not tell me if she love me,
Cruel little Lilian!

One of his most elaborate poems is that entitled Mariana, in which the refrain comes like a dirge laden with human woe and long suffering:

She only said, "The day is dreary, He cometh not," she said; She said, "I am aweary, aweary, I would that I were dead!"

We must now take our leave of Alfred Tennyson for the present, informing the reader that Ticknor and Fields have published an excellent edition of his poems, with the portrait taken in his thirty-third year; that which we have angraved represents him as he appeared two years ago.

A PRINCESS ROYAL

I REMINISTER to have fallen in once with certain American captains and colonels and men-at-arms, in a small place on the Brazos River, a few miles north of Jose Maria, in Texas. I had paid a visit to this place, near which a dear companion of my youth had been murdered. We were schoolfellows, and for five years we had been brother officers in the same regiment. He went to the United States just when the war broke out with Mexico, and became captain of a company of Kentucky riflemen. A few months after the battle of Vera Cruz, he was deputed by the officers of his brigade to present to General Taylor

-who was on leave of absence at New Orleans—a gold medal as a token of their respect. Choosing the nearest way from the camp, across the country, he set out on his errand with a guide and two servants, all on horseback, armed to the teeth. In Jose Maria, my poor friend unwisely exhibited the medal to a crowd of respectable-looking persons, calling themselves colonels, majors and captains, who seemed to take great pleasure in studying its engravings. He did not even remark in what a hurry some of those colonels were to start before him. But the medal has, in ten years, never more been heard of, and my old comrade and two of his companions were found shot dead in a ravine.

It was near this place that I also fell among colonels. There was one of them who took a great liking to my horse when he saw me giving it to the ostler. He tapped it repeatedly on the neck, declaring it, with an oath, to be a nice animal and no mistake-which assertion he repeated afterwards over and over again to his fellow-men in the coffee-room, who, when they had been out to satisfy their curiosity, agreed with him upon the matter. "Now, wouldn't that be a nag for you, major?" he said to a tall, powerful man, with a rough beard and disgusting features, who sat a little apart from the rest, and wore a large gray coat. The major said nothing, but stalked out of room soon afterwards, followed by the colonel. The others had again taken up their old topic of conversation and were talking politics rather vehemently, as I thought, when the waiter-a German-came up to me, and told me in our own language, that I had better take care, as those two ruffians outside had set eyes upon my horse, and would be sure to steal it if I gave them the slightest chance. Annoyed at this intelligence, I asked my countryman what he thought it would be best for me to do.

"Why," said he, "you have fallen in with a bal set, and if you want to keep your horse, I should advise you to escape as soon as possible."

After a little reflection, I resolved to start at once, and made for the stable. There I found the colonel again, most urgently talking to the ostler, who only looked at me in a rather impudent manner when I told him to bring out my horse, and paid me no further attention. I therefore began to bridle for myself.

"I say, captain!" said the colonel, coming up to me after while, and tapping me on the shoulder.

"Sir !"

"Come on, man! don't make a fool of yourself! I want to buy that 'ere 'orse, captain!"

"Do you?"

Thank Heaven I was in the saddle by that time.

"Do I? Am I the man to be put out of my way by one of these 'ere chawed up Germans?"

He laid both his hands upon the bridle of my horse. My blood generally boils at an insulting worklagainst my countrymen, especially when I am far from home in foreign lands. In a trice, the stick of the riding whip came down upon the colonel's head, whilst the horse, urged to a powerful leap, threw him ten yards away upon the ground. As I knew very well that, according to the customs of the country, this was a revolver affair now, and as I had no wish to become entangled in such business, I did not wait until the colonel had picked himself up, but rode forward without delay.

I was stopped by the waiter, whom I heard calling after me, and who was out of breath when he came up to me at last. The honest fellow gave me a direction, which I was afterwards glad

to have followed. He said that the colonel, though a coward, was a most desperate villain, not at all likely to give way so soon, but that the worst of the whole set was that tall fellow, the major, whom he suspected to have gone in search of some of his companions. "You will be chased by a couple of these rogues," he said, "as sure as I am a Saxon! Let me advise you. Follow your way up to the north until you are out of sight, then do you turn back to the south, as far as Jose Maria. At the ravine south-east of that place turn to the left, and following the course of the brook, ride for your life. Twenty miles up the stream you will come to a settlement called the Wood Creek. Old Delamotte lives there, and he's the man for you to trust."

I offered the waiter a few pieces of money, but he would not take them; then a hearty shake of the hand, and this he took most cordially.

"Stop!" he said, when I had already set spurs to my horse. He lifted up each of the horse's legs and looked carefully at the shoeing. "All right," he said; "I thought the ostler might have played you one of his tricks, but he has not yet had time, I suppose. Now, go a-head, and don't forget the Frenchman!" I darted off.

It was cleven o'clock in the morning. I had to make twenty miles to the ravine which my countryman had pointed out to me. But my horse was worthy of the colonel's admiration; and, in spite nct only of the round-about way I had taken in accordance with my friend's advice, and half-an-hour's delay for rest at Jose Maria, it was but five in the evening when I reached the melanchol y spot.

I stopped and looked about me. The surrounding country was all barren and desolate, the soil sterile. There was a wooden cross erected on the spot of the murder, and beneath it lay the remains of the man whom I had known in the full glow and joy of youth.

A strange feeling made me linger in that place. The little rivulet smoothly gliding eastward showed me the way I was to go. I could follow its course with my eyes to a far distant forest, the high grass of the prairie having burnt a track down, as it always does at this time of the year. Yet I still lingered.

The horse began to neigh softly, and to prick up his ears. He was familiar with these prairies, as I had bought him but a few months ago at Little Rock, in Arkansas. There was something the matter.

Histoned, but heard absolutely nothing. I alighted, and pressing my ear to the ground, I listened again. The earth trembled faintly with the tread of horses yet at a long distance; but, when I mounted again, I could hear the sound. It was rapidly approaching from the direction of Jose Maria, and although the woods on that side of me prevented me from seeing anything, I had but little doubt who were the horsemen. Now, colonels, majors, captains, let us see what can be done! My horse gave such a sudden and vigorous jump when I merely touched him with the whip, that I was almost thrown from my seat. I lost my cap, and a gust of wind threw it against the very mound by which I had been bound to the ravine. To pick it up would have been waste of time; and, as I wished to be out of sight before my pursuers had set foot upon the prairie, I left it and sped away, taking as straight a line as possible in the direction of the distant forest, to avoid the windings of the little brock, yet without losing sight of it. In the brave horse there was no slacking of pace; there was no stumbling. I turned round three or four times during my rapid course, but except a long thin cloud of dust and ashes, raised by myself, I saw nothing whatever. In an hour or so, the forest was before me, and then reining up a little, I again made for the brook.

I had traced its windings for about another hour, when I arrived at a cleared space in the wood, and got sight of a block-house.

" Qui va la?" asked a deep voice.

" Un ami !" was the answer.

There were two men near the house, one with gray hair and weather-beaten features, the other in the prime of youth, both Frenchmen.

The old man looked, with some astonishment, at my panting

horse covered with foam, at his dilated nostrils and quick beating flanks.

"Why, it seems you are in a hurry," he said.

In a few words I explained the motives of my visit, and told him my adventures at Santa Madre; not forgetting to report the advice of the German waiter at the coffee-house, that I should trust in him for help.

He listened eagerly to my narrative, and when I gave him a minute description of the colonel and the major, his attention grew to be intense.

"Again those two scoundrels!" he said. "Well, man, step into the house. Never mind the horse, the lad will rub him dry. We have a few hours before us yet. They know by this time where you are, and will consider twice before they call, here; though we are quite sure to hear of them at nightfall."

I expressed regret for the trouble I was bringing on him; but he only laughed and replied:

"Never mind, we are their match."

"But we are only three, and after all we don't know how many ruffi ens that tall fellow may bring with him."

"Let him bring a score, we are their maten, I tell you! Do you account the Princess Royal nobody?"

"The what?"

"The Princess Royal: la Princesse Royale!" he laughed again. "Don't stare at me, you'll see her by and by."

The block-house had a very durable appearance; it was two stories high, and the upper room was neatly furnished. On the wall I observed a portrait of General Moreau. My host was no friend of the first emperor of the French; the present emperor he mentioned only once during our conversation, and I had better not say what he said.

He lighted a candle and began to block the windows up, whilst I was eating and drinking what he had placed on the Lothbeard before. "You know Colonel Brown. But though table. The lad made all safe on the ground-floor, and scoure l the door.

"Now, we are all right!" said the old man, taking his seat at the table, and mixing rum and water in a large bowl.

"Au triomphe de la bonne cause!" he said, touching glasses with me.

"But I don't see any arms," I presently suggested.

"Arms? I have plenty of that stuff. How do you think a man could get on in these woods without arms? But we shan't want them to-night." Again he laughed. "We have the Princess Royal."

He removed the candle with the other things from the table, and went out of the room.

The door was opened again about five minutes afterwards. I heard the erack of a whip. I saw a rapid flash before my eyes; and, with a mighty bound, that made my very blood run cold, a large jaguar leaped in, alighting with a heavy pounce upon the table.

" La Princesse Royale!" announced my host.

I do not know exactly what figure I may have presented at that moment; but I should not wonder if anybody were to tell me that I looked like a craven.

"Don't be afraid of her," said the laughing Frenchman, when he saw me still as a mouse, scarcely venturing to turn my looks to her bright cruel eyes. "She is as decent as a cat when I am by. Caress her, she likes to be fondled; it's the weak side of the sex, you know."

I touched her delicate fur but slightly with my hand, stroking it softly down her strong and beautiful back, the right way of the fur, you may be sure.

She bent her powerful and elastic limbs under my frail hand, and fanning the air with her curved tail, seemed to encourage me to bestow more caresses.

"Well, how do you like the Princess?" asked my host.

"Why, she is indeed handsome, and I have seen none in the Old World more majestic."

"Take her down-stairs, George," he said to the lad, handing the whip over to him, "and keep a look-out yourself; but mind you don't give her any supper. She shall help herself tonight."

He placed the candle and our glasses again up in the table, and began to sip his grog quite leisurely.

"By heavens! man," I said, after a pause, "it cannot be your real purp se to set the tiger on those people?"

"En, parbleu!" replied he, "and why not? What else do they deserve? Are they not also tigers? You don't know them as I do! The tall rescal is a convicted felon, and ought to have been hanged two years ago at San Francisco. He contrived an escape, and fled to Kansas. As to the other rogue, there is hardly a crime he has not stained his hands with. Make your mind easy about that."

A sudden thought came into my mind, and I asked him, whether he knew anything about that murder of my friend ten years ago in the ravine near Jose Maria?

No, he knew nothing about that. It was before his time: only he should not wonder if the major had had a hand in it; it looked very like him.

We were interrupted by a loud knocking at the door. The lad come in soon afterwards, telling us that he could descry five of Cem, all on horseback.

The old man rose, and moving one of the mattresses a little aside, he looked cautiously through the window. It was about nine o'clock, and the darkness began to set in with the rapidity peculiur to southern climates.

The knocks were repeatedly more vehemently, accompanied now with a loud summons to op n the door.

"Here they are, sure enough!" said the old man. "I wonder why this major doesn't go to Kansas: he is the very man for Kansas politics."

"If you don't open now, you French dog," said a coarse voice, "we'll break the door!"

The eyes of the old man flashed fire, but he spoke never a

"You know me, Delamotte," said another voice, which I we 'ave to settle an old account, I 'ave no business with you this time: it's the stranger I want, he has stolen a 'orse; give him up to us, and we'll be off in a minute."

"No use talking to that old miser," said the former voice, with an oath. "Come on, boys, break that door in, and end it!"

He seemed to suit the action to the word, for a tremendous crash came.

"En avant!" said the old man to the lad, and they both went down-stairs.

I rose and peced up and down the room with rapid steps. Something terrible, awful was going on.

The whole block-house shook and trembled with the violent kicks and blows which were dealt at the door, but nevertheless I could distinctly hear when the iron bar was removed from it, and then-I felt as if all my blood were rushing suddenly to my heart, leaving not a single drop in any limb of my whole body.

A roar-not at all like those you may hear in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, at feeding time-but a hundred times wilder, sharper, more piercing, more furious: the human cries of horror and despair—the trampling of flying horses—the quick report of fire-arms—then again the roar, but this time much louder, more savage, more ferocious, more horrible-then a heavy fall and a confused noise of grinding of teeth-and nothing more, because I stopped my ears with both my hands.

When I turned round, my host sat at the table again, sipping his grog as if nothing had happened.

"I am afraid," he said, after a while, "the Princess has been wounded, I have never heard her roaring in that way. Well, we must see after the to-morrow. It would be a dangerous job for any man to go near her to-night!"

Next morning, I stood by his side when he opened the door-My first glance fell upon the tiger cowering in a thick brown red pool. She was licking at a red spot upon her left flank, which seemed to have bled profusely, but with both her powerful fore-paws she clung to a deformed and shapeless mass which bore no likeness to anything I had ever seen. The corpse of a horse, frightfully mutilated, lay close by, and the whole ground was strewn with fragments of a herrible appearance. My host having examine I them all with intense curiosity, cracked his whip, and moved straight towards the tiger.

Digitized by

A hollow menacing roar warned him off; the savage creature showed its formidable range of long and powerful teeth, and had lost all signs of her old tameness.

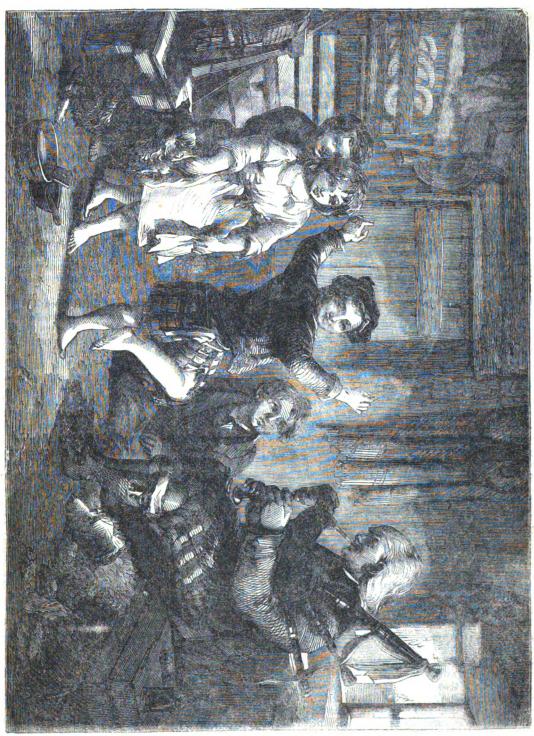
"She is thirsty for more blood, the Princess Royal is," said the Frenchman. "That is nature, you know. She can't help it, I suppose; and, as I should be grieved to kill her, we must wait till she comes round again."

THE HIGHLAND PIPER.—BY F. TAYLER

beginning to doubt whether she ever would come round again, was forced to kill her after all.

When we were thus enabled to examine at leisure that horrible battle-field, he drew my attention to some remnants of a coat in which the gray color was still to be distinguished.

"He has had his reward!" said the old man, "though it we had to wait long. After three days the old man himself Princess Royal."



A SHORMAKER, at St. Charles, Algeria, who had rendered himself famous as a lion-slayer, went out recently, accompanied by a number of Arabs, to destroy a lion of enormous size and strength, which had committed great ravages among his flocks. The shoemaker placed himself in the hollow of a tree, on the lion's feeding ground, waited his approach, and fired his two barrels, the animal dropping as if dead. On going forward, Vol. III., No. 4-21

and raising the lion's head with his gun barrel, the dying animal made a last effort, and, lifting up its paw, struck the shoemaker so heavily on the back that he killed him on the spot. The Arabs after a time approached, and found the lion and the man dead side by side.

Love and a good dinner are said to be the only two things which change a man's character.

Digitized by GOOGLE

A STORY PICKED UP ABROAD.

Many years ago, during the first excursion I made to the continent, I visited St. Omer. After spending a day or two in that place, I decided to walk to Calais, and set out one morning accordingly.

The weather was fine; but after I had been a few hours on the road the wind began to blow directly in my face, and soon enveloped me in a cloud of sand from which there seemed no escape, and which threatened actually to suffocate me. To avoid this I left the highway, and keeping what I supposed to be in the general direction of the road, struck out into the adjacent fields. There was nothing for a considerable distance to repay me for this detour, except that I was thus rid of the sand. The country was barren and uninviting, the cottages little better than hovels, and the whole scene distasteful. But I pushed on not a whit discouraged; indeed my spirits rose as the prospect darkened, and like a valiant general invading a country for the purpose of conquering a peace, I resolved in some way to force an adventure before I reached Calais. I trudged along for hours, stopping occasionally for a draught of sour wine and a bit of bread. I made no inquiry about the main road, for I preferred to know nothing of it. In this way I proceeded until it was almost night, when I spied, some half a mile distant, a cluster of trees surrounding a small tenement. I turned at once towards the spot, and coming up to it, found a cottage not differing in size or structure from those I had seen on the way, except that it appeared even more antiquated. It was, however, in perfect repair, and finely shaded by a variety of handsome trees, and flanked on one side by a neat garden. The door stood open and I entered. There was no one in the room. I called but received no answer. I strayed out into the garden and walked through it. At the lower end was a small enclosure, covered over at the top, as if to protect it from the weather, and fenced on each side with open wire-work, looking through which I beheld a small grave overspread with mosses, and strewed with fresh gathered white flowers. It bore no name or inscription, except the following simple but pathetic lines:

Dear child, with thee my happy days have flown.

Surprised by the appearance of fresh flowers upon a tomb which had been so long closed over its occupant, I turned hoping to find in what I might see elsewhere some explanation of the mystery. But there was nothing near to attract one's attention, nor was any person within sight.

After glancing around, I went back to the cottage, and walking in sat down to await the arrival of the occupants. In a few minutes I heard voices from the side of the house opposite the garden, and soon two persons of the peasant class, evidently husband and wife, came in. The man was strong and robust, with the erect form and martial appearance acquired only by military service, and which the weight of nearly sixty years seemed not to have impaired. His countenance was frank and manly, and his step firm. The woman appeared a few years younger, while the air of happy contentment which beamed in her face put the ordinary encroachments of time at defance. Altogether, I had never seen a couple so fitted to attract observation and interest. They both stopped short on seeing me.

I hastened to explain my situation as that of a belated traveller attracted by the sight of the cottage; and told them I was both hungry and tired, and desirous of the hospitality of their roof. I was made welcome at once

Louis Herbois, for that was his name, gave me a bluff, soldierly greeting; while Agathe, his wife, smiled her acquiescence. Supper was soon laid; I ate with a sharpened appetite, which evidently charmed my host, who encouraged me at at intervals as I began to flag.

Supper concluded, I was glad to accept the offer of a bed, for I was exhausted with fatigue.

I had been so engrossed with the repast that curiosity was for the time suspended, and it was not again in action until I had said good night to my entertainers, and found myself in the room where I was to sleep. This was an apartment of moderate size; the furniture was old and common, but neither dila-

pidated nor out of order; the bed was neatly covered; around the room were scattered several books of interest, and in one corner was a neat writing-desk of antiquated appearance, with silver mountings, and handsomely inlaid; while some articles of considerable value placed on a table in another corner, indicated at least occasional denizens very different from the peasant and his wife. Yet this could not be a rural resort for any family belonging to the town. There were but two other apartments in the house, and these were occupied. Nevertheless. I reasoned, these things can never have been brought here by the worthy people I have encountered; and then-the little grave in the garden? who has watched the tomb for so many years, preserving the moss so green, and the flowers so freshcherishing an affection which has triumphed over time? How intense, how sacred, how strange must be such devotion? I decided that some persons besides those I had seen were concerned in some way in the history of the little dwelling; and with this conclusion I retired; and being fatigued by my day's travel, I soon fell asleep.

I awoke about sunrise. Going to the window, I put aside the curtain, and looked out into the garden. Louis Herbois and his wife were there renewing the garlands with fresh flowers, and watering the moss which was spread over the grave. It must be their own child, thought I, and yet—no—I will step out and ask them, and put an end to the mystery. I met the good people coming in; they inquired if I had rested well, and said that breakfast would soon be ready.

"You do not forget your little one." I said to the old fellow, at the same time pointing towards the enclosure.

"Monsieur mistakes," replied he, crossing himself devoutly.

"Some dear friend, I suppose?"

He looked at me carnestly. "One can see that your heart is is in the right place. After you have breakfasted, you shall hear the story."

"Ah, there is, then, a story," said I to myself, as I followed Louis Herbois into the cottage, where Agathe had preceded us, and sat down to an excellent breakfast. When it was concluded, I asked for the promised narration.

"Let me see," said Louis, "Agathe, how long have we been married?" Agathe, matron as she was, actually blushed at the question, yet answered readily, without stopping to compute the time. "Yes-true; very well;" resumed Louis. "You must know, monsieur, that my father was a soldier, and enrolled me at an early age, in the same company with himself. Having been detached soon after on service to one of the provinces, I was so severely wounded that I was thought to be permanently unfitted for duty, and was honorably dismissed with a life pension. Owing to the care and skill of a famous surgeon who attended me, and whom I was fortunate enough to interest, I was at last cured of my wounds, and very soon after I wandered away here, for no better rea-on, I believe, than that Agathe was in the neighborhood-for we had known each other from the time we were children. Very soon she and I were married, and we took this little place and were as happy as possible.

"In the meantime, great changes were going on at Paris. The revolution had begun, and soon swept everything before it. But it did not matter with us. We rose with the birds, and went to rest with the sun, and no two could have been happier; am I not right, Agathe?' The old lady put her hand affectionately upon the shoulder of her husband, but said nothing. "And we have never ceased being happy—we are always happy; are we not, Agathe?" The tears stood in Agathe's eyes, and Louis Herbois went on: "Well, the revolution was nothing to me; they were mad with it, and killed the king, and slew each other, until our dear Paris became a bedlam: still, as I said, it was nothing to me. To be sure, I went occasionally to Calais, where I heard a new language in everybody s mouth, and much talk of Les hommes suspects, Mindats d'arrêts, with shouts of A bas les aristocrates and Vive la République; but I did not trouble myself about it; Agathe and I worked together in the field, and in the garden, and in the house-always together-always happy.

"One morning we went out to prune our vines, the door of

the house was open, just as you found it yesterday; why should we ever shut the door? we were honest, and feared nobody. We stood—Agathe here on this side, holding the vine, I, with my knife, on the other side, bending over to lop a sprout from it—when down came two young people—lad and lass—upon us, as fast as they could run, out of breath, agitated, and as frightened as two wood-pigeons. The young man flew to me, and, catching hold of my arm, begged me, for the love of heaven, to secrete his wife somewhere—anywhere—out of the reach of the gens-d'armes who were pursuing them. I felt in an ill-humor, for I had cut my finger just then; besides, I did not relish the mention of the gens-d'armes; so I replied plainly, that I would have nothing to do with persons who were suspects. Why should I thrust my own neck into the trap? they had better go about their business, and not trouble poor people.

"Bah! such a speech was not like Louis Herbois! but out it came, heaven knows how; and no sooner had I finished than up runs the young creature, and, seizing my moustache, she cries: 'My brave fellow, hie away, and crop off all this; none but men have a right to it. You were not born in France; no Frenchman could give such an answer to a man imploring protection for his wife. Look at my husband: did he ask for himself? Do you think he would turn you off in this way, had you sought his assistance to save her?' pointing to Agathe, who stood trembling all the while like an aspen. 'Ah! you have made a mistake—I see you repent—be quick! what will you do with us?' And she held me tight by the moustache until I should answer, while the husband stared upon me in a sort of breathless agony.

"I took another look at the little creature, while she kept fast hold of me, and saw that she was-ah! well. 'I see you understand me,' said Louis, interrupting himself, as he glanced towards his wife. 'My heart knocked loud enough, believe me, and there the little thing stood, her hand, as I was telling you, clinched fast in my mou tache—ha! ha! ha!—and looking so full into my eyes, with her own clear, bright, blue gazers. 'Agathe,' I said to my wife, 'we must help these poor children.' 'You are a Frenchman-I thought so!' cried the little one, letting go my moustache and clapping her hands. 'Oh! hasten, hasten, or we are lost!' 'All in good time,' said I, 'for-' 'No, no,' inter:upted she, 'they are almost upon us: in a moment we may be captured, and then, Albert, oh! Albert, what will become of you?' So saying, she threw her arms about her husband, and clung to him as if nothing should part them. 'That's like the women; good-bye to caution: come with me, and I will put you in a place where the whole Directory shall not find you, unless they pull my cottage down stone by stone.' I hurried them to the house, and hid them in a private closet, which, following out my soldier-like propensities, I had constructed in one end of the room, in a marvellously curious way. Not a soul but Agathe knew of it, and I disliked to give up the secret; but I hurried the young people in, and arranged the place, and went back to the vines and cut away harder than ever.

"In two minutes, up rode three dragoons with drawn swords, as fine-looking troopers as one would ask for. I saw them reconnoitre the cottage, then, spying me, they came towards us at a gallop. 'What have you done with the Comte and Comtesse de Choissy?' said the leading horseman. 'You had better hold your tongue,' I retorted, 'than be clattering away at random. What do I know of the Comte and Comtesse de Choissy, as you call them?' 'Look you,' said the dragoon, laying his hand on my shoulder, 'the persons I seek are escaped prisoners; they were seen to come in the direction of this cottage; our captain watched them with his glass, and he swears they are here.' 'And look you, Monsieur Cavalier, I am an old soldier, as you see, if scars and hard service can prove one, and it seems to me you should take an old soldier's word. I have said all I have to say; there is my house, the doors are open-look for yourself; come, Agathe, we must finish our morning's work.

"So saying, Leet at the vines again. I looked neither one way nor the other, but kept clipping, clipping, thus standing between the dragoons and poor Agathe, who was frightened erribly, although she tried to seem as busy as I. The rider,

who was spokesman, stared for a moment without saying a word, and then broke out into a loud laugh. 'An old soldier, indeed!—a regular piece of steel!—one has but to point a flint at him, and the sparks fly.' He turned to his men: "Our captain was mistaken, evidently; this is a good fellow; we may trust to him. We will take a turn through the cottage and push forward.' With that he bade me good morning, and, after looking around the house, the party made off.

" 'Well, Agathe, what's to be done now?' said I, when the dragoons were fairly out of sight. 'We have made a fine business of it.' 'Ah, Louis,' said she, 'let us not think of the danger; we have saved two innocent lives, for innocent I know they are; what if we have perilled our own? Heaven will reward us.' Nothing more was said, though we both thought a great deal, but we kept at our work as if nothing had happened. It was a long time before I dared let the fugitives come from their hiding-place; for I was afraid of that spy-glass of the captain's. When I did open the closet, I found my prisoners nearly dead with suspense. We held a council as to the best means for their concealment-for who would have had the heart to turn the young people adrift? and it was finally settled that the comte and his wife should dress as peasants, and take what other means were necessary to alter their appearance, that they might pass as such without suspicion.

"This was no sooner resolved than carried out. Agathe was as busy as a bee, and in a few minutes had a dress ready for Victorine—we were to call her by her first name—who was now as lively a creature as could be, running about the room, looking into the glass, and making fun of her husband, who had in the meantime pulled on some of my clothes. After this, the young comte explained to me that his father had died a short time before, leaving him his title and immense estates, which, however, should he die childless, would pass to an uncle, an unscrupulous man of bad reputation. This uncle was among the most conspicuous of the revolutionists. Through his agency the Comte de Choissy and his young wife, to whom the Comte had been but a twelvemonth united, were arrested, and shortly afterwards sentenced to death. They escaped from prison and the guillotine by the aid of a faithful domestic, and were almost at Calais when they discovered that they were pursued. By leaving the road and sending the carriage forward, they managed to gain the few moments which saved them. Their principal fear now was from the wicked designs of the uncle, for the Directory had too much on their hands to hunt out escaped prisoners who were not specially obnoxious.

"For some days the young people did not stir from the house, but were ever ready to resort to their hiding-place on the first alarm. There were, however, no signs of gens-d'armes in the neighborhood. I went to Calais in a little while, and found, after much trouble, the old servant who was in the carriage when the comte and his wife deserted it. He had been permitted to pass on without being molested, so alert were the soldiers in pursuit of the fugitives; and he had brought the few effects which he could get together for his master on leaving Paris to a safe place; and, to prevent suspicion, he himself had taken service with a respectable innkeeper. By degrees, I managed to bring off everything belonging to my guests, and we fitted up the little room, in which you passed the night, as comfertably as possible, without exciting remark from any one casually entering it. Albert was industrious, aiding me at my work, no matter what I was doing, and Victorine, too, insisted upon helping my wife in whatever she did, here, there, and everywhere, the liveliest, the merriest, the most innocent creature I ever set eyes upon But for all that, one could see that time hung heavy with the comte. He became thoughtful and sorrowful, and, like every man out of his proper place, was restless and uneasy. Not so the dear wife; she declared she had never been so happy, that she had her Albert all to herself; she wanted nothing more; if she but knew how to requite us, she would not wish the estates back again-she would live where she was for ever. Then her husband would throw his aims around her, and call her by endearing names, which would make the little thing look so serious, but at the same time so calm and satisfied and angel-like, that it seemed as if the divine

soul of the Holy Virgin had taken possession of her, as she turned her eyes up to her husband and met his looking lovingly down."

Here Louis Herbois stopped, and felt for his handkerchief, and blew his nose till the walls resounded, and wiped his eyes as if trying to remove something that was in them, and proceeded.

"Any one to have seen her at different times would have sworn I had two little women for guests instead of one; so full of fun and mischief and all sorts of pranks; so lively, running hither and thither, teasing me, amusing Agathe, rallying her husband; but, on the occasions I mention, so subdued, so thoughtful—so different from her other self; oh! she had all our hearts.

"Several months passed, much in the same manner. The comte by degrees gained courace, and often ventured away from the house. Twice he had been to the town, but his wife was in such terror during his absence that he promised her he would not venture again. He continued, meanwhile, moody and ill at ease; it would be madness to leave his place of concealment; this he knew well enough; still he could not bring himself to be patient. Do not think, monsieur, that the Comte de Choissy failed to love his wife as much as ever: that was not it at all. A man is a man the world about; the comte felt as any one would feel who finds himself rusting away like an old musket, which has been tossed aside into some miserable cockloft. I had seen the world, and knew how it was with him.

"But what could be done? In Paris things were getting worse and worse. At first we had le Côté Gauche; les Montagnards; les Jucolines; then came les Patriotes de '93; and after that les Patriotes par excellence, who were succeeded by les Patriotes plus patriotes que les patriotes; and then the deuce was let loose in mad earnest; for what with les Bonnets-Rouges, les Enragés, les Terroristes, les Buveurs de Sang, and les Chevaliers du Poignard, Paris was converted into a more fitting abode for Satan than his old-fashioned country residence down below. Pardon me, I am getting warm; but it always stirs my blood when I recall those days. I see, too, I am getting from my story. Well, I tried to comfort the comte with such scraps of philosophy as I had picked up in my campaigns—for in the army, you must know, one learns many a good maxim—but I did little by that.

"The sweet young comtesse was the only one who could make him cheerful, and smile and laugh, and seem happy in a natural way, for he loved her as tenderly as a man ever loved; besides the comtesse had now a stronger claim than ever upon her husband. I fancy I can see her sitting there, her face bent over, employing her needle upon certain diminutive articles, whose use it was very easy to understand. Do you know, when she was at work on these, that she was serious—never playful—always serious; wearing the same expression as when she received from her husband a tender word! No; nothing could make her merry then. I used to sit and wonder how the self-same person could become so changed all in one minute.

"How the comte loved to look at her! his eyes were upon her wherever she was; not a word she spoke, not a step she took, not a motion of hers, escaped him. Well the time came at last, and, by the blessing of God and the Holy Virgin, as beautiful a child as the world ever welcomed was placed by my Agathe in the arms of the comtesse. Perhaps," added Louis Herbois, in a lower voice, while speech seemed for the instant difficult, "perhaps I have remembered this the better, because God willed it that we curseives should be childless. When Agathe took the infant and laid it in its mother's bosom, the latter regarded it for a moment with an expression of intense fondness; then, raising her eyes to her husband, who stood over her, she laughed for joy.

"Mother and daughter prospered apace. The little girl became the pet of the house; we all quarrelled for her; but each had to submit in turn! How intelligent! what speaking eyes! what knowing looks! what innocently mischievous ways! Mother and child! I wish you could have seen them. I soon marked a striking change: the young comtesse was now never herself a child. A gentle dignity distinguished her—new-born, it would seem, but natural. I am making my story a long one, but I could talk to you the whole day in this way. So, the

months passed on, and the revolution did not abate, and the comte was sick at heart, and the comtesse was, as ever, cheerful, contented, happy, and the little one could stand alone by a chair and call out to us all, wherever we were.

"The comte, notwithstanding his promise, could not resist his desire to learn more of what was going on than I could inform him of. I seldom went away, for when hawks are abroad it is well to look after the brood; and as I had nothing to gain, and everything to lose, by venturing out, I thought it best to stay at home. The comte, on the contrary, was anxious to know everything. He had made several visits to Calais, first obtaining his wife's consent, although the agony she suffered seemed to fill his heart with remorse; this, however, was soon smothered by his renewed and unconquerable restlessness.

"One morning he was pleading with her for leave to go again, answering her expressions of fear with the fact that he had been often already without danger. 'There is always a first time,' said my Agathe, who was in the room. 'And there is always a last time, too," said I, happening to enter at that moment. I did not know what they were talking about, and the words came out quite at random. The comtesse turned pale. 'Albert,' she said, 'content yourself with your Victorine and our babe: go not away from us.' The infant was standing by its mother's knee, and, without understanding what was said, she repeated, 'Papa-not go.' The comte hesitated: 'What a foreboding company-croakers every one of you-away with such presentiments of evil! Go I will, to show you how foolish you have all been; and with that he snatched a kiss from his wife and the little one, and started off. The former called to him twice, 'Albert, Albert!' and the baby, in imitation, with its little voice said, 'Papa, papa!' but the comte did not hear those precious tones of wife or child, and in a few minutes he was out of sight.

"I cannot say what was the matter with me; my spirit was troubled; the comtesse looked so desponding, and Agathe so sorrowful, that I knew not what to do with myself. I did nothing for an hour, then I spoke to Agathe: 'Wife, I am going across to the town.' She said, 'Ah, Louis, I almost wish you would go. See how the comtesse suffers. I am sure I shall feel easier myself.' Then I told her to say nothing of where I had gone, and away I went. It did not take me long, for it seemed as if I ought to hasten. I got into the town, and having walked along till I came into the Rue de Paris, I was about turning down it, when I saw a small concourse of people at the opposite corner: I crossed over, and beheld the Comte de Choissy in the custody of four gens-d'armes, and surrounded by a number of citizens. My first impulse was to rush to his assistance, but I reflected in time, and contented myself with joining the crowd. One of the soldiers had gone for a carriage, and the remainder were questioning him; the comte, however, would make no reply, except, 'You have me prisoner, I have nothing to say, do what you will.'

"I waited quietly for an opportunity of showing mysen to him, but he did not look towards me. Presently I said to the man next me, "Neighbor, you press something too hard for good fellowship." The comte started a very little at the sound of my voice, but he did not immediately look up. Shortly he raised his head and fixed his eyes on me for an instant only, and then turned them upon others of the company with a look as indifferent as if he were a mere spectator. What a course-ous dog? By heaven, he never changed an iota, nor showed the slightest possible mark of recognition; still I knew well enough he did recognize me, but I got no sign of it, neither did he look towards me again. Soon the carriage came up, and he was hurried in by the gens-d'armes, and off they drove. I made some inquiries and found that the comte was known, and that they were taking him to Paris.

"It seems that he had been observed by a spy of the uncle during one of his visits to the town, and although he was not tracked to his home—for he was always very cautious in his movements—yet a strict watch was kept for his next appearance. I went to see the old domestic, but he knew not so much as I. My steps were next turned homewards. What a walk that was for me! How could I enter my house the bearer of such tidings! 'My God! my God!' I exclaimed, 'have pity!'

and I stopped under a hedge and got down on my knees and said a prayer, and then I began crying like a child. I said my prayer again, and walked slowly on; then I saw the house and Agathe in the garden, and the comtesse with the little one standing in the door—looking—looking. I came up—'Albert—where is Albert? where is my husband?' I made no answer. 'Tell me,' she said, almost fiercely, taking hold of my arm. I opened my mouth and essayed to speak, but although my lips moved, I did not get out a syllable. I thought I might whisper it, so I tried to do so, but I could not whisper! The comtesse shrieked, the child began to cry, and Agathe came running in. 'Come with me,' said I to my wife; and I went into our chamber and told her the whole, and bid her go to the comtesse and tell the truth, for I could not.

"My dear Agathe went out half dead. I sat still in my chamber; presently the door opened, and the comtesse stood on the threshold. Her eyes were lighted up with fire, her countenance was terribly agitated, her whole frame trembled; 'And you are the wretch base enough to let him be carried off to be butchered before your eyes without lifting voice or hand against it, without interposing one word, one look, one thought. Cowardly recreant!' she screamed, and fell back in the arms of my wife in violent convulsions; the infant looked on with wondering eyes, and followed us as we laid the comtesse on the bed, and then put her little hand on her mother's cheek, and said softly, 'Mamma.' In a few minutes the comtesse began to recover. She opened her eyes with an expression of intense pain, gave a glance at Agathe and me, and then observing her child, she took it and pressed it to her breast and sobbed. Shortly she spoke to me, and oh! with what a mournful voice and look. 'Louis, forgive me; I said I knew not what; I was beside myself. You have never merited aught from me but grafitude; will you forgive me?' I cried as if I were a baby. Agathe, too, went on so that I feared she could never be reconciled to the dreadful calamity—for myself I was well nigh mad. I could but commend the comtesse to the Almighty, and hasten out of her sight.

"Five wretched and wearisome days were thus spent. The character of the comtesse meantime displayed itself. Instead of sinking under the weight of this sorrowful event, she summoned resolution to endure it. She was devoted to her child; she assumed a cheerful air when caressing it; she even tried to busy herself in her ordinary occupations; but I could not be deceived, I knew the iron had entered into her soul. All these heroic signs were only evidences of what she really suffered. Did I not watch her closely? and when the comtesse, folding her infant to her breast, raised her eyes to heaven as if in gratitude that it was left to her, I fancied there was an expression which seemed to say, 'Why were not all taken?' The little one, unconscious of its loss, would talk in intervals about 'papa;' and when the mother, pained by the innocent prattle, grew sad of countenance, the child would creep into her lap, and putting its slender fingers upon her eyes, her lips and over her face, would say, 'Am I not good, mamma?' I am not naughty; I am good, mamma.'

"Five days were passed in this way; on the morning of the sixth we were startled by the comtesse, who, in manifest terror, came to us, holding her child, which was screaming as if suffering acute pain; its eyes were bloodshot, and gleamed with an unnatural brilliancy, its pulse rapid and head so hot that it almost burned me to feel it. Presently it became quiet for a few minutes, but soon the screams were renewed. Alas! what could we do? Agathe and I tried everything that occurred to us, but to no purpose; the pains in the head became so intense that the poor thing would shrick as if some one was piercing her with a knife; then she would lie in a lethargy, and again start and scream until exhausted. Not for a moment did the comtesse allow her darling to be out of her arms. For two days and two nights she neither took rest nor food; absorbed wholly in her child's sufferings, she would not for a moment be diverted from them. Agathe, too, watched night and day. On the third night the child appeared much easier, and the comtesse bade Agathe go and get some rest. She came and lay down for a little time, and at last fell asleep; when she awoke it was daylight; she knocked at the door of the comtesse-all

was still; she opened it and went in. The comtesse, exhausted by long watching, had fallen asleep in her chair, with her little girl in her arms. The child had sunk into a dull lethargic state, never to be broken. Alas! monsieur—alas! the little one was dead!

"Agathe ran and called me. I came in. What a spectacle! Which of us should arouse the unhappy comtesse? or should we disturb her? Were it not better gently to withdraw the dead child, and leave the mother to repose? We thought so. I stepped forward, but courage failed me. I did not dare furtively to abstract the precious burden from the jealous arms which, even in slumber, were clasped tightly around it. Oh! my God! while we were standing, the comtesse opened her eyes: her first motion was to draw the child closer to her heart then to look at us, then at the little one. She saw the whole. She had endured so much, that this last stroke scarcely added to her wretchedness. She allowed me to take the child, and Agathe to conduct her to the couch, and assist her upon it. She had held out to the point of absolute exhaustion, and when once she had yielded she was unable to recall her strength. She remained in her bed quite passive, while Agathe nursed her without intermission. I dug a little grave in the garden yonder, and Agathe and I laid the child in it. The mother shed no tears; when from her bed she saw us carry it away she looked mournfully on, and as we went out she whispered, 'My happy days are gone.' Soon the grave was filled and flowers scattered over it, and we came back to the cottage. As I drew near her room I beheld the comtesse at the window, supporting herself by a chair, regarding the grave with an earnest longing gaze, which I cannot bear to recall. As I passed her eye met mine, such a look of quiet enduring anguish, which combined in one expression a world of untold agonies! Oh! I never could endure a second look like that. I rushed into the house: Agathe was already in. I called to her to come to me, for I could not enter that room again. 'Wife,' I said, 'I am going to Paris. Do not say one word. God will protect us. Comfort the comtesse. Agathe, if I never return, remember—it is on a holy errand-adieu!' I was off before Agathe could reply. I ran till I came to the main road, there I was forced to sit down and rest. At last I saw a wagoner going forward; part of the way I rode with him, and a part I found a faster conveyance. At night I walked by myself.

"I had a cousin in Paris, Maurice Herbois, with whom, in old times, I had been on companionable terms. He was a smith, and had done well at the trade until the revolution broke out; since then I had heard nothing from him. He was a shrewd fellow, and I thought he would be likely to keep near the top of the wheel. But I had a perilous time after getting into Paris before I could find him. I learned as many of the canaille watchwords by heart as I could. I thought they would serve me if I was questioned; but my dangers thickened, until I was at last laid hold of, for not giving satisfactory answers, as a suspicious character, and was on the point of being conveyed to prison, when I mentioned the name of Maurice Herbois, as a person who could speak in my favor.

"' What!' said one, 'the citizen Herbois?' 'The very same,' said I, 'and little thanks will you get from him for slandering his cousin with a charge of incivisme.' There was a general shout at this, and off we hurried to find Maurice. I had answered nothing of whence I came or where I was going, which was the reason I had at length got into trouble. I knew Maurice to be a true fellow, revolution or no revolution, and so determined to hold my peace till I should meet him. I found that he had been rapidly advanced by the tide of affairs, which had set him forward whether he would or no. Indeed, Maurice was no insignificant fellow at any rate. The noise of the men who carried me along soon brought him out. I spoke first: 'Maurice, my dear cousin, I am glad to find you; but before we can shake hands, you must certify my-loyalty, I was about to say, but bit my tongue, and got out civisme.' 'My friends,' said Maurice, 'this is my cousin, Louis Herbois, once a valiant soldier, now a brave and incorruptible citizen. He is trustworthy; he comes to visit me; I vouch for him.

"This was so satisfactory, that we were greeted with huzzas, and then I went in with Maurice. I need not tell you how

Digitized by GOOGLE

much passed between us. In short, we talked till our tongues | were tired. I found my cousin, as I expected, true as a piece of his own steel. He had been carried along in spite of himself, in the course of revolution, and had become a great man, as the best chance of saving his head. I told him my whole story, and the object of my visit. 'A fruitless errand, Louis,' said he; 'I know the case; and where personal malice is added to the ordinary motive for prosecution, there is no escape. Poor fellow! I wish I could aid him; but the uncle, he is in power: ah! there is no help for it.' Suddenly a new thought struck him. 'Louis, did you come by the Hotel de Ville?' 'Yes.' 'What was going on?' 'I looked neither right nor left; I don't know.' 'Well, what did you hear?' 'I heard a cry of Vive Tallien! with strange noises, and shouts, and yells; and somebody said that the national guards were disbanding, and had forsaken Robespierre; and the people were surrounding the liôtel de Ville.' 'Then, thank heaven! there is hope-You are in the nick of time; let us go out. If Robespierre falls, you may rescue the comte. He is in the Rue St. Martin; in the same prison as Madame de Fontenay, the friend of Tallien, whom Robespierre has incarcerated. The former will proceed thither as soon as Robespierre is disposed of, to free madame; there will be confusion and much tumult. I know the keeper: I must be cautious; but I will discover where the comte and the lady are secured. Then I will leave you with the jailor; this crisis cannot be delayed another day. Wait till you hear them coming, then shout Vive Tallien! run about, dance around like a crazy man-hasten the jailor to release madame, and do you manage to rescue the comte-then be off instantly; don't come here again; strike into the country while the confusion prevails. Come, let us go this minute.'

"And I did go. I found Maurice's ifftroduction potent with the keeper, and, what was better, I found the keeper to be an old companion in arms, who had belonged to the same company with me. We embraced; we were like two brothers; nothing could have happened better. I learned from him all I cared to know. I staid hour after hour; just as I was in despair at the delay, I heard the expected advance. I found my fellow-soldier understood what it meant. I began to Vive Tallien! as loud as I could cry. In a fit of enthusiasm I snatched the keys from the hands of the keeper, as if to liberate the lady, while my comrade opened the doors to the company. I hied first to the comte's room. In one instant the door was unlocked; 'Quick!' I whispered; 'follow me—do as I do. Shout, huzza; jump this way and that—but stick close to me.' In another minute I had unbolted the door of Madame de Fontenay, making as much noise as I could get from my lungs—the comte keeping very good time to my music. So, while we were shouting Vive Tallien ! at the top of our voices, Tallien himself rushed in with a large party. I took the opportunity to gain the street, and, without so much as thanking my comrade for his attentions, I glided into an unfrequented lane, the comte at my heels; and I did not stop, nor look around, nor speak, till I found myself under cover of an old windmill near St. Denis, where I used to play when I was a boy. There I came to a halt, and seizing the comte in my arms, I embraced him a thousand times. I took some provisions from my pouch, which my cousin had provided, and bade him eat, for we should stand in need of food. We then proceeded, avoiding the main road, and getting a ride whenever we could, but never wasting a moment-not a moment. I told the comte what had happened, and that he must hasten if he would see his wife alive. At last we came near our house. The comte could scarcely contain himself: he ran before me; I could not keep up with him. How my heart was filled with foreboding! how I dreaded to come nearer! but apprehension was soon at an end. There was my little cottage, and in the doorway, leaning for support against the side, stood the comtesse, gazing on vacancy, the picture of despair and desolation. At the sight of her husband, she threw out her hands and tried to advance: she was too feeble, and would have fallen had he not the same moment folded her in his arms.

"Ah! monsieur!" continued Louis Herbois, after clearing his voice, "the worst of the story is now told. The comtesse was gradually restored to health, and the comte was content to emain quietly with us till the storm swept past; but the ing by a brook, rattling in a railway carriage, or busy and un-

lady never recovered the bright spirits which she before displayed, and the comte himself could never speak of the little one whom he kissed for the last time on that fatal morning, without the deepest emotion. It seems to have been destined that this should be their only affliction. The uncle was beheaded in one of the sudden changes of parties the succeeding year, and in due time the comte regained his estates. Sons and daughters were born them, and their family have grown up in unbroken numbers. The comte and comtesse can scarcely yet be called old, their health and vigor remain, and they enjoy still those blessings which a kind Providence is pleased to bestow on the most favored. But the Comtesse de Choissy will never forget the child which lies there. Twice a year, accompanied by the comte, she visits the cottage. She lays with her own hands fresh flowers over the little grave, and waters the moss which overspreads it; and the tears stand in her eyes when she looks upon the spot where we buried her first-born. We have engaged that every morning we will renew the flowers, and preserve the mosses always green. It is a holy office, consecrated by holy feelings. Ah! life is a strange business: we may not be always serious, we cannot be always gay. God grant, monsieur, that in heaven we may all be happy!"

WHY EARLY MARRIAGES ARE LESS FREQUENT.

ONE of the great social evils of this age is admitted to be the reluctance of our young men to early marriages; they won't marry now we are told, as they used to do, and ought to do, on three hundred a-year. Depend upon it, in many and many a case it is not the odd hundred or two that is wanting-it's the attraction. We have lost that joyous and familiar intercourse between neighbors' families, where young people's individualities had space and opportunity to develop themselves, and heart met heart. Our modish Cupid has overstrung his bowhis arrows don't hit home. Young ladies hide away the key of their hearts so carefully, that nobody thinks it worth looking for. Who is to choose "the one" out of a bevy of propertybehaved damsels like a row of hollyhocks, differing only in height, and shape, and color? They all look alike, dress alike, talk alike, and walk alike; and for anything that appears to the contrary, think alike and feel alike. Why, such a choice is an act of deliberate intention-matrimony prepense; few men have the nerve to venture upon it. No wonder they calculate the probable butchers' and bakers' bills before they take such a plunge as that. Don't fancy that I talk like a cynical old birdnot to be caught with chaff. I take as the exponent of what my own feelings would be if I were young, and open as I once was to the conviction of bright eyes, my nephew, Jack Hawthorne, not long home from the Crimea, six feet one, independent, hairy as a Skye terrier, brave as a lion (clasps for Alma and Balaklava), gentle as a greyhound, and I should say impressible, decidedly. "What I missed most." said he, in his openhearted, unabashed simplicity, "was the sight of a woman's face." Whereupon I spoke: "I wonder, Jack, you don't marry; it would make you a happier man than living half your days in the smoking-room of the 'Army and Navy.' Why not pick up a nice girl, and set up the family name again at the old manor?" "Well, so I would," said Jack, interjectively between the puffs of his cutty, "but there are no girls now—they're all young ladies: catch me marrying a young lady!"

Seriously, I do not think the clubs alone have to answer for the decrease in early marriages. Other modern improvements in society must bear their share of blame. I would back the hearts—I mean the girls—against the clubs any day, only give them fair play. Woman against the world! Man is her willing slave if she be true to herself. But no sensible man of moderate means—no man who has to work, and is willing to work for his livelihood—I might, perhaps, say no sensible man in any position—picks his wife out of a ball-room or an opera-box, however much he may like to see her there. A true woman has much more chance, we all know it, of winning any love that is worth her winning, in her own home, in her undress, in her little nameless every day unstudied graces, sitting on a stile, loitering by a brook, rattling in a willow coverience or husy and mo-

Digitized by GOOGLE

conscious amidst common household duties, than in what the sex choose to consider the especial scene of their glories and their triumphs. I have read somewhere, or have been told, that any woman, three moves from a Gorgon in personal attractions, can make any man propose to her if she has the chance of living in the same house with him for a month.

There was much more chance of early marriages, and happy ones too, when neighbors of that large class who have children at their desire, but little substance to leave them, met as neighbors; when personal intercourse was more unrestrained; when a lad could grow up in intimacy with another family, and learn to call the girls by their Christian names, without any fear of being asked his intentions; when there were such things as fishing parties, and lounging in gardens, and country rides and rambles on long summer mornings, and family dinners and round games on winter nights; not to speak of extempore dances, to which no one minded going and returning eight or ten miles, packed into any kind of conveyance, six inside, or, well wrapped up, three in a gig-"the more the merrier.' Those were the days, not exactly when we were young, for they were rather before our time, but of which our fathers have told us: those were the days to live in! when it was not considered "ungenteel,"-that was the old word-or incorrect to walk home, if need were, two or three miles on a clear frosty night; or if the roads were muddy, it was only a splashed ankle; there were ankles then; flounces had not yet grown down to the toes. Men fell in love in those days—they could'nt help themselves; walking into it deliberately, after debate duly held pro and con., is a much slower process. Suppose there was a stolen kiss now and then; bless us, don't be shocked, my dear young ladies, it hurt nobody; it was not a whit more improper, and much more pleasant, you may take my word for it, than your present waltz and polka.-Blackwood.

CCURTSHIP AMONG THE KAFFRES. - Courtship among the Kaffres in Africa does not always begin with the men. A certain chief in Natal, who is generally admired by the young women, visited a friend of his own rank, when a sister of the latter fell in love with him, as he displayed his fine figure and barbaric graces in a dance. The chief was unaware of the impression he had made until the damsel presented herself at his kraal, and avowed the state of her heart. Not reciprocating the admiration, he told her to go home. She flatly refused; and having no alternative, he permitted her to remain, and sent a messenger to her brother. That personage caused her to be brought back; but she soon reappeared before the handsome chief, and begged of him to kill her if he would not make her his wife. He was still unmoved, and dispatched another message to his friend, who ordered a severe beating to be administered to the girl after her The stripes, however, were ineffectual; and ere a week had elapsed, she was a third time in the chief's presence, and reiterated her protestations, without success. When the communication reached her brother, he lost all patience, and answered that his neighbor had better marry her. The chief persisted in his refusal, and there was a great interchange of messages; but yielding at length to his counsellors, he consented to negotiate. Under the circumstances, he might expect to obtain the girl at a reduced price; but five cows-the number sent-were a very small offer, and the brother was exceedingly indignant—his sister, he said; was not a poor man's daughterhe must at least have ten cattle. When the messenger returned, the chief declined to give more, and ordered those already transmitted to be sent for. A counsellor remonstrated in vain, the chief would not be reasoned with, and said that if no one else would do it he would go for the cows himself. Accordingly he set off, but his advisers persuaded him to return, and he was ultimately prevailed upon to make a proposal worthy of his dignity. The prother was satisfied, and a short time appointed for the wedding.

A CRITIC "TAKEN DOWN."—In a very quiet town Squire be gain Jinkinson reigns as the supreme judge in all matters of taste, especially in the fine arts. He sets up to be the most knowing that the man in town, not in law only, but in all departments of Egypt.

science. Now and then he overshoots the mark. One of his neighbors, an intelligent mechanic, having a fine taste for natural history, spent a good deal of time and labor in preparing a cabinet of stuffed birds, arranging them, "as natural as life," on perches. The squire was fond of dropping in from time to time to find fault with the arrangement of the specimens. He admitted the skill of the man, but the habit of the bird was not hit in the way he stands.

"Why don't you follow Nature?" the squire would ask, and grumble at the work, to show his own acquaintance with a subject of which he was totally ignorant.

Rogers was vexed at the squire's criticisms and self-conceit, and resolved upon retaliation. A friend from the country brought him one day a live owl of beautiful plumage, and Rogers gladly took it of him, and set it up in one corner on a shelf. Presently, as the squire was passing, he asked him in. His eye caught sight of the new addition to the cabinet, and he exclaimed:

"Hey, hey, Rogers—a splendid specimen that! Elegantly stuffed, too! But, Rogers, who ever saw an owl with his head tucked in that kind of way? Follow Nature, man!"

"Perhaps," said Rogers, "you could fix the head as owls are accustomed to hold them."

"To be sure I can," replied the squire; and, mounting a chair, he reached up to the bird to straighten out his head. But his owlship did not wait to be pulled; he darted out his bill, and gave the squire's forefinger a grip that he will carry the mark of for many a day. Falling back out of the chair in his fright, and seeing a smile of satisfaction on Rogers' face, he saw at once that he had been sold. The owl looked on as wise as a judge, and the squire was compelled to give in; but he insisted that owls in the woods or in the barn do not hold their heads as this rascally fellow does in the cabinet.

THE FIRST VICTIM OF THE EGYPTIAN RAILWAYS.—His Highness Ahmet Pacha is the victim of the first railway accident in Egypt. He very reluctantly allowed himself to be persuaded by his relatives to come down from Cairo to pay his respects to his uncle, the Viceroy, on the occasion of the Beiram festivals; and immediately after having gone through the usual ceremony on the morning of the 14th ult., he hurried to the railway station, accompanied by several distinguished personages, including his Highness Halim Pacha, brother to the viceroy, and reached the place just in time to catch the up-train that was to bring him to his untimely death. The train, as usual, started and arrived safely at Kafer-Lais, where passengers generally alight to cross the Nile in a steamer, but, as on all occasions when princes are on the line, the ferry is held in readiness to convey them across in their carriages. The Arabs in charge, on pushing the wagons on the ferry, very carelessly omitted to put on the shappens, and the four wagons, one after the other, dropped into the Nile. As soon as it was perceived that the wheels of the first carriage had got over the side of the ferry, the alarm was instantaneously given, bnt, alas! too late to be of any avail, as Ahmet Pacha, with his suite, together with Rifaat Bev. Minister of Commerce, and Kernidin Pacha, formerly director of the transit administration, perished. Halim Pacha very miraculously escaped by jumping into the Nile, whence he was rescued by some of the English railway employés. This disastrous news was received shortly after the accident occurred, and both the European colony and the whole Arab population could not help manifesting how deeply they felt the sudden loss of the man in whom the hope of Egypt rested. He was the eldest son of of the late Ibrahim Pacha, and eldest living prince of Mehemet Ali's family, consequently, successor to the present Viceroy. Under his rule the prosperity of the country would have been certain. Besides his many good qualities, he was the only one of the Egyptian princes who acknowledged that it was to England that Egypt was indebted for her present improved condition. He was a great admirer of all that was English, sympathised with English ideas, and knew that there was much to be gained by cultivating the friendship of the British Cabinet. Twenty-four hours before he ceased to exist he was heard to say that the cutting of the Isthmus of Suez would be the ruin of



JENKYN COMES TO ABK MINNA IN MARRIAGE.

MINNA'S DOWRY-A LEGEND OF HARLEM.

"Well, Jenkyn," sail the old Dutchman, "what is it you want? What do you mean by rolling your cap about in your hands in that insane manner? Why do you stand first on one leg, then on the other, like a crane? Why do you look so red? Why don't you speak?"

"You see, Master Rhenoster, I am afraid—I don't like—you understand."

"Come, first of all, sit down, if you don't want to look like a stork, and speak, if you don't want to behave like a fool."

"She's so beautiful, I can't help it."

" Who is?"

"Why, Minna, your daughter. I've said it now. I love her. Are you offended?"

"Certainly not. I love her myself. Every one loves her."
"Yes, but you see I don't love her as everybody else does.
I adore her."

"Oh! I understand."

"I can't help it," exclaimed Jenkyn, suddenly, as he dashed his cap to the ground. "I love her, and I must marry her. Give me your consent."

Master Rhenoster took his spectacles from his nose, and a pinch of snuff from his snuffbox; then turned round and looked at a young girl who had been sitting in the back shop, but who now came forward and listened at the door, accompanied by her only confidante, her maid. She was a delicate, fair-haired, blue-eyed damsel, but her blue eyes, at the present moment, were turned to the ground, and the usually pale and delicate complexion was ruddy with excitement.

The old man filled his pipe, and began to smoke seriously, solemnly, and silently.

Ten minutes afterwards Jenkyn, much embarrassed by the protracted silence, ventured to address Master Rhenoster again; but not until a few words had been addressed to him by Master Rhenoster's wife, who was disposed to encourage the affection of young Jenkyn for her daughter.

"Tell me," he said, "have I offended you? Why do you not answer me?"

"My poor boy, what am I to answer?" said the old man.
"There are some things a man of feeling does not like to say,

and if he can't say any thing else, what is he to do?" Then, turning towards his daughter, he added, "Minna, have you watered the tulips to-day?"

"Not yet, father?" was the reply. As she uttered these words, Minna scarcely raised her eyes from the embroidery on which she was engaged.

Rhenoster rose from his chair, took a bottle of water from the sideboard, and poured a portion of its contents over his garden. It was not a large garden. In fact, it was merely a large trough, filled with mould, in which, however, some of the finest and rarest tulips in Harlem were growing.

Jenkyn was dumb; Rhenoster was watering his tulips, and did not speak; Minna, too, was silent, though from time to time a deep sigh escaped from her heaving breast.

Rhenoster was an ingenious man, and contrived to make the watering of the tulips last at least a quarter of an hour. At the expiration of that period, Jenkyn felt that he was on the point of going mad. "If he does not speak," said Jenkyn to himself, "as soon as he puts down the bottle I must ask him again for an answer."

Rhenoster put down the bottle, but did not evince the alightest intention of speaking.

"Master Rhenoster," said Jenkyn, at length, "I have told you what I desire more than anything else in the world, and you have given me no reply. Please say Yes or No."

"No," said Rhenoster.

Then looking at his daughter and Jenkyn, who, instead of being red were now perfectly white, he added: "I believe you are an honest young man, though decidedly weak-minded—that, however, would not make you a bit the worse husband. As for Minna, she is as good as she is beautiful, and as beautiful as she is good. Together you would make a nice couple, but—"

"But what! Master Rhenoster?" inquired Jenkyn.

"Since you will have it, my children," said the old man, "the hash is you have not a single rix-dollar between you, and it is in lossible to exist on love alone."

"I will work," said Jenkyn.

"But if the work is not to be found," objected the father.
"To tell the truth, Jenkyn, you are not one of those lads who will find something to do whatever takes place. And then

your education has been somewhat neglected. For instance, | smiled benignly at Jenkyn, and pressed her fingers to her lips you scarcely know one kind of tulip from another."

"What can tulips have to do with the question?" said Jen-

kyn, rather petulantly.

"Tulips, sir? why, tulips are everything. Remember, sir, that the good old gardeners used to say that those who love not flowers love not virtue. And of all flowers, the most beautiful is the tulip, and of all tulips the most beautiful is the tulipa gesneriana. No, young man! you must not sneer at tulips, or po good will come of it."

'I care nothing for tulips," said the irreverent Jenkyn, who

was getting seriously annoyed.

"Nothing for tulips! What, not for my beautiful white, pink, red, and yellow tulip, which, after Minna, is the sole object of my thoughts? Go to the window, sir, and look at them."

"Confound tulips!" exclaimed Jenkyn.

"Out upon you, blasphemer!" shouted the excited tulipfancier. "Quit my presence, and never more set foot within these walls.

Jenkyn picked up his cap from the ground and disappeared. Minna dropped her embroidery, and her tears fell like rain

upon the flowers she had been working A week passed, and the despiser of tulips had not dared to reappear at old Rhenoster's house. But he passed the window some ten or twelve times a-day; and, whenever he went by, his beautiful Minna was sure to be sitting there.

Jenkyn noticed, a few days afterwards, that another person was in the habit of watching the window quite as attentively as himself. This was a man of about thirty years of age, tall, well-built, muscular, and apparently of English origin. "To judge by his magnificent watch chain, his bunch of large gold seals, and, above all, by his complacent self-satisfied bearing, he must be decidedly wealthy," thought Jenkyn; "and, to judge by the attention he pays to the window, he must be in love with Minna. I wish he were far less strong than he appears to be; I would give him the soundest thrashing man ever received."

A few days afterwards Jenkyn happened to pass the enchanted window, when Minna, and Minna alone, was seated there. Usually the father was present by her side, or immediately behind her so that the poor girl was unable, even by the slightest sign, to testify to her lover that she was still thinking of him. But this time there was no one to watch her actions. She

as a token that she embraced him mentally.

The poor young man was so overjoyed at this unexpected demonstration of affection, that he remained as if transfixed before the window, his eyes full of delight, and his mouth wide open with astonishment.

Up came the Englishman, who also planted nimself before the window.

Jenkyn was not aware that the stranger was anywnere near him, he had in fact quite forgotten his existence, when suddenly the latter slapped him violently on the shoulder. "I see that, like myself, you are an admirer of beauty, my young friend. Did you ever see such grace, such loveliness before?

Jenkyn was mad with rage. He turned savagely toward the Englishman, and would probably have engaged at once in single combat with his rival, but that he had conscientious scruples on the subject of striking a man who was not his own size. The Englishman was considerably bigger.

"Well," said the stranger, shaking Jenkyn roughly by the arm, "tell me, could anything surpass such beauty? Are you

not in raptures 9'

"Certainly, sir, but"-

"But!" exclaimed the other. "There are no buts about it. If you know anything about form, you will agree with me that such perfection is rarely to be met with. By Jove! It's what T've been looking for these last five years."

"Indeed!" said Jenkyn, with astonishment and anger.

- "What elegance, and what an exquisite head! And what color! A pink and white that might drive a man to distraction. Such softness and delicacy too! I've seen so many of them that I can judge."
 - "Really," said Jenkyn in a sarcastic tone.
- "And with such exquisite purity of form the heart must also be pure and spotless. I feel sure of it. Don't you think so?'

I know it!" exclaimed Jenkyn indignantly.

- "You know it? Then this inestimable treasure, this pearl without price, shall be mine."
 - "Stop sir! there are two of us."
- "No matter. My passion is without bounds, and whatever it cost me this lovely flower, this jewel, shall be added to my collection."

The horrified Jenkyn stepped back a pace.

- "My name is Jenkyn! Come on!" was all he could say.
- "I care as much for Jenkyn as for a Dutch doll," replied the



WARMING UP .- CHARLES F. BLAUVELT, N.A.

other. "My name is Jenkins! Look out!" And with his left | ronet, "and I will give you five hundred guiness for your hand the Englishman gave the Dutchman, or rather the Dutch boy, a gentle tap on the top of the nose.

The organ was not broken, but it was considerably damaged by the Englishman's gentle tap-a tap which, in fact, had the effect of turning on the claret. Jenkyn thought that if he was to die he would, at all events, sell his life dearly. He struck, and one of the Englishman's eyes told the story of the blow.

Jenkyn now began to think that he had done a very imprudent thing, for his adversary was evidently delighted at having had his eye blackened, which he regarded as an invitation to proceed to extremities.

" That was well hit, Jenkyn," said the boxer by nationality. "I didn't think you could have done it." And, so saying, he knocked him down like a ninepin.

Jenkyn rose like a bird, but was down again the moment afterwards. This was repeated five or six times, until, at last, the young boxer, discovering that his adversary never hit him when he was down, resolved to stop down..

He had fallen for the last time, when old Rhenoster, who was just about to enter his house, stepped forward to inquire the meaning of the strange performance that was taking place in front of his mansion.

"Give up your claim," said the Englishman, to his humiliated antagonist; "give up your claim, and I will pick you up and let him go.'

"Never, never!" shouted the indomitable though fallen Jenkyn, "I would die first."

Old Rhenoster recognised the voice of the irreverent young man who adored Minna and despised tulips.

"What is the quarrel about?" he inquired."

" Minna! the tulip! the tulip! Minna!" exclaimed the late combatants, with one voice.

" Minna! what's Minna?" said the Englishman.

"The tulip! What does he mean by the tulip?" said the Dutchman. "Why should he run off with a tulip?"

"Who talked of running off with it?" asked the Englishman.

"Oh!" exclaimed Jenkyn, considerably relieved and slightly astonished.

"And who is Minna, then?" continued the Englishman, who also began to understand.

"Oh, no one. Merely a young lady that I happen to be acquainted with."

"Ah! and you've been fighting for her, have you?" said old Rhenoster, "and nicely you have been pommeled too. Well, come both of you into the house and let us hear what it was all about."

If Jenkyn was delighted at the prospect of seeing his Minna, the Englishman was no less enchanted at the idea of beholding his tulip.

Minna was crying, but the tulip was in admirable condition.

The Englishman was a rich baronet-Sir Richard Jenkins by name. After he had looked long and passionately at his beloved tulip, he turned round and found that Minna was still sobbing, and that Jenkyn himself seemed to be on the point of imitating her.

- "Why are these young persons weeping?" said Sir Richard.
- "They love one another, and wish to get married," replied
- " And why don't they get married?" continued the baronet.
- "They have no money."
- "But Jenkyn can work. He has tolerably strong arms; I can bear witness to that." And the Englishman applied a handkerchief to his swollen eye.
- "They must have something to begin housekeeping with," urged the immovable father.
- "Well, I will tell you what I will do. I will buy that tulip of yours, on condition that the money I pay is given as a wedding portion to your daughter."
- "I see you are a connoisseur, my lord. That is a virgin tulip. It was sown by me seven years ago, and did not develop all its beauties until to-day."
 - "I am not a lord, but I am a connoisseur," replied the ba- lask?"

tulip.

The young people came forward, and each grasped one of Sir Richard's hands.

- "I accept your generous offer," said the old man, "and scarcely know how to testify my gratitude to you for it. Nevertheless I will venture to solicit one favor more.
 - " What is it?"
- "That you will give to your rare tulip a name I am about to suggest, which will remind you always of my daughter, and of our gratitude to you."
 - "Certainly. I promise before hand."
 - "Then call it 'Minna's Dowry."

GUSTAVE PLANCHE.

When the celebrated critic has money in his purse, hear how he spends his day. He engages a coach in the evening, and it is at his door punctually at six o'clock in the morning. At nine he rises and pays a visit to his friends the painters or sculptors. At eleven he is set down at a restaurant's in vogue, where he first orders seven or eight glasses of absinth or vermuth (the translator humbly acknowledges his ignorance of the ingredients of these spirituous liquors, and of their English names, if they happen to have any other than wormwood wine), to give the satisfactory tone to his stomach. He then breakfasts in a style more than comfortable, and pays his bill amounting to twenty-five or thirty francs. He then gets into a voiture, and takes a turn among other artists of his acquaintance. At six o'clock he alights at the Café de Paris. Having made a preparation for the directive organs similar to that of the morning, he orders succulent viands, and wines of the best quality. The expense of the dinner varies from fifty to sixty francs. His coach then conveys him to the balcony of the opera or the orchestra of the Theatre Français. At midnight he hands forty france to his driver, climbs to his garret, and goes to sleep with the contented feelings which Titus would experience on such an occasion, saying, after his example, "Behold the day well At the Exhibition he has been frequently seen. oily in face and figure, striving to walk in shoes down at the heel. wearing an abominable shirt, a coat with greasy collar, an impracticable hat, and pantaloons torn and fringed at the bottom.

Being once invited to dine with a celebrated actress, Anais or Madame Dorval, he arrived before the company. " My goodness! Planché," cried the hostess, "what a figure you cut! Go take a bath I beg; here is a ticket." He returned in an hour's time as clean as when he set out. "You unhappy man, you have not taken the bath." "By my faith, I have." "Look at your hands." "Ah, that is because I had a book while in the water." This he looked on as a most valid excuse. Exteriorly and interiorly he holds water in the most profound detestation.

In times of scarcity he never approaches a café; he lives on bread and cheese, or resorts to a laborer's eating-house. At this period he works with extreme ardor, and is to be found only at museums or at libraries. As soon as his diligence has put some money in his pocket, he selects a new café, and resumes his Gargantuan existence.

He keeps his address a secret from all his acquaintances, less through shame than a desire to enjoy solitude. If he is obliged to accept the arm of a friend when returning home at night. he always dismisses him before they arrive at the street where he lives. If he observes himself watched, he turns off in a contrary direction.

A facetious painter once amused himself in making him pace the flags till three o'clock in the morning. But Planché held out like a hero, walked his tormentor off his legs, and finally succeeded in gaining his dormitory unseen. It was a long time supposed that he slept in the open air at the crossings of the public promenades; and himself rather encouraged the general impression. "Where do you lie at night?" said some one "I do not lie down at all; I perch." "An I where, may ! "Champs Ely e's, third tree on the right."

When our hero changes his address, all his moveables are conveyed away in his hat; this circumstance exempts him from employing commissionaires, a race addicted to blabbing.

One of his new landlords, of whom he had just rented a furnished room, lost all courage when he found his stock of linen represented by three collars. "Sir," said he, very naively, "will you do me the pleasure of mentioning where are your shirts?" "Will you do me the pleasure," answered Planché, "of explaining for what object people wear shirts? Is it not for the sole purpose of exhibiting their collars? Behold three very neat ones, and be satisfied."

The more he advances in years, the less he is disposed to endure the arbitrary will of Buloz. Sometimes he gets vexed and dismisses his employer: then such is his apathy that he makes no application elsewhere, and is dying of hunger by inches. The last time they fell out was in the midst of a rigorous winter; and Planché was often met in the streets with a torn gray hat, a strip of pocket haudkerchief for a cravat, a paletot of very light stuff with vent holes innumerable, and his feet in shoes unprovided with soles. But Buloz always comes to the rescue.

He has need of Planché to keep in check some high and mighty personages who patronise the shop, and whose pretensions wound his consequence at times. For these, Gustave is a genuine head of Medusa. So now and then he gives him leave to go and break windows.

Planché is afflicted with feeble sight. His health is failing day by day, and his wretchedness becomes more intense: he wears the same style of clothes as in days of yore.

HOW EUGENE SUE USED TO WRITE.

From the great square of Annecy, any of the inhabitants will show the visitor, if he is disposed to travel so far, a very neat little residence about half a league off, on the slope of the hill—that is the present abode of the Apostle of Socialism. He is not now awakened by young nymphs in Greek caps and gauze tunics. His friends, the genuine democrats, have counselled him to conduct his domestic concerns in a style less pagan; so his household at present consists of a comely housekeeper and one male attendant.

He descends, receives a bamboo cane from the hands of his servant, takes a constitutional walk under the fir trees of the hill, or on the velvety margin of the lake, and re-enters, with a good appetite to partake of breakfast. The fresh breeze from the Alps has agreeably excited the coats of his stomach, and he makes an excellent meal. His presiding Hebe replenishes his cup, and when "thirst and hunger cease," he enters his study, where this fortunate Socialist is greeted by numerous orders from the publishers. On a sculptured salver of gold, the domestic of the bamboo presents his straw-colored kid gloves, without which, as is well known, he never writes; and at every chapter a new and perfumed pair is assumed. O people of black and rough hands! is it you who recommend to your favorite writers these delicate precautions, these coquettish preliminaries to the works you so eagerly devour?

By way of recompense, and for the sake of economy, no doubt, he never goes to the expense of gloves for his style. He writes five or six hours without scratch or revise, dispatches his manuscripts to the publisher, and from the bottom of his dreary exile, gains sixty or eighty thousand francs one year with another.

After labor comes the toilette—the toilette of a prince, and then the sumptuous dinner attends the noble author, who has just finished such eloquent pages on the misery of the poor. He partakes of every dish with the relish that justly rewards a duty well discharged, rises from table, and finds ready bridled and saddled at the door, a magnificent Arab. Oh, goodness! what fiery nostrils! what graceful, sinewy limbs! He bears his master at full gallop along the avenues of the park, and brings him back to the door in two or three hours, with the work of digestion perfectly done. Again installed in his salon, Hebe presents him opium in a Turkish, pipe as rich as amber and gold can make it; he smokes and goes to sleep on his silken cushions—wake him not.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF "THAT?"—The following play upon the word "that" may be new to many:

Now that is a word that may often be joined, For that that may be doubled is clear to the mind; And that that that is right is as plain to the view As that that that that we use is rightly used too: And that that that that that line has in it is right, And accords with good grammar, is plain in our sight.

If the reader will take the trouble to parse the above, he will find that though the word that is so often repeated, it is in strict accordance with the rules of grammar.

Socrates, in his old age, learned to play upon a musical instrument. Cato, aged eighty, began to learn Greek; and Plutarch acquired Latin when above seventy. John Gelida, of Valentia, in Spain, did not begin the study of belles lettres till he was forty years old. Henry Spelman, having neglected the sciences in his youth, resumed them at the age of fifty with wonderful success. Fairfax, after having been General of the Parliamentary Army in England, went to Oxford, and took his degree as Doctor of Law. Colbert, when Minister of State, and almost sixty years old, returned to his Latin and his Law, in a situation where he might have been excusable in neglecting both; and M. Le Tellier, Chancellor of France, resumed the study of logic that he might dispute with his grandchildren.

THE origin of antimony is singular. Basil Valentine, superior of a monastery, having observed the effect of the mineral in fattening hogs, wished to try whether it would produce the same effect on his monks. The result unfortunately was very different, for the monks who took it died soon after; and hence the origin of the name (Anti-Moine). In spite of this tragical experiment, however, Paracelsus resolved upon bringing the mineral into use, thinking he could employ it along with some other preparations; but neither could he boast of his success. The medical faculty at Paris was at first divided into two parties on the occasion. Some declared that antimony was a poison; others, that it was an excellent remedy. The dispute was not confined to the circle of the faculty, and it became general in Paris; the Parliament and the Sorbonne took part in it, but in a short time all doubts were at an end, the wonderful effects of the mineral being proved; and the faculty at length placed it in the list of their most efficient medicines.

Masson, M.A. of Trinity College, had asked one of his friends to lend him a book, which he wished to consult and received for answer, "That Mr. —— never allowed his books to go out of his room, but that, if Masson chose to come there, he was welcome to read as long as he pleased." Some days afterwards this friend applied for the loan of his bellows to Masson, who replied, "That he never allowed his bellows to go out of his room, but that, if Mr. —— chose to come there, he was welcome to blow as long as he pleased."

Use of Cat's Whiskers .- Every one has observed the whiskers of a cat; but few, perhaps, dream that they serve any valuable end. The following passage will prove the contrary: Every one must have observed what are usually called the whiskers on the cat's upper lip. The use of these in a state of nature is very important. They are organs of touch. They are attached to a bed of close glands under the skin, and each of these long hairs are connected with the nerves of the lip. The slightest contact of these whiskers with any surrounding object is thus felt most distinctly by the animal, although the the hairs of themselves are insensible. They stand out on each side of the lion as well as in the common cat; so from point to point they are equal to the width of the animal's body. If we imagine, therefore, a lion stealing through a covert of wood in an imperfect light, we shall at once see the use of these long hairs. They indicate to him, through the nicest feeling, any obstacle which may present itself to the passage of the body; they prevent the rustle of boughs and leaves which would give warning to his prey, if he were to attempt to pass through too close a bush; and thus, in conjunction with the soft cushions of his feet, and the fur upon which he treads (the retractile claws never coming into contact with the ground), they enable him to move towards his victim with a stillness even greater than that of the snake that creeps along the grass, and is not seen until it is coiled around its prey.

Digitized by Google



TREE FROG.

GLANCES AT NATURAL HISTORY

THE TREE-PROG.

THE most curious individual of the numerous batrachian tribe is the little green tree-frog, which is so common in many parts of the United States. Unlike the marsh and the bull frog, it exists almost wholly upon land, and lives upon insects which it catches among the foliage of trees, with which its color is so closely assimilated that the little reptile is often invisible when immediately beneath the eyes of the searcher. Like other frogs, the tree-frog exists at first in the tadpole state, in which the creature is wholly a water animal, breathing like fish through gills, and furnished, as a means of rapid locomotion, with a tail. After a brief existence in this stage, the tadpole undergoes a thorough metamorphosis. Its tail drops off, its lungs are developed and take the place of gills, and the perfect frog, with the form of which we are all so familiar, emerges from the water, to live thenceforth as an amphibious animal, unable to exist for any length of time under water. Frogs are distinguished from other reptiles by their smooth, scaleless skin, their lack of claws and other anatomical peculiarities. In their perfect state they live exclusively on animal matter, deposit eggs or spawns, and are to be found in all warm and temperate climates; they are never found in the colder regions. The subdivisions of their species are very numerous, and ten or twelve varieties are enumerated in this continent. Swammerdam, in 1666, was the first to point out the highly galvanic nature of the frog.

It is not, we believe, generally known that the tree-frog is extensively used in many parts of the European continent as a baromder. The little reptile is so exceedingly sensitive to coming changes of the weather, that it really is an accurate indicator of proximate alteration. They are generally confined in deep and transparent glass bottles, the bottom of which is covered with a little wet moss, with a ladder or climbing stick reaching nearly to the top. During fine weather, the frog remains cowering in the moss, where it is fed on flies, sugar, glow-worms, &c.; but on the first approach of rain it hastens up the ladder, and would escape but for the piece of muslin with which the rim is generally covered. These bottles or jars are frequently seen upon parlor tables in Germany and France,

and form, with their quick-eyed little prisoners, quite attractive parlor ornaments.

THE MUSHROOM.

Of all curious delicacies, perhaps none are more extraordinary than the great family of the agarici or mushrooms, the differrent species of which are eagerly sought after, and esteemed great luxuries in Europe. The term mushroom (French mouseron), probably belongs to the agaricus compositus, a common meadow fungus alone, but the use of the term is popularly so comprehensive, as to embrace the whole vast family of fungi, whether edible or poisonous. This order of plants is the lowest in the vegetable scale, consisting chiefly of cellular tissue, and is placed by Linnæus in the 24th class of cryptogamis. They spring chiefly from dead and decaying organic bodies, and very frequently are found as parasites upon living plants, upon which they prey in the same manner as vermin and intertinal worms upon animals. Among these plants, the best known are the mushroom proper, the truffle and the morel; and among the results of parasitical fungi are blight, mildew, rust, brand, &c., all diseases caused by the attacks of microscopic species. Dryrot, too, is produced by the ravages of the merulius lackrymans, and other species, some of which are also microscopic.

The edible agarici contain much nutriment, consisting in abumen, adipocere, and osmazome, and are much eaten in succes, ketchup, &c. in Europe. "Beefsteak with mushrooms" is a famous dish in the west of England. The agaricus compessis (French champignon), or mushroom par excellence, is the most delicate of all the species, and grows wild in most parts of the European continent. It is also cultivated to a notable extent in France, and forms a considerable article of export in a dried or pickled state from the districts surrounding Avignon, Bordeaux and Cette.

Unfortunately, many of the fungi are poisonous, and as they are constantly found growing on the same spots with the edible mushroom, while the difference between the noxious and the edible varieties is imperceptible to the unpractised eye, accidents, often ending fatally, happen quite frequently where mushrooms are eaten. As they are highly recharché at Rome, and large quantities are daily sold in the market places of the Eternal City, a statute has long been in force there providing for the establishment of experienced examiners at every gate of the city, under whose vigilant eyes the entire daily importation of mushrooms is compelled to pass. They examine them lot by lot; such is the experience they have acquired that they can separate at the first glance the poisonous fungi from the mushroom. Some varieties are used in certain parts of Siberia in the preparation of an intoxicating beverage.

An amusing anecdote has recently been in circulation concerning the celebrated Parisian novelist, Alexander Dumas, who, on a journey in Switzerland, felt a sudden longing for a dish of mushrooms. Unable, however, to speak a word of German, while the attendants at the village inn could speak no French, he was reduced almost to desperation in his attempts to make himself understood. Seizing at length a piece of charcoal and congratulating himself upon his felicious invention, he drew what he considered the likeness of a mushroon upon the wall. "Ha!" exclaimed the landlord, "I understand!" and hastening out of the room returned immediately with an umbrella!

Related to the fungi is the truffle, the renowned and costly delicacy of European gourmands. It is a round potato-like fungus, of a cellular tissue, grayish white within, and covered externally with a dark brown skin. Truffles grow underground in loose, sandy soils, and are largely found in Spain, Italy, the South of France, and in some parts of Germany. They are rooted from the earth by dogs trained for the purpose, and, in the South of France, by swine. Eaten as condiment with poultry and game, or alone as preserves or pickles, they have no superior as a delicacy. In size the truffle varies from that of a walnut to the bulk of a large apple, and specimens weighing a pound are occasionally dug up in Piedmont. The price of a medium-sized truffle in Europe is about one dollar.

THE APTERYX.

This extraordinary bird, which is now on the verge of total extinction, is a native of and confined to the Islands of New Zea-

Digitized by GOOGLC

MUMMIES.

land. It derives its name from an extraordinary feature in its organization—the lack of wings. Feathers even are denied it, and its unsightly covering consists in a species of compromise between bristles, hair and feathers, giving it a most helpless and ludicrously forlorn appearance, the effect of which is heightened by its enormously long bill. The few specimens of the apteryx still existing are looked upon with much interest by ornithologists and naturalists generally, as the last surviving representatives of a class of birds which, with their exception, are now totally extinct.

MUMMIES.

ORIGIN.

THIRTY-FOUR centuries before Joseph and Mary fled with the young child into Egypt, the earliest pyramids were built. How many ages had then elapsed since the old Asiatic nomads first wandered into the "dark land," and pitched their tents and fed their flocks by the banks of Nilus, is beyond all record, all computation. History knows nothing about it; for History was baby in arms then—in the arms of gray old antediluvians, who seemed to have died out before baby could run alone—so little does it remember of the mighty traditions preserved in the ark.

Unless Hebrew chronology be all wrong, the wanderers must have groped their way into the dark land in the days of Noah himself; for Abraham was fifty-eight years old at the death of Noah, says Hebrew chronology; and in Abraham's time Egypt was already a great nation. Its tents had become temples. Where a shepherd watched under the palms there was a king in a palace; and its "oldest inhabitant" was a priest and a conjuror. But whatever may be Egypt's antiquity, mummification is as old. There were mummies before a single brick was made by Egyptian hands.

It came to pass that one of those old Asiatic rovers died in the strange land they had discovered. In the evening they buried him; and he was probably the first mummy, and Nature embalmed him. How and why we go on to describe

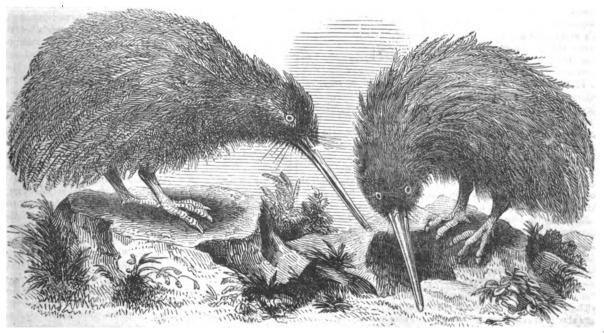
Egypt is the Nile and the mud of the Nile. The country is nothing more than a long and narrow strip of black loam, with the river, its creator, running down the middle of it. Beyond this most fertile strip of alluvium, all is tarren sand on either side, up to the rocky ridges that bound the whole Egyptian valley. Egypt's name of Kham (in the hieroglyphics), or Ham, in Hebrew (See Gen. x. 6), which signifies "dark" the "dark land," is thought to have its origin in the darkness of the soil.



MUSHROOMS.

Of course there was a time when the Nile first began to run in its limestone bed; and then there was not enough of that fertile alluvial deposit in all the valley to grow a potato. Now it is spread four or five miles over either bank. As the inundations add something to the depth and surface of the deposit annually, it is clear that those who migrated into Egypt at a period so remote that it belongs rather to eternity than to time. must have found a much smaller area for the growth of necessary corn and beans. It, was most important then, to preserve it for agricultural purposes. Burying-ground it was too precious to become. The dead were never buried there by the Egyptians of ancient history, nor is the fertile loam used for sepulchral purposes at the present day; except upon the sites of old cities, elevated several feet above the line of inundation. There was, therefore, no choice of graves save in the rock or in the sand. But the use of metals was unknown, and there were no tools wherewith to excavate the rocks: so the dead were buried in the sand.

Now, in Egyptian sands saline ingredients are largely diffused.



APTERYX, OR WINGLESS BIRD.

Geologists tell us why perhaps; for they say that Egypt has been twice the bed of a salt sea; and certain it is that corals, fossil crabs, and shells are found in the limestone rock of which the pyramids are built, and which also, with a large indifference to ages and races, furnish material for modern docks and canals. But, however the presence of these salts is to be explained, exist they do, as is well known to those who drink Nile water-famous for its sweetness when drawn from the river's bosom, but brackish and more brackish the further it recedes over the country, in consequence of the dissolution of the salt contained in the soil. These salts are nitre, common salt and alum; and after many years experiment, science has declared a solution of these three salts in water gives the simplest and best pickle for the preservation of the dead. Of course, they would avail little in a climate like ours; but in Egypt where edifices have existed during four thousand years which would be washed away in fifty American winters, it is another thing. There is an ever dry atmosphere, and a sun which often dries up a carcase before it has time to corrupt; while the hot desert sands afford a grave dry and warm as an oven.

Here, then, we have the first mummies and the origin of embalming in Egypt. The dead man was buried in the sand; the sand gave out antiseptic salts to saturate him; the sun baked him; and when a simoom swept his grave out, or crocodiles and jackals exhumed him, he was seen in death as he appeared in life.

Such a result could not fail to gratify the feelings of the bereaved ones; for surely in those days too there were faithful husbands, affectionate fathers, and persons universally beloved by all who knew them. Nor was the discovery without interest on personal grounds. It was gratifying to see that one need not himself become an "unpleasant body," an offence to air, and earth, and light, and humiliation to all men. And then there were sanitary considerations. Clearly, the idea was not to be lost; and what was an accident became an art.

In sand-burial, we have seen, there were some serious inconveniences. Wolves jackalls and foxes abounded; and, prowling abroad for food in that naked land, they were not likely to respect the graves of mere dead Egyptians. Also there were vultures; and when the Nile rose and flowed over its dark bed to the margin of the desert, crocodiles—ancestors of those very monsters which Brown, Jones, and Robinson go to see in 1858—came forth, crawling in the wake of the regular marauders.

But civilization, as it is called, began to appear. It came out of Mount Sinai, among other sources, in the shape of common ore, which was by the Egyptians smelted, and arms and tools were made of it. The rocks were excavated; first, to build houses for the living-then tombs for the dead, where they might repose as secure from the jaws of crocodiles as they were to the wolf's howling. But now, when the Egyptian dead man was buried, he did as other dead men. Unless he happened to have lived most wholesomely and temperately, the corruptions of his life and of our common nature appeared in his poor carcase: for there were no more salts to mummify him. The Egyptians were an observant, contemplative people, and they considered this thing. "How is this?" said they. "If a man be left upon the earth where he died, he decays. If he be buried in the shadows of the rock and in the coolness of its bosom, still sooner does he decay. But if we dig a hole in the sand, and lay him there, and cover him with the sand, he lives for ever?"

'Lives for ever?' cchoes the speculative Egyptian, startled to find that the utterance of this unconsidered figurative expression has made the dawning of a grand idea to break.

Now the speculative Egyptian survivor resolves all the more to discover why the rude sand is kinder to the dead than sculptured stone. He naturally looks in the sand itself for an explanation: and there he finds nitre, alum, and common salt. "Eureka," says he—in hieroglyphics.

Thus, we can hardly doubt, arose the art of embalming.

PRACTICE.

The practice of mummification was now originated: and a very simple art it seems to have been in its infancy. At first the dead was prepared for sepulture by saturation with nitre or natron (an impure subcarbonate of soda), exposure to the heat

of an oven, and wrapping in woollen clothes. Bodies so pre pared have come down to our own times, even the body of a king. Menkare was the name of this unhappy monarch, to whom Fate denied a satisfaction afterwards enjoyed by mere lords and lattes—of being gilded for the grave. Nor was be permitted the luxury of a yard of linen: for linen was not invented. Of course this state of things could not be allowed to continue in a civilised country: and soon the last days of all respectable persons were more glorious than the first. The very best of them came into the world a mere ruddy brown—little carcases filled only with the common air: they went out of it with myrrh and spices in their bowels, and their toes gilt.

Heredotus, "father of historians" (and some have said also "father of lies"), has left a minute account of the methods of mummification used in his time. For the better sort of people it was as follows: First the brain was drawn through the nostrils; "then, with an Ethiopian stone, they make an incission in the side, through which they extract the intestines; these they cleanse thoroughly, washing them with palm wine, and afterwards sprinkling them with pounded aromatics. The body is then filled with powder of pure myrrh, cassia and other perfumes. Having sewn up the body, it is covered with nite for the space of seventy days, which time they may not exceed. At the end of this period it is washed, closely wrapped in bandages dipped in wax or gum. The body is then returned to the relations, who inclose it in a case of wood, made to resemble a human figure, and place it against the wall in the repository of their dead."

This "style," as modern undertakers phrase it, was only for the rich; and is estimated to have cost two hundred and fifty pounds, including coffins, &c. There were often two or threesometimes four, of these sculptured, painted, gilded, enamelled -glorious. The innermost coffin was of sycamore or cedarwood, very fine and thin; the two sections of which it was composed being laced, like a lady's stays, from head to foot. An immense quantity of linen was used in swathing mummies. In "the generality of first-class bodies," says an American archaelogist, "the bandages vary from ten to thirty folds; and have been known to reach as many as forty-six folds, containing above a thousand yards of cloth-varying in texture from good calico to superfine cambric." One famous mummy (of a scribe) had three hundred and fifty square yards of linen bound about itthe swarths being generally about four or five inches wide. There have been scribes since that period who never wore so much linen in all their lives as this man's carcase rested in But not every Egyptian could hope for such luxurious interment. The middle classes were mummified at a cost of about sixtypounds; while the poor, steeped in natron, baked in an oven, swathed with woollen rags, and covered with matting, had to rest as well as they could after a wretched four pounds' worth of preparation. Some poor quarry men were found thus disposed of: however, they were fast asleep.

In later times—i. e. about one thousand six nundred years before the Christian era—the linen used in mummification was steeped in bitumen, or pitch; a substance unknown to the Egyptians till the conquest of Assyria, which introduced them to the bituminous lakes of that country. The use of bitumen in embalming begat a suspicion that the Egyptians were black men, or very dark; but the pitch, and not nature, bl ckened their skins, which were of European rather than nigger complexion.

The bandages used in mummification were applied in the most artificial manner. Circular rolling, spiral rolling, and all the tricks known to modern surgery, were familiar to the old embalmers, as we may see to the present day. In the hollows beneath the feet and other inequalities of the human figure, pads were placed to make all square and neat. How curious it is to observe these little "dodges," so much like those we use in modern manufactures. And here and there, in unrolling a mummy, a hieroglyphic is sometimes found stamped on the cloth; which doubtless served the purpose of those chalk inscriptions on our own unfinished coffins, denoting that is for you Robinson,—or Brown, for you.

The business of interment was confined to the sacerdotal orders, which not only supplied mummy-makers, undertakers

sextons, and those who painted the coffins with descriptive and religious hieroglyphics, but physicians and apothecaries; so that the sick Egyptian fell at once into the hands of priest, physician and undertaker! We have reason to believe that he rarely recovered. A calculation has been made of the revenues derived by the priesthood from the practice of mummification alone. Taking the population at about five millions, and reckoning that the generations were replaced, as they now are, every thirty-three years, the priests enjoyed an annual income from embalment of £700,000 per annum, if we accept an average of only four pounds for each body. Nor does it seem likely that the priests ever performed this office gratuitously, since we find that the Egyptians had a law by which a debtor had to give the mummies of his ancestors as security for his debts. If he died insolvent, the next heirs and blood relations became responsible, being bound in honor to redeem the pledge. As for the number of mummies embalmed during the three thousand years that the practice existed, the same data gives us a total of four hundred and fifty millions. Some years ago, the editors of a journal published at Cairo made a rather startling proposition to the Egyptian Government, founded upon this calculation. "Let all these mummies be exhumed," said the editors. "Every one of them has a 'metrical cimbal' of cloth wrapped about him. Take off the linen, convert it into paper, and realise £4,200,000 sterling!" The Egyptian government wished it might get it, and that was the only step they took in the matter.

The actual embalmers seem to have been a low order of the priesthood, and their office is said to have been hereditary. One part of the ceremony was very remarkable. After the embalmer had made the necessary incision in the side of the corpse, so as to remove the intestines, he fled, or made a pretence of fleeing; for it was a sacred law of the Egyptians that no man should injure his like, and any one discovered in the act of mutilation was liable to be beaten and abused. Every provincial temple, besides those in the great cities, was provided with an establishment for the purpose of mummification; here the dead were taken, and after seventy days were restored to their friends ready to be interred in the vast sepulchral galleries prepared for them. The tombs were sometimes painted with representations of funeral processions, in which we see the mummy transported in cars or borne on sledges drawn by oxen. and attended by mourning friends. Thus it was that Joseph conveyed the body of his father Jacob to be buried "in the cave of the field of Machpela," in the land of Canaan; "and there went up with him both chariots and horsemen, and it was a very great company." Joseph himself was undoubtedly embalmed; for, when "God led the people out, through the way of the wilderness of the Red Sea, Moses took the bones of Joseph with him, for he had straitly sworn the children of Israel; saying, God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones away hence with you.'

SIGNIFICATION.

The practice of mummification is commonly presented to us in a purely religious aspect, as the performance of a rite established by superstition. But if embalming had its origin in sand-burial-and nothing can be more probable-the practice begat the superstition, and not the superstition the practice. No doubt all those mummies whose happy fate it has been to fall into the hands of modern savans were embalmed at the dictation of a heathenish ritual-quotations from which, or some prayer or recommendation to the gods, are found inscribed on the coffins. But then the tombs left by time and a long succession of plunderers for our contemplation, belong to an advanced age of Egyptian history. And what more natural than that the grand idea to which we have already alluded—the idea of the soul's immortality-whould have dawned upon those who first wandered into Egypt, when they looked upon the undecayed bodies of their friends buried in the sand? Here was matter for those speculative minds. It grew, and took grander proportions as the people grew; and, by the time a priesthood had arisen, became fixed in a ritual and the foundation of a creed.

Those who have the advantage of understanding this ritual, or Book of the Dead, as it is called (there is at Turin, we believe, a copy written on a scroll of papyrus, sixty-six feet long by two

broad) say that it was a formula of hymns, liturgical prayers and devotional exercises, of which the painted inscriptions on the mummy cases are generally extracts. It is divided into three parts, the first of which directs the prayers, ceremonies and offerings to be used while the body was carried from the embalmers to the tomb. The second narrates the advantages of the soul in Hades, atter its separation from the body; and the third refers to the return of the reunited soul and body to the celestial regions. The doctrine of the state after death seems to have been as follows: During the seventy days that elapsed between death and burial, it was supposed that the soul was extinct: but as soon as mummification was completed, it was resuscitated. It then ascended as a hawk with a human head to the new moon, and took a seat in the sun's boat (the sun was represented as passing through the hours in a bont, accompanied by seven deities, who appear to represent the moon and the planetary system); and after many tribulations, trials and sufferings, it arrived in the Hall of the Osiris, where it was weighed in the balance of Truth and Justice, and received its due reward. Among the incidents of this journey was the soul's appearance before forty-two assessors, each of whom presided over one sin. To each the soul exclaims: "Bring forward my excellence, search out my sins:" and goes on to say, "I have defrauded no man. I have killed no man. I have not prevaricated at the seat of justice," &c., &c. If convicted of any sin, the soul was appropriately punished: if, for instance, he was a glutton, he was sent back to the earth in the form of a striped pig.

Passages from this ritual were at first painted on the coffinscertain chapters being enjoined to be used for this purpose-"The chapter of departing from the daylight," for instance. This chapter is headed-"Let this be learnt while in the world, and let it be painted on his coffin. It is the chapter by which he goes out of light in all his appointed transformations, and going to his place, is not turned back; and there is given him bread and beer and slices of flesh from the table of Osiris." And Mr. Birch, of the British Museum, who gives us the above translation, tells us that on another coffin is inscribed these significant words (also from the ritual), "Oh! Atum, give thou me the sweet breath of thy nostrils." After a time, however, these prayers and confessions of faith were written on papyrus scrolls, which were placed in the hands of the dead. The inscriptions on the coffins were not always confined to religious exercises. The bows, arrows, quivers, shirts, wigs, mirrors, sandals and cosmetics of the deceased—the ducks he loved at d'nner—the geese, the haunches, the bread, the salt and the wine-these are all detailed at the head of the coffins of an earlier period.

But we have had enough of the dead, perhaps. We shall add no more, then, save that little figures (idols they have been called, without much apparent reason) were sometimes wrapped with the mummies; and that on the dead man's breast, over his heart, was laid an image of the sacred beetle—emblem of that resurrection which we can only hope will be blessed to us all.

TRUTH.—Ah! if we would but pledge ourselves to truth, as we do to some imaginary mistress; and think life too short, because it abridged our time of service, what a new world we should have! Most men pay their vows to her in youth, and go up into the bustle of life with her kiss warm upon their lips, and her blessing laying upon their hearts like dew; but the world has lips less chary and cheaper benedictions, and if the broken troth-plight, with their humble village-mistress, comes over them sometimes with a pang, she knows how to blandish away remorse and persuades them, ere old age, that their young enthusiasm was a folly and an indiscretion.

Tarring and feathering, it seems, is a European as well as a Transatlantic custom. One of Richard Cœur de Lion's ordinances for the scamen was, "that if any man were taken with theft or pickery, and thereof convicted, he should have his head polled, and hot pitch poured upon his pate, and upon that the feathers of some pillow or cushion shaken aloft, that he might thereby be known for a thief, and at the arrival of the ships to any lind, be put forth of the company to seek his adventure, without all hope of return unto his fellows."

HEARTS. - Hearts are of several kinds and of widely different natures. First, there are walled-up hearts; and these are of two kinds: about one kind the wall is high and strong; and to surmount it is a work of extreme difficulty, but if you can get inside you have entered Eden. Fragrant and sweet, and fair, as the visions seen in dreams, is that enclosed garden; and it is worth hard labor to gain admission there. The other has a wall as high and strong, and full as hard to get over; and when at last, with torn flesh and dislocated joints, you have scaled it, you wish you hadn't, for there is nothing inside but rocks and cold water. The trouble with these two descriptions of hearts is that 'tis impossible to distinguish the one from the other until you have almost worn yourself out in mounting the walls. Another kind of heart is that which, having nothing to fence it in, lies open to the passage of all men and cattle; a waste unfruitful field, of no use to anybody and less to its owner. But there is another kind of heart-a rare creation, but a real one-whose wall is low, and almost hid by flowers. The birds make their nests in it; and sing as they swing upon its swaying twigs and festooning vines. Beyond the wall, itself a thing of fragrance, beauty and joy, lie the enchanting gardens. Delightful bowers invite the way-worn traveller to enter and repose. Spirits of love and beauty beckon the sad and lonely ones to the feast of souls; and a charmed light and glory hover in the whole joyous air. This is the true type of heart.

"OHNE HAST, OHNE RAST."-This was the favorite motto of the great German poet, Goethe-" without haste, without rest." Could there a better motto? It embodies the true idea of human life. According to its suggestion, we should never be in a hurry to assume the responsibilities of life, and when they are assumed, we should never rest from our labors till our whole duty is performed. The German motto, "Ohne Hast, ohne Rast," has its synonyms among our own maxims, such as "the more hurry, the less speed," and "slow, but sure." It inculcates evenness of thought and steadiness of purpose. It condemns the doing of things by fits and starts. It represents the temper of reliable men-one who accomplishes whatever he undertakes, and inspires his associates and those relying upon him with confidence. It is in fine an embodiment of our highest ideas of human greatness, which are expressed by the words, "patience and courage"-patience to await the indications of our duty-courage to do it when the time for action comes, and the right thoroughly and cheerfully, instead



THE WINDMILL .- F. W. EDMONDS, N. A.

of negligently and moodily! One of our poets has sung—"Life is solemn, life is earnest"—and verily it is so. It is full of work worthy of the noblest souls—work which permits of neither haste nor rest. "Onward, but steady"—" without haste, without rest"—these are the conditions which ever providentially accompany the true man's life, whatever may be his sphere of activity.

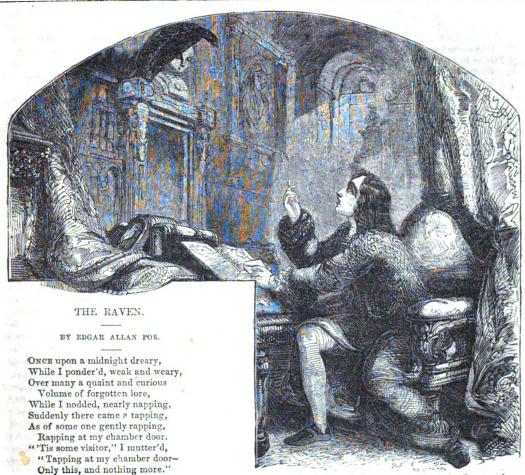
An Anecdors of the Senior Mathews. - Mathews, the mimic, could effect so extraordinary a change in the appearance and expression of his face, by simply tying up the tip of his nose with a piece of catgut, that he has frequently taken leave. as if for the evening, of a company, amongst whom were some of his most intimate friends, and returned to them some time afterwards, so transformed, that not one of them has recognised him. He once indulged in this frolic in a manner as whimsical as it was remarkable. He was dining with an acquaintance, Mr. A-, a respectable pawnbroker in the Strand. In the course of the dinner Mr. A-was summoned to the shop below, upon some business of sufficient importance to require his personal attention. Presently Mathews snatched a couple of spoons from the table, quitted the room, disguised his face in the manner described, put on his hat, left the house by the private door, and entering the shop, offered to his friend himself the two spoons in pledge; having received the sum he demanded, and a duplicate, he re-entered the house and quietly resumed his seat amongst the company. Upon the return of Mr. A-, to his utter amazement, Mathews placed before him the duplicate and money which, but a few minutes before, his entertainer had given him for his own property.

CORRECT Speaking .- We advise all young people to acquire in early life the habit of using good language, both in speaking and writing, and to abandon as early as possible any use of slang words and phrases. The longer they live the more difficult the acquisition of good language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be past in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very probably doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads instead of the slang which he hears; to form his taste from the best speakers and poets of the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and habituate himself to their use, avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast which show rather the weakness of a vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind.

GIVE THE DOGS WATER.—At every place where horses are watered, such as at cab stands, a small tank should be placed for dogs. There are hundreds of wild dogs in Rome without homes or masters, which sleep anywhere in the streets, but you never hear of a mad dog in that city, because there are fountains in every public street, besides numbers in the private courtyards, so that water is abundantly accessible. The dogs come every evening at dusk into the Piazza del Popolo, in droves of twenty or thirty at a time, to drink before going to sleep.

ATTAINMENTS OF LINGUISTS .- Taking the very highest estimate which has been offered of their attainments, the list of those who have been reputed to have possessed more than ten languages is a very short one. Only four-Mithridates, Pico of Mirandola, Jonadab Alhanæ and Sir William Jones-are said in the loosest sense to have passed the limit of twenty. To the first two fame ascribes twenty-two, to the last two twenty-eight languages. Müller, Niebuhr, Fulgence, Fresnel, and perhaps Sir John Bowring, are usually set down as knowing twenty languages. For Elihu Burrit and Cosma de Körös, their admirers claim eighteen. Renaudot, the controversialist, is said to have known seventeen; Professor Lee, sixteen; and the attainments of the older linguists, as Arias, Montamus, Martin del Rio, the converted Rabbi Libettas Cominetus, the Admirable Crichton, are said to have ranged from this down to ten or twelvemost of them the ordinary languages of learned and of polite

If there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, where they have been honestly, truly, and zealously cultivated.



Ah, distinctly I remember,
It was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember
Wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wish'd the morrow;
Vainly I had tried to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—
Sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden
Whom the angels name LenoreNameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad uncertain
Rustling of each purple curtain
Thrill'd me—fill'd me with fantastic
Terrors never felt before;
So tha now, to still the beating
Of my heart. I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating
Entrance at my chamber door.
Some late visitor entreating
Entrance at my chamber door—
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger;
Hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly
Your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping,
And so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping,
Tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you,"
Here I open'd wide the door:
Darkness there, and nothing more!

Deep into that darkness peering,
Long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal
Ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken,
And the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken

Was the whisper'd word "Lenore!"
This I whisper'd, and an echo
Murmured back the word "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning,
All my soul within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping
Somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is
Something at my window lattice:
Let me see, then, what thereat is,
And this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment,
And this mystery explore.—
"Tis the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter,
When, with many a firt and flutter,
In there stepp'd a stately raven
Of the saintly days of yore:
Not the least obeisance made he;
Not an instant stopp'd or stay'd he
But, with mien of lord or lady,
Perch'd above my chamber door—
Perch'd upon a bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door—
Perch'd, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling
My sad fancy into smilling
By the grave and stern decorum
Of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,
Thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient raven,
Wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is
On the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."
Much I marvell d this ungainly

Much I marvell d this ungainly
Fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—
Little relevancy bore

For we cannot help agreeing
That no living human being
Ever yet was bless'd with secing
Bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured
Bust above his chamber door,
With such a name as "Nevermore."

But the raven sitting lonely
On the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in
That one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he utter'd—
Not a feather then he flutter'd—
Till I scarcely more than mutter'd,
"Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me,
As my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said "Nevermore.'

Started at the stillness broken
By reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "wha it utters
Is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master
Whom unmerciful Disaster
Follow'd fast and follow'd faster,
Till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope the
Melanchoty burden bore
Of 'Nevermore'—of 'Nevermore.'"

But the raven still beguiling
All my sad sout inte smiling,
Straight I wheel'd a cushion'd seat in
Front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then upon the vervet sinking,
I betook mysen to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking
What this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly,
Gaunt and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing,
But no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now
Burn'd into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining,
With my head at ease reclining
On the cushion'd velvet lining
That the lamplight gloated o'er;
But whose velvet violet lining
With the lampligh' gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser,
Pertum'd from an unseen censer,
Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls
Tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee
By these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe
From thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe,
And forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—
Propnet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempest sent, or whether
Tempest toss'd thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted,
On this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—
Tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?
Tell me, tell me, I implore:"
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil— Prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—
By that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden
If, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden Whom the angels name Lenore— Clasp a rare and radiant maiden Whom the angels name Lenere." Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting,
Bird or fiend!" I shrick'd upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest
And the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token
Of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—
Quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart,
And take thy form from off my deer!"
Quo't the raven "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting,
Still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming
Of a demon that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming
Throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow
That lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore.

A POPULAR ACCOUNT OF THE SEPOYS OF INDIA.

The military force in India comprises four distinct armies, made up of the Queen's regiments, and the separate armies of Bengal, Madras and Bombay. The services of the Bengal troops are rarely required beyond the limits of their own presidency; but it has occasionally happened that special emergency has demanded their aid, which has never been accorded without much dissatisfaction, and in some instances the outbreak of mutiny. The sea—Kalapawnee, or blackwater—is an object of special dread to them, involving damage to their caste and impairing their efficiency as soldiers, since their religion will not allow them to cook food on board ship, but compels them to live on dry pulse, sugar and stagnant water.

According to the strict rule of their faith, no Brahmin can be a soldier, since the law forbids them to take life; but they overlook this vital principle for the sake of pay and profit. The cow is a sacred animal in their estimation, but they consent to wear shoes made of leather rather than march barefoot, and have no objection to relax the observance of any article of devout profession whenever it stands in the way of repose or rupees. Tall and handsomely made, with a love of idleness and display which makes up in no slight degree the character of a model soldier, they are to outward appearance the beau ideal of a warrior race. The rules of the service provide that only a limited number of Brahmins, out of the thousand men composing the regiment, shall be entertained; but it seldom happens that less than two-thirds are really borne on the muster-roll. their custom being to enroll themselves as Rajpoots or Chettryas, which they may do with impunity, the Brahmin being permitted to take up and lay down his caste at pleasure.

Where they are really religious, their conscientious scruples interfere with the performance of half the duties which a soldier should perform; and where otherwise their idleness and insolence make them even worse servants of the state. They must live and mess by themselves, no man of any inferior caste being allowed to come within a certain distance of their cooking places, lest the wind should sweep the taint of his pollution across the food intended to nourish the stomachs of the twice-born. The strength of discipline is materially impaired by the reverence which the chief native commissioned officer entertains for the rawest recruit who may happen to be a member of the priestly class. The feeling in this respect is exactly analogous to that which most London tradesmen would entertain with regard to the son of a nobleman, whom poverty or eccentricity might compel to serve behind the counter.

Whilst regiments belonging to the other presidencies will cheerfully take spade and pick-axe, and work when occasion calls for their services, the Bengal Brahmin would rather sub-

mit to any inconvenience than contaminate his hands with the marks of labor. He is never more, but often less, than a fighting man, who has been pampered till, as was natural to an Asiatic under such circumstances, he lapsed into rebellion. Happily, he has now abolished himself, and his family traditions of pay and pension, enjoyed from father to son for generations, are brought to a close.

The orders of government provide for the enlistment of two hundred Sikhs in every regiment, and had the instruction been always complied with, it might have fared better with the army at large. The Sikh is a born soldier, caring nothing whatever for caste, save in the instance of a veneration for the cow, and anxious above all things to uphold his reputation as a genuine fighter. In the field he is a match for any two or more Hindoos, and prides himself upon his near resemblance to the European, whose prowess he regards with dread and admiration. He messes with the rest of his comrades, cooks with them at a common fireplace, eats pork and drinks rum like an Anglo-Saxon, and will handle with equal relish the musket and the pioneer's axe: but then he is independent, and lacks the cringing spirit which too many of our countrymen are fond of. He refuses to cut his beard, and does not look seemly in the ranks amongst the neat, smooth-shaved Brahmins, and so he has got to be disliked by adjutants and commanding officers, snubbed when offering himself for service, and looked down upon if entertained, instead of being cared for and led to identify himself with the feelings and interests of the dominant race.

Then his sect is dying out in the Punjaub, and the spirit of the Khalsa no longer lives in the sons of the men who shook British power at Ferozeshah and Moodkee, and needed but the aid of honest men as leaders to come to death grips with us in the rice-fields of Bengal. With but one partial exception, they have stood true to us throughout the present troubles when embodied in separate corps, but have been too weak to withstand the united influence of Brahmin and Mussulman. They despise the Hindoo and hate the Mussulman, and we believe may be safely trusted under wise restrictions for the future.

The Madras and Bombay Sepoy armies, though composed of men far inferior in appearance to the Bengal regiments, are yet nfinitely more efficient as soldiers, because caste has little or no weight with them. They will go anywhere and perform every part of a soldier's duty, as cheerfully as Europeans. A large proportion of the Madras regiments are composed of low caste Hindoos, with whom no scruples on the score of religion weigh against the performance of duty.

In the Southern Presidency, the families of the men always accompany them, a custom which, however inconvenient in general, and at times productive of dissatisfaction, affords an almost certain guarantee for the fidelity of the men. Their sons, as they grow up, hang about the lines and the officers' quarters, pick up a modicum of English, cagerly avail themselves of every opening to play at servants or soldiers, and by the time they arrive at manhood, or the age at which they are permitted to be taken on the strength of the corps, have been thoroughly identified with it. A certain number of them are enlisted under the denomination of "recruit boys," and the sons of Sepoys who have died in battle, or on foreign service, receive a monthly allowance. Throughout the native Indian army, the nearest relative of the soldier killed in action, or who dies abroad, is pensioned.

It is hardly to be expected that men, however honest and high-minded, should be found willing to denounce the evils of a system from which they derive the means of existence; but never have Bengal and Madras troops been brigaded together, that dislike and dissension have not sprung up on the part both of officers and men. The Bengal officer, proud of the magnificent appearance of his troops, experienced, as the eye glanced along the line on parade, the feeling with which a man of wealth contemplates the aristocratic air of his butler, and the glorious calves of his footman. By the side of the small, meagre Madrassee, mean in look, and low in moral estimation, the Brahmin or Rajpoot from Oude suggested a comparison between the high-blooded racer and the drudging back; and if war was not another name for work such as tasks the highest capacity of I may do nothing unworthy of its whiteness."

both body and will, the superiority would be real as well as

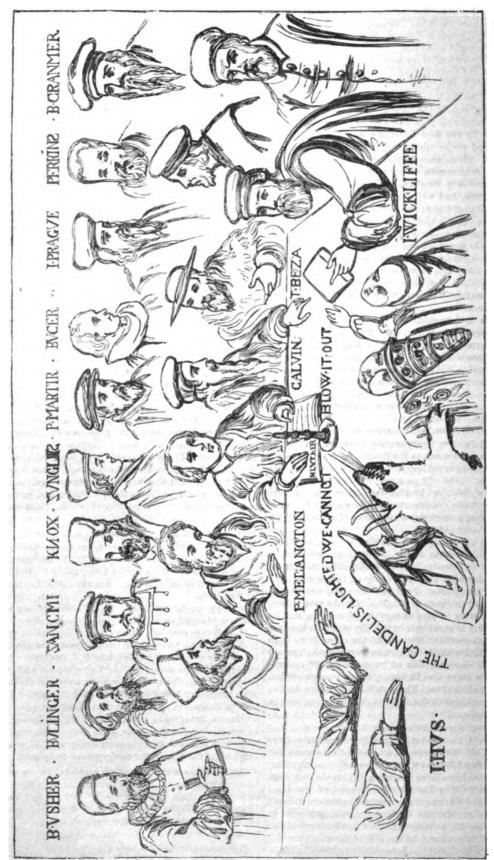
But the comparison which holds good on the review-ground halts in the trenches, on the nightly bivouac, or the guarded post. The Madrassee will handle a spade as readily as a musket. He eats and sleeps in his uniform when on guard, crosses the sea without a murmur, and cooks his food wherever he can obtain fire and water. The handsome high-caste Brahmin lords it over him as naturally as a member of the peerage dominates over a Sheffield radical, and he avenges himself much after the Yorkshire fashion, by vaunting his more useful gifts. He can walk farther, shoot straighter, and fight better, according to Madras traditions, and we are not sure that the boast is illfounded. "Who will follow a damned black fellow?" was the exclamation of a little Madras Sepoy, as he dashed into the open field in the face of a withering fire. The implied sense of degradation and consciousness of bravery were shared in, perhaps, by the great majority of his comrades.

VALUE OF THE PRECIOUS STONES .- The finest varieties of sapphire come from Pegu, where they occur in the Caprelon mountains near Syria. The red variety—the ruby—is most highly valued. Its color is between a bright scarlet and crimson. A perfect ruby above three and a half carats is more valuable than a diamond of the same weight. If it weigh one carat it is worth fifty-two dollars; two carats, two hundred and eight dollars; three carats, seven hundred and eighty dollars; six carats, fiftytwo thousand dollars. A deep colored ruby, exceeding twenty carats in weight, is generally called a carbuncle. The largest oriental ruby known to be in the world was brought from China, to Prince Gargarria, Governor of Siberia; it came afterwards into the possession of Prince Menchikoff, and constitutes now a jewel in the imperial crown of Russia. A good blue sapphire of ten carats is valued at two hundred and sixty dollars; if it weighs twenty carats, its value is one thousand and forty dollars; but under ten carats, the price may be estimated by multiplying the square of its weight in carats into a quarter eagle. The sapphire of Brazil is merely a blue tournabine, as its specific gravity and inferior hardness shows. White sapphires are sometimes so pure that when properly cut and polished they have been passed for diamonds. The yellow and green sapphires are much prized under the names of oriental topaz and emerald. The specimens which exhibit all these colors associated in one stone are highly prized

SOLITUDE.—Still, some people say they prefer solitude. They are "never so happy as when alone." No one doubts it. No one objects to it. It's a lawful taste, under limitations, if not a very useful or amiable one. But the point that provokes one is, that instead of being aslamed of it, and trying to conceal it as they would any other moral obliquity—as a taste for amateur shoplifting, or any awkward propensity of that kind -these people parade it; they claim to be praised for it; they look down upon you with the most magnificent air of superiority. "My mind to me a kingdom is," say they. Very well; rule it and have done with it; I don't want to invade your kingdom. But don't usurp a regency over my mind. My mind is no kingdom; I don't want any such kingdom; I might as well be Robinson Crusoe. The man whom you borrow that fine sentiment from was in prison and wisely made the best of it; he could sing another note when out of his cage. Travel through the world in your own sulky way, if you will, but don't affect to sneer at our more social conveyances.

The following is the title of a pamphlet in verse written two hundred years ago: "Tobacco Battered, and the Pipes Shattered (about their Ears who idly idolize so base and barbarous a Weed), by a Volley of Holy Shot, thundered from Mount Helicon." It is perhaps the earliest satire on the use of tobacco.

PLUTARCH speaks of the long white beard of an old Laconian, who, being asked why he let it grow to such a length, replied, "It is, that having my white beard continually before my eyes,



CURIOUS OLD ENGRAVING .-- AN ALLEGORY REPRESENTING THE GREAT REFORMERS AND THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN PROTESTANTISM AND PAPACY.

. WANTED-A HUSBAND FOR MY NIECE!

ONE morning in the month of August, 1835, there was a great crowd in the Café de la Regence. At the period we speak of all the best chess-players held a sort of club in this elegant café, situated in the Palais Royal. The greater number of those "Push-wood," as a celebrated author has called them, were men of the highest distinction. Several, who had played a high game in the political comedies of the times, formed a sort of gallery round the room, but the most prominent personages were a combined group of old naval and military officers.

This part of Paris has greatly changed since that time. The Palace of the Palais Royal has disappeared to make room for a much larger one; the Café de la Regence, proscribed as standing in the way, has transported itself two hundred feet farther off; but those are not the only things which have changed within the last twenty years.

Independent of these chess-players, who were the admiration of Europe then, one also met in the same establishment the last types of a race which has almost disappeared—the great sticklers for points of honor, and noted duellists; for the two make but one. These represented a side of the French character, which is daily more and more disappearing. Amongst the most prominent of those more frequently quoted than others, was a young man named Jules du Parc, known equally well for his duels and gallantries. He was a tall, good-looking man, about seven-and-twenty, not too dandyfied, neither too negligent in his person. Never having learned a profession, he was an idle man, and profusely spent his paternal inheritance; principal and interest were alike disappearing. One of his characteristics, a virtue of those days, was to be very ticklish about all points of honor. He was said to have had more duels than even love affairs. He was noted for having had more hostile meetings in the Bois de Boulogne on one subject alone than on

In France, the "de" and "du" before the name denote nobility. Jules Duparc cut his name in two, and signed Du Parc, for which he had been severely quizzed, which quizzing he silenced with a sword thrust, and more than ever signed himself Jules du Parc.

Apart from this absurdity he had many good qualities. The day of which we write he was scated at a table with several companions, to whom he was relating some egotistical history of love or war; but the adventure was so surrounded by romantic episodes, that no one believed it. An incredulous smile stole over the features of the listeners.

Two steps from the table where were Jules and his friends sat a little, old man, alone. He appeared to be about sixty years of age. A little black silk cap crowned a few gray hairs. Nothing in his appearance announced an energetic nature, except the little black piercing eyes, like a beetle's.

The waiters said that he was one of the oldest customers of the house; every morning at half-past ten he entered and seated himself at the same table; without inquiry they brought him a small cup of coffee. This disposed of, he rose, and for hours would watch the chess-players, or else he amused himself with a newspaper, but no one ever heard him speak a word.

In the room amongst those who generally frequented the Café de la Regence, it was supposed that he was an old naval officer, but nothing was positively known.

On this day Jules du Parc, perceiving that no one gave credit to what he had been relating, raised his voice, and without more ceremony, turned towards the old man.

"Sir!" he exclaimed, intending to appeal to his judgment; but the old naval officer never raised his head from looking at the paper. "Eh, sir! eh, man with the black silk cap!" cried Jules, in quite a familiar tone, "is it not the case, that nothing could be more probable than what I relate to this company?"

Here the old man opened his eyes widely, those piercing black orbs; drank off a glass of water, and flinging a franc to the waiter, prepared to go; but when he got near the door he turned round towards Jules du Parc, and uttered the little hissing sounds represented by "pssia, sssia" (the way they call at it this time."

tention without ceremony in France), and at the same time beckened to Jules.

"Is it me you are calling in that manner, my good man?" asked he.

The other nodded his head affirmatively. Jules, suffocating with rage, rose precipitately and rejoined him

"Let us go out, sir," he whispered; "a scene is always a proof of bad taste."

"You called me in a most ungentlemanly manner," he continued, when they were out of the cafe.

"I don't deny it."

"Sir !"

"Let us have no row!" said the other, in a whisper. "Just now you were doubly in fault towards me."

" But, sir-"

"Let me conclude. In the first place I am by thirty years your senior; this you could not be ignorant of. In the second place, you owe a deference to an unknown man, who, at your age, may have been a person of much consequence, which we may naturally suppose, from your present behavior, that you will never be."

Jules du Parc became as pale as marble.

"You are aged, sir," he said; "that may be seen without your telling us. But for that circumstance, I would make you pay for your words dearly."

"Pray, do not control your wishes," was the cool reply. "I am a pupil of the Chevalier de St. George. Know also that I have been through the Indian wars with Tippoo Saib, and 'twas I who killed the English Colonel Elliott. I am the last of the noted duellists, and have chastised twenty such fellows as you."

"Well, then, sir, the twenty-first will kill you!"

"That's what we shall see, and not later than to-day!"

In 1835 duelling was not prohibited as a crime. It was very easy to settle a dispute, and to find seconds to facilitate such a desire.

The woods of the Ville d'Array were given as the rendez-

"I know an excellent spot," said the old man. "'Twas there honest people crossed their swords in my infancy."

It was settled that they should meet at half-past four—that is to say, according to the ancient custom, an hour before dinner. Next day the old gentleman in the black silk cap came, as usual, to the case of the Regence.

It became known that he had run Jules du Parc through the arm.

In the commencement of the month of September the young man re-appeared at the café also. As soon as his adversary perceived him, he approached, and with a profound bow, said—

"I am delighted to see you, sir. I have something to reproach you with."

"Me'! a reproach!"

"Yes, a reproach, and a serious one. The evening of the day when I gave you a little scratch, I sent you my card; the following one I wrote to ask how you were—an old custom, my, young friend. Now, you did not condescend to answer me, so you see you require a lesson in politeness."

"Rather say in fencing, sir," answered Jules.

"So be it; a lesson in fencing. I am at your service."

The second lesson had the same result as the first.

"You will have three weeks more in bed, my young friend,' said the old sailor. "I shall form you in time!"

In a month Jules got up, and resumed the usual routine of his existence.

"What a mad little old man!" said he to himself; "certainly I am not a coward, but I've had enough. I'll so no more to the Café de la Regence, and so avoid him."

But one day Jules du Parc was walking alone in the Jardin des Plantes (zoological gardens); in turning round the corner he was accosted by a pedestrian.

It was the little man of the black silk cap.

"Ah! here you are!" he cried, "bravo! you are soon over it this time."

- *'Never mind, it will do better next time!"

 - "How, next time? Do you want to fight me again?"
- "Certainly! Don't I owe you your revenge? Twice you have been wounded by me, 'tis too much. Shall I not some day be scratched by you?"

The ironical tone of the little old man in ale the blood rush up to Jules's face.

"You're right," he said, "I don't see why we should not fix an early day of trial."

And a day was accordingly fixed the duelling spirit and fame of both were called into play.

At the time appointed the adversaries met in a noted spot for such purposes.

Fortune is fickle-at the first thrust the old sailor was ounded.

Next day some one rang at his door. It was Jules du Parc, who, not to be behind the other in politeness, had called to inquire after him. He was shown into the bedroom.

"Ah! good day, my dear adversary," cried the invalid. stretching forth a trembling hand to meet his. "It is nothing, absolutely nothing; you have only given me the prick of a pin, that comes of your not stretching out enough; did I not tell you so before? Come, throw yourself on that sofa, and let us talk a bit."

The visitor was not a little amazed at so much joviality.

An unexpected circumstance helped to augment his emotion. Scarcely had he entered before he perceived a fair young creature, with soft, blue eyes, seated by the old man's bedside, and who appeared to watch him with the greatest solicitude.

The old sailor had not failed to remark the other's sudden emotion, and took occasion to speak of the girl when she absented herself for a short time.

- "What do you think of my sick nurse?" he said.
- "She is very pretty, my dear sir."
- "If she were only pretty! but, between ourselves, she has a heart of gold, especially when one is forced to stay at home." She entered at this moment.
- "Yes," continued he, "it is Lucy, my niece-no, I am wrong, it is my own darling child, a child who has not her equal in the world for making herb tea," and he laughed.

Not to seem importunate, the young man rose to abridge his visit; nevertheless, before leaving, he asked permission to return.

"Of course," replied the invalid. "Come as often as you please, until I am quite recovered, and then, why, it will be different, and we shall see whether we must begin again."

"Oh, uncle!" exclaimed the young girl.

"Tranquillise yourself, mademoiselle," said Jules. "I protest to you that the event of yesterday shall not begin anew. So saying, he bowed and departed.

In the course of the evening he discovered more about the sick nurse, who had so much charmed him. She was the niece of his adversary, Captain Huguet, and had always refused most strenuously every proposal of marriage, declaring she never would leave her old uncle alone. Often he urged her to do so.

"I may die and leave you alone," he said, "and what will become of you then?" But Lucy obstinately refused.

"Well, then, Miss Obstinate," he replied, "it will devolve upon me to seek a husband for you - one after my own heart."

This husband Jules du Parc had no reason for supposing would be himself, for everything appeared to form a barrier between the old sailor's niece and him. Nevertheless, the sylph who whispers soft promises in young men's ears buzzed vaguely about Jules's.

"It would be stringe," he soliloquised, "if I became the nephew of the man who has twice wounded me, and who now lies thrust through the arm by my sword "

In three days' time he called again. The invalid was three parts recovered. Jules du Parc found him seated in a large fauteuil in the salon, and Lucy close to his chair, reading to

"Welcome!" cried the captain, holding out his hand.

"Yes, sir thanks to your wrist having lost some of its | the 'Library of Voyages' to me, a book wherein there is a drama at every page. We were reading Dupleix's adventures in India. I, too, have had some strange ones myself. Though such as you see me now, I was on the point of being made a rajah, a prince, governor of a kingdom in Hindostan, but the thing turned out badly. I sent a challenge to the Great Mogul himself, and he was mean enough to reply to it by sending a hundred of his guards armed with scimetars. My friend, Captain Bournier, and I escaped to the seacoast, and set sail in a vessel laying off. At last we touched at Malacca—an enchanted isle, a terrestrial paradise. Bournier, delighted with the view of this lovely country, would remain, and founded a manufactory of indigo. As for me, I preferred returning to France, and here I am wrapped up in flannel. Thus end all romances. Bythe-way, I have, not presented you to another inmate of my house, the only child and heiress of this same Bournier, who was placed under my care to be educated in France. Stay and dine with us, you shall see her. She is a wealthy heiress," whispered in the other's ear.

> And Jules accepted, and being left for awhile together, the captain confided to his young friend now, that he purposed some day sending out Lucy to his friend Bournier, with his own daughter. "For," he continued, "I have but a life interest in my property, and poor Lucy is a penniless orphan, but there she may marry some rich planter."

> Jules felt the color recede from his cheeks at this information. Somehow it was sadly cutting up a happy dream.

> "Money is not happiness," he suggested; "but we cannot live without it. None marry in France with a portionless girl. That would never-

> What he was going to say was nipped in the bud by the sudden return of Lucy, leading in a girl-woman-any age she might have been, for though not ill-looking in feature she was decidedly more than half-caste, and beside the fair, blue-eyed Lucy, looked darker still. This was the heiress, Mademoisclle Bournier. Jules was thunderstruck; though, as an heiress. she had never pre-occupied his thoughts, but now he said to himself-

> "Who would swallow that gilded pill, beside the fair though portionless Lucy?'

> Nevertheless, Mademoiselle Bournier was very amiable and lively, while Lucy seemed sad and ill at case. But though polite to the heiress, all Jules's warmer attentions were for the other.

> But the most provoking part of the business was that evidently the duelling captain seemed to have made up his mind that Jules and Mademoiselle Bournier were to become more than merely friends, and the lady herself evidently was in no way averse to the arrangement.

> From that day, a great degree of intimacy existed between Jules and his new friends. The captain was very soon sufficiently recovered to go out, and parties of four were constantly made to some place or another; but these were complete games of cross purposes, for a man of less vanity than our young friend, Jules, could not have been long in perceiving that his company was not disfasteful to Lucy; and notwithstanding all his scheming, the captain re-olutely tucked her under his arm, and left Jules to gallant mademoiselle.

> Now, for a dark girl, mademoiselle was handsome, and, like all of them, well-proportioned; she might readily have been liked for herself, even without the thousands to back her charms, but when your whole thought is given to one, it is not pleasant to have another fixed upon you as your intended by those far less interested than you, of necessity, must be.

> But Captain Huguet would be blind, and was continually insinuating how delighted his dear friend, Bournier, would be at so agreeable and brave a son-in-law as the unwilling Jules; for his feats in duelling weighed much in his favor in the cap

One day Jules found himself alone with Lucy, and, contrary to every national custom, which demands a formal solicitation of the lady's hand from her relatives, he listened only to love and opportunity, and down on his knees he went, like any poor Strephon immortalised on old-china, with a crook in his hand "Lucy" he said, when the other was seated, "was reading and, shepherd like, he vowed he would break his heart unless

she listened to him. She did listen; but seemed dreadfully confused, more especially when she raised her head and beheld her uncle's face peering through a half open door behind her prostrate lover.

"Leave me-pray leave me! Rise, I beseech you, rise, Monsieur Jules!" she cried in deep agitation; yet she didn't look at all sorrowful—quite the reverse. "Rise, pray rise, and speak to my uncle!" she continued, in a most dutiful manner.

"No!" he impetuously exclaimed; "there's no use my doing so. I have hinted more than once how much I loved you, and he always harps on Mademoiselle Bournier and her money. What's money compared with love?" continued the trembling lover. "I've enough for both-say yes, my Lucy."

But Lucy began, girl like, to cry-soft, gentle tears ran down her cheeks; they were like a summer stream in sunshine, for she looked positively happy; but she wouldn't say yes. And while he still urged, untired on his knees, something resembling a grunt assailed his ears. It acted like magic. It was the cord of a balloon hastily cut, for up he flew, and looked around; but no indiscreet face was there, and before he could detain her, Lucy flew through the open door.

In the middle of the room he stood with a most perplexed look. He did not bite his nails; but he looked as if much inclined to do so, to help his cogitation.

And while he stood thus, the captain entered.

"Ah! Jules, my boy!" he said in a jovial tone, "glad to see you; how long have you been here?" Why did nobody tell me sooner?"

Jules stammered something or other in reply.

The captain, however, did not appear to notice his confusion, but added, "I am glad you've come. You must spend the day with us. We have formed the project of going for a stroll in the Bois de Boulogne, and of dining there—you must come."

"And have that Mademoiselle Bournier on my arm all day!" thought Jules. "But I am resolved to have an explanation this very day.'

So he accepted resolutely, like a man resolved to get out of his perplexities. As a matter of course, despite all his manœuvring, Jules found mademoiselle hanging on his arm, while the uncle and niece followed close behind.

In one of the alleys near Passy, a gentleman passed the party on horseback. The road was rather muddy, and riding too close to them, he splashed Lucy's dress with mud.

Not a word of excuse would the angry captain listen to, but, uttering an insulting epithet about "tailors on horseback," he thrust his card into the other's hand. And Jules, relinquishing the arm of his fair-dark companion, claimed the honor, too, of blowing out the rider's brains or running him through.

An altercation ensued, and Lucy, almost fainting, exclaimed: "Oh, Heaven! another duel!"

But the challenged one was staring at the card in his hand.

"I beg pardon," he said, in a quiet, but anxious tone, addressing the captain, "but are you Captain Huguet, of the frigate Bellona?"

"I am—what of that?"

"My dear sir!" exclaimed the delinquent, springing from his saddle, and grasping the other's unwilling hand; "for six years I have been seeking you everywhere."

"Seeking me!—I don't understand."

"No, but you will. I am the only child of your old friend Captain Bournier, who died at Malacca, in 1828. In his last moments he said to me, "I leave you an ample fortune, but I also leave you a second father, my old friend Captain Huguet. Seek him; 'tis my last desire, and present him with my Hindoo pipe, enriched with diamonds, as a token of my esteem."

"The only child!" exclaimed Jules, in surprise.

who is Mademoiselle Bournier?"

As the designated that lady, she, nowise confused, laughed pleasantly in his face.

"I'll explain all," said the captain, warmly shaking the hand of his old friend's son. "Return with us, my boy, and you shall know all about your unknown sister, too."

Some short time later the whole party met in the captain's

and played you a trick. The fact is, I lived in dread of my Lucy being sought by some fortune-hunter. I have long been in search myself of one worthy of her, one brave enough to protect her, disinterested enough to love her for herself. I was in the next room to-day, and heard all you said.'

"You, captain!" exclaimed the puzzled Jules.

"Yes; I have said, I have proved you brave and disinterested, so you shall be my nephew, and I have a snug little fortune for my girl, too; so take her, my boy, and be happy!"

"But who, who is Mademoiselle Bournier?" asked the only child of the captain's defunct friend, who had gleaned a portion of the whole.

"I!" answered that lady smiling, and showing her beautiful teeth of dazzling whiteness, compared with her dark skin. "I am the wife of an old friend of the captain's, and have lent myself for this occasion, to win a worthy husband for my dear Lucy. Brought up in France, I was able most fully to enter into the scheme."

Jules, on whose arm Lucy hung, warmly pressed the beauti fully rounded though dark hand held out to him.

"Ah! you will press my hand now!" she said, laughing; "but Mademoiselle Bournier had much difficult" in getting a civil word from you."

"And now let us go in to dinner," said the captain, joyously, leaning on young Bournier's arm, "and you and I will have a chat over Malacca and your poor father."

"Allow me, my dear sister," exclaimed Bournier, "to offer you an arm, too-we three can talk together of distant places. I dare say the couple following us will find food for conversa tion without our administering it to them."

"Oh, Jules," whispered Lucy, "promise me you will give up duelling; 'tis a barbarous custom. True courage lies in avoiding all which may offend, and never wounding others' feelings, however they may seek to annoy us. A courageous man is always dignified, and true dignity never condescends to quarrel."

"My little lecturer," whispered Jules. And then, when urged, he said softly, "Yes," close to her cheek, "yes, anything to gain your esteem, as I have on your love."

THE ELLOW POST-OFFICE Dog.—An admirer of dogs tells the following story in the Edinburgh Express: Ellon is a post town or village, about eighteen miles north of Aberdeen; and about forty years ago I sojourned in its neighborhood. There was a dog that came from a place about six or eight miles further inland, with a letter bag, delivered it at the post-office, Ellon, got his letters put into his bag, and trotted home with the letters for that part of the country where his home was. But betwixt Ellon and his home there was a farm-steading which he had to pass through or close by. The farmer had a dog which was more than a match for the post dog, and often gave him very severe drubbings. One day he attacked the post dog, usac him very ill, and kept him long, but he got off from him, still holding fast his bag of letters. He got home rather later than usual; his owner soon perceived the reason of the delay, by seeing his wounds, &c. He was offered his usual hire-a piece of oaten cake; he would not look at it. Supper time came round, but, behold no dog could be found! About two miles farther on than the post dog's home was a farm-steading, and there was a dog much stronger than either of the two already mentioned. The post dog, it turned out afterwards, made a friendly call on his neighbor, and no doubt had told him how he was used, and how he had suffered. His friend sympathized with him, and off they set together. They arrived at the aggressor's place of abode, and as he could not give any reason why he had interrupted the post, there and then they killed

THE SCHOOL FOR GOOD MANNERS.—As George III. was once walking the quarter-deck of a man of-war, with his hat on, a sailor asked his messmate "who that fellow was who did not douse his peak to the admiral?" "Why, it's the king." "Well, king or no king," retorted the other, "he's an unmannerly dog!" "Why, where should he learn manners?" 'Forgive me, Jules,' he said, "for having deceived you replied Jack; "he was never outside of land in his life."

AN EPISODE FROM LIFE.

BY SHELDON CHADWICK.

An episode from my life
I sung it four years ago,
In a little song to my wife,
Of a baby under the snow.
One said it was very sweet,
A poet of some renown,
But here is the tale complete,
To a riper blessom blown.

Twas morn when we sallied forth From Guisborough's swarded square, For Scarborough's town of mirth Over miles of moorland bire; We seemed like the twain exile! From the Eden bowers of dld, And we gloated over our chil!, Like a miser over his gold.

Out on the rugged moor
Our tenderling babe fell ill,
But there was no mercy-door
Anear those snow mountains chill;
Twas nursed by my angel bride
As none but a mother can,
And we were refused a ride
On the passing prison van.

Hovered the frost-fiend round,
Sharpening his icy dart,
Our fielgiing birdie he found,
And shot it into its heart.
Death, like a spectre grim,
From his sword the death lrop shed;
We knew in the dark 'twas h m,
For our cherub child was dead.

Was it want, disease, or coll,
That our little firstling killed?
Or was sorrow over it rolled
With its mother's milk distilled?
We knew not—its wings were furled
When the night struck on the moor,
And I never dare tell the world
The thoughts that my bosom tore.

Oh, was it a world of love,
The work of the Perfect Mind;
Did God look down from nbove,
To human misery blind?
Or was it a howling hell,
Which the rich escaped by gold,
While the poor were doomed to yell,
In its flames of torment rolled?

From the moors we now looked down On Scarborough grand and still; Twas night when we reached the tewn, Which lay at the foot of the hill. We saw churches with gilled domes, Where the golden cross was set, And balconied marble homes, Where the jeyous circles met.

Oh! was it a City of Gold,
Like Aladdin's garlen fair,
Empalaced where ocean rolled
His music on fragrant air?
"Tis too fine for work like ours,"
To my wife, I sighing, said;
"And where, 'mong its halls and bowers,
Shall we lay our baby dead?"

While the faint moon sadly glowed O'er the sea-side rocky tops, A river of people flowed In the light of lamps and shops. I stared in each passing face With a feeling of anguish wild, As Hon some brow to trace The thought of a dear dead child.

We knocked at many a door
In Scarberough's lordly town,
For a place of rest, before
The midnight in snow came down;
Put all were "full," and we wept;
A dead lamb no fold could find.
Oh! our little darling slept,
And heard not the word unkind.

My wife sat down by the gate
Of a mansion, ill and tired;
She had not seemed so desolate
Since our only joy expired;
She rocked on her frozen breast
Our bird with a lullaby,
As if it had stirred in its nest,
With its well-known moaning cry

Still silently fell the snow;
Frem theatres carriages sped,
And my wife rocked to and fro
In grief o'er our baby dead.
Just as she reeled in a faint,
With sickness, a form came past,
With the tender soul of a saint,
And found us shelter at last.

Oh! agony parched my lip,
Despair did my bosom whelm,
My brain staggered like a ship
With misery at the helm;
While wandering by the strand,
I thought of a watery shroud,
But Mercy's benignaut hand
Was stretched through Misfortune's cloud.

Our babe in its quiet sleep
Lay shrouded as soft as balm,
And the children came to peep
At its beauty, murbly calm;
Twas touched with diviner grace
Than when it had lived and smiled,
And hunger would leave its trace
No more on our darling child.

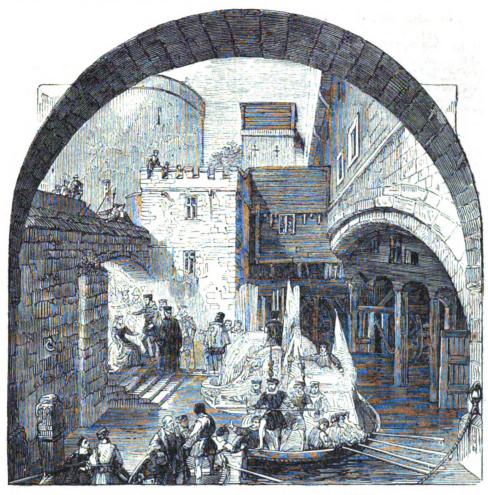
O'er its beauty infantile
A nimbus of glory fell:
There lingered a rosebud smile,
A beautiful, peaceful spell;
The fingers of Nature wove
Its ringlets, which clustered free;
And pure was its breast of love,
As the wild young swan's may be.

In a plain deal box we shrined
Its delicate little form,
Twas not with soft satin lined,
Its icy repose to warm.
From suffering it was freed,
Released was the prisoned dove,
There was one mouth less to feed
And one angel more above.

The funeral day came on,
Two mourners wont hand in hand
And laid it beneath the stone
In a hole filled up with sand;
And when I've a pound to spare,
And bright are the summer akies,
I will take my children there,
To see where their brother lies.

Baby's Rival.—There are many persons who make a practice of saying to little children, to whom has come the gift of a brother or sister, "Now, baby, your nose is put out of joint; you never can be mother's baby any more, for she has got another." This is said in thoughtlessness-often with glee; but it sinks like a stone into the baby heart to which it is addressed. Were one to go to a grown man and tell him that his house and home, and all that rested within it, had gone none knew whither, but where he never more might hope to see them, it would not be a more cruel blow to him than it is to a little two or three years' old child, to tell him that he can never be his mother's baby any more. It makes him a poor, frightened little outcast in a moment; and any one that, realising this fact, can so sport with the feelings of a tender babe, is worthy of being promoted to the office of chief torturer in some bar barous despot's court.

NAILERS AND TAILORS.—"John," inquired a dominie of a hopeful pupil, "what is a nailer?" "A man who makes makes nails," replied hopeful, quite readily. "Verge good. Now, what is a tailor?" "One who makes tails," was the equally quick reply. "Oh! you blockhead," said the dominie, biting his lips; "a man who makes tails! did you ever?" "To be sure," quoth hopeful; "if the tailor did nt put tails to the coats he made, they would all be jackets?" "Ah! well to be sure, I didn't think of that," replied the dominie.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH CONVEYED TO THE TOWER OF LONDON.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

Those were sad days for England when the good young monarch Edward VI. had prematurely closed his eyes in death, and his stern, misguided sister followed him in 1553 upon the throne of England. The young and tender blossom of Protestantism shrivelled and withered, as if by blight, instantaneously upon the accession of the Bloody Queen; before even her eager hand was stretched forth to grasp and crush the nascent Reformation it shrank quivering into nothingness in England, and the light that had commenced to dawn upon a regenerated nation disappeared in an instant under the eclipse of royal fanaticism and of ecclesiastical craft. The superstitions of Rome resumed their former ascendancy; the Bible was banished from the church, the reformed preacher from his pulpit; and already dark forebodings of the stake and torture had settled heavily on the people's hearts. England was paralyzed. Her reign of terror had commenced.

In this period of universal anxiety the eyes of the prostrate nation were directed towards the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Henry VIII. by Anne Boleyn, and heiress presumptive to the throne. On her conduct now depended the future of the English race.

During the nine days' reign of Lady Jane Grey, the Princess Elizabeth had remained in seclusion at Hatfield, alleging indisposition as the reason, and she was here sought out by hundreds of the Protestant gentlemen of the country, who hastened to offer her their allegiance and protection, in case any attempt should be made by the ambitious Duke of Northumberland to obtain possession of her person.

The nation, however, refused to accept the compulsory usurpation of the Lady Jane, and Queen Mary was proclaimed

in London in July, 1553. On the 29th of that month the Princess Elizabeth entered London, with an escort of at least two thousand gentlemen and knights. She took up her abode at Somerset House, her city residence.

She did not immediately meet the queen. Mary was residing at a little distance from the capital; and some deliberation was used before the sisters, who had been separated for so many years, could meet. Many of the supporters, indeed, of the Princess Elizabeth were urgent in their counsels that she should avoid the presence of Mary, and hinted at possible danger in an interview. There was, indeed, a strong probability that the bigotry of Mary would cause her to forget the dictates of humanity as well as the considerations of duty to a daughter of her own father. Mary-completely devoted to the Roman Catholic religion, and accustomed to yield her conscience into the keeping of a priest-might well be suspected of concealed projects affecting the liberty, if not the life of the Protestant princess. Still it would appear that Mary, in despite of her almost incredible narrow-mindedness and slavish adherence to Rome, preserved a teeling, if not of affection, yet of attachment-a species of scrupulous, perhaps superstitious feelingfor her half sister; and no persuasions of the Roman Catholic party could induce her to consent to the death of Anne Boleyn's daughter. Yet such a consummation would have deprived the Protestant party of their only legitimate head, by making way for Mary Queen of Scots, as immediate heiress to the throne in default of issue from the queen herself.

Elizabeth, however, decided fearlessly upon meeting her sister, and rode out with a cortége of ladies to the village of Wanstead, where she met the queen. The interview, which was prefaced by a kiss, was outwardly cordial, but the royal ladies separated after a few formal words, and Elizabeth returned to her palace of Somerset House.

The apparent friendship, however, which was shown by Mary towards her sister alarmed as well as disappointed the rancorous prelates who surrounded her and formed her council. Gardiner. in especial, the crafty and cruel Bishop of Winchester, was foremost in counselling what he termed "vigorous measures" in the matter of the heretical princess. His perseverance was such that Mary at length gave way so far as to resolve that her half sister should be compelled to abjure the Protestant faith. Elizabeth was suddenly commanded to appear before the royal

The god-daughter of Cranmer obeyed, and then that celebrated scene took place in which the unsupported woman's wit of Elizabeth enabled her to foil her ravening enemies, and comply with their conditions, while she preserved her adherence to the reformed religion. True, the faith of Elizabeth was always tinged with worldly considerations, and it may reasonably be doubted whether she actually was actuated by any preference for the reformed religion, other than that of early education and association, but-whatever may have been the sustaining motive-the future queen of England and protectress of Protestantism throughout Europe decidedly abstained from any actual profession of the Roman Catholic faith, while she nevertheless consented to be present at, and even join in the forms of worship used by the Roman church. When questioned by Gardiner with regard to her belief, she flashed upon him that celebrated reply which has been regarded as one of the masterpieces of innount dissimulation.

The haughty prelate was anxiously expectant, during her entire examination by the royal council, of some trap in which to catch the young princess, and at length suddenly inquired, "What she thought she received when she knelt to receive the blessed Sacrament?"

With scarcely a moment's hesitation, Elizabeth replied, slowly, but with perfect calmness:

> Christ was the Word, and spake it : He took the bread and brake it ; And what that Word did make it, Such I receive and take it !

As Elizabeth ended her ingeniously worded declaration, a murmur of admiration burst from the circle around her-for she had friends everywhere-and no further attempts were made to ensuare so cautious a princess.

Elizabeth, when permitted to retire from the council, was, nevertheless, compelled to submit to confinement at Whitehall, where she was jealously guarded by adherents of the Roman Catholic party. Wyat's insurrection, which occurred at this time, and which she undoubtedly favored, if she was not, indeed, an active instigator of it, soon gave a pretext for further and more stringent measures.

About a month after her appearance before the council, as the princess was sitting listlessly talking with the few ladies who had been permitted to remain near her person, she was startled by a knocking at the door, the manner of which was decidedly more authoritative than respectful. Scarcely waiting for the attendant, who hastened to the door, the persons outside entered the room, and Elizabeth found herself surrounded by her bitterest foes. Foremost among them stood Gardiner, with a sneer of triumph hardly concealed beneath a show of contemptuous deference, and behind him entered Howard. Paget, Sussex and other noblemen of the court.

Elizabeth started to her feet, and a fiery rebuke was bursting from her haughty lips, when she recollected that she was a prisoner, and held her peace. Next moment her countenance was serene, and without visible annoyance she asked of her unwelcome visitors, "To what sudden event, my lords, do I owe the honor of this trouble on your part?"

With a momentary embarrassment Gardiner replied, "We wait upon your highness by the queen's commands. I have a letter-in sooth, a royal warrant-with her grace's signaturefor-the committal of your highness-"

"To the Tower!" interrupted Elizabeth, "to the Tower! I knew it would be so. The measure meted to King Henry's daughter would not be full without this insult. Oh! it is

the spy, to drag a poor defenceless maiden from her distaff, and hound her to destruction, to-

Elizabeth, as she stood with swollen temples and clenched fists before the stately array of Roman Catholic peers, and poured forth in her excitement a volume of bitter tauntings, of which she herself scarcely knew the purport, proved herself indeed a daughter of the passionate Henry VIII. She was interrupted, however, with uncourtly acerbity, by the Duke of Sussex, who protested that her royal highness did the gentlemen of England wrong in her haste; that although she was indeed summoned to the Tower, the nobles who delivered the warrant had no option in the matter, and that her grace the queen's commands must be obeyed. "And, verily," continued the irascible Sussex, "it beseemeth not the second lady in the land to greet with this exceeding bitterness of tongue the loval servants of the crown. There be bounds that the sovereign herself may not overstep; and by St. George! what the queen's most excellent majesty sayeth not to her humble subjects, shall no rebellious sister of her grace declare to

This was bold language in those days to apply to a royal princess, even when that princess was a prisoner; and Elizabeth was more than astonished, she was cowed by the audacity of Sussex. A moment of silence ensued, in which Gardiner closely eyed the countenance of his hated prisoner, and Paget then in his persuasive accents addressed the princess.

He told her that what were considered proofs of her complicity with Wyat had unfortunately been discovered; that the queen was most desirous to shield her roval sister, but that justice to herself, justice to the realm, demanded a complete investigation. He, for his part, doubted not of the complete innocence and loyalty of his gracious sovereign's sister. He-

Elizabeth cut him short, for Paget was the object of her especial hatred, which she knew that he heartily returned. "Enough of this paltering," she coldly said. "I see that mine enemics have succeeded in discovering the pretext they have been hungering for, and that they fancy me in their power. Be it so. Take me to the council; take me to the Tower; ave! take me to the block itself-I value not my poor. frail woman's life; but here, before God, I swear that I have been as faithful to Queen Mary as you, Gardiner of Winchester, have been false!"

Elizabeth had perjured herself, and she knew it; but her blow had told upon the bishop, as was manifested in the involuntary compressment of his lips. Sussex, too, and Paget exchanged furtive glances; but Gardiner, quickly recovering himself, and muttering something about the privileges of a woman's tongue, almost commanded her highness to prepare to set out at once for the Tower.

The preparations of Elizabeth were hurried, and with only two attendants in her suite she descended the staircase of Whitehall. The two archers stationed at the gateway respectfully saluted her, and followed her to the barge which was lying at the river bank. She was accompanied in silence by the peers who had waited upon her, and in silence she took her scar upon the bench, covered with a scarlet hanging, at the stern. Gardiner and three or four other dignitaries followed her, an archer stationed himself in the bows, and, at a signal from the bishop, the oarsmen gave way.

As the state barge shot out into the river, a murmur—the first shy sign of discontent-arose from the few astonished individuals who had gathered near the water's edge. Elizabeth looked around, and bowed her head. At that moment the descending sun dipped below the western horizon, and left the heavens overspread with purple glory. The eyes of Elizabeth and of Gardiner were both directed westwards; but the involuntary smile of the bishop was sad, while a triumphant radiance illuminated for a single instant the countenance of the princess. Each had appropriated the omen; but Gardiner saw in the disappearance of the luminary a presage of his fall, while Elizabeth read aright the purple promise of future power. Years afterwards that sunset was remembered.

Yet the present moment was gloomy enough for the royal maiden. How few who made that fearful voyage which was gallant of ye, my noble lords of England, to play the jailor and now so swiftly coming to an end were permitted to breathe

again the untrammelled air! How many whom the silent river wafted onwards, as it now was wafting her, to a dungeon and the block! Elizabeth knew that she had criminated herself; and that on the firmness of her unsuccessful partizans depended her life or death. Yet, with this solemn knowledge in her breast, she could idly count the measured strokes of the carsmen, and think of the day when she, long years before, had sailed her tiny boats upon the lake at Hatfield. Her dreams were encouraged by the silence that rested upon the whole party; nor did she arouse until a heavy shadow fell upon the barge, and, looking upwards, she found herself encircled by the buttresses of the Tower. Then the princess shuddered; but it was with untrembling nerves and an inscrutable countenance that she gave her hand next moment to Paget, and stepped upon the granite platform of the Traitor's Gate.

When Elizabeth, Queen of England, France and Ireland, by the Grace of God Defender of the Faith, visited the Tower after her coronation, she again stood for a moment, her hand resting upon Cecil's shoulder, on the staircase of the Traitor's Gate.

TRUTH IN IRONS.

CHAPTER I.

Os the 23rd of July, 1846, towards the close of a sultry day, two men were strolling along the high-road leading from Bazeille to La Motte Landron: both little villages, situated in the French department of Gironde. These two men were Jean Delorme and Jules Delorme, his son.

Jules was in high spirits; for the object he had worked hard to accomplished for the last six years—the dream of his youth—was realised. He was parish schoolmaster, and the accepted suitor of Louise, the best and prettiest girl of the surrounding villages. Monsieur Courtras, the rich corn merchant, would never, however, have consented to the marriage of his daughter with a poor schoolmaster, if he had not won his position very rapidly, and had still a prospect of rising higher. For Monsieur Courtras had always wished to marry Louise to Victor Leblance who had quite enough to live upon independently, and would inherit all the property of a rich uncle. Jules was therefore in high spirits, because he and his father had been spending the evening with the Courtras family, and his marriage with Louise had been fixed to take place on the 1st of September.

While still upon their way home, at the turning of a road, Jules and his father met two men dressed in dark blue blouses, and black cloth caps. They seemed vexed and startled at meeting them, and answered their passing good evening in rather constrained voices.

"Those are strangers," said Jean Delorme; "I wonder where they are going."

"But what is that?" suddenly interrupted Jules, pointing across some fields upon the right-hand side of the road: "surely it is something on fire. Yes, there is now flame; it must be a haystack in old Gay's farm."

The father and son hastened their steps, and in about a quarter of an hour came near the farm. To their dismay, on approaching it, they found that the fire did not proceed from a haystack, but from the farm-house itself, which was built of wood and thatch. Forks of crimson flame were now issuing from every window and door, illuminating the sky, the trees, the stackyard and the surrounding country.

"Run and alarm the village, Jules," said the father, "call the firemen and the maire. Gay must be gone in search of assistance; for he could not have been in bed when the fire broke out. At any rate I will remain here and watch."

On his way to the village Jules met many of the villagers, who had seen the smoke and flames, and were running to see whence the fire proceeded. Telling them hastily what direction to take, Jules ran on to the mairie. But monsieur the maire had gone to spend the evening with a friend in the next village; and the firemen dared not take their engine to extinguish the fire without a written order from that important functionary. Jules therefore volunteered to go and inform him of the occurrence, and obtain the requisite order.

After an hour's sharp walking, Jules reached Marmande;

again the untrammelled air! How many whom the silent river wafted onwards, as it now was wafting her, to a dungeon and the block! Elizabeth knew that she had criminated herous and fussy official on hearing what was the matter, said:

"Very well, I will write out two orders; one for the firemen to take their engine, and the other for the officer commanding the garrison at La Reolle to send a few troops to keep order and assist in putting out the fire; and you will tell my secretary to deliver them both immediately. As for myself, I shall follow in a few minutes, and direct the operations."

On his return to La Motte Landron, Jules gave the two orders to the secretary, and then hastened to rejoin his father at the farm. He found, on arriving, that the conflagration had spread from the house to the barns and several of the haystacks; and the blazing mass shed a reddish hue over several hundred men, women and children, who were perched upon every bank, mound or tree which commanded a good view of the spectacle.

"Where is Gay?" inquired Jules of some of the bystanders.

"Alas! poor man, he is not to be found, he must have perished in the flames before any one arrived," was the reply; "your father tried to force his way into the house; but, after being nearly suffocated with the smoke, was obliged to return."

Here the conversation was put an end to by the arrival, at a brisk trot, of six firemen harnessed to their engine, and dressed in dark blue clothes and bright brass helmets. The officer in command immediately ordered a chain to be formed, to hand buckets of water to the firemen from the well, situated at about two hundred yards' distance from the house. But the greater bulk of the crowd began to disperse as soon as the firemen approached them with their little leathern buckets like hats, and only a few boys consented to form a chain. These boys, however, were bent upon nothing but mischief and enjoying themselves; so, as each passed the bucket along with one hand, he generally dipped his other into it, and dashed a handful of the water at the face of his nearest neighbor. As each boy in his turn did the same, when the buckets reached the hands of the firemen, they rarely contained more than a few drops of water at the bottom. In vain the firemen remonstrated with them, telling them to be more careful, and not to spill the water. They were only answered by long and loud peals of laughter. The calamity was enjoyed by these urchins with the same feeling -or want of feeling-as if it had been a merry-making.

At length a diversion was occasioned by the arrival of monsicur the maire in his cocked hat, and a detachment of infantry in undress red pantaloons and caps, and short blue jackets. The boys now having become tired of their fun, seized the opportunity to run away. It was useless for the soldiers to run after them to bring them back, for in an instant they became invisible. The soldiers and firemen therefore set to work in earnest to check the progress of the conflagration; and after two hours of untiring effort, they had sufficiently mastered the flames to be able to enter the house and look for Gay. Two of the firemen were directed to search the house, and Jules offered to guide them through the different rooms. But it was impossible to effect an entrance by the front, on account of the rafters which supported the roof having given way and fallen in. The three men ther fore proceeded to the back and entered the dining-room, which Jules supposed would be the least turned, owing to the floor being paved with stone dials. This, in fact, they found to be the case; but the smoke in the room was so stifling that they did not think it prudent to continue their search. Retracing their steps, one of the firemen stumbled over something upon the floor. His companions, upon turning the light of their lantern upon him, were horrified to behold the corpse of the unfortunate old man lying upon the ground, his clothes covered with blood, and only partially burnt.

The maire and the others who were outside were called, and they were all soon assembled in the tottering charred room.

"He has been murdered," said the maire, "and the house has been set on fire to conceal the crime."

"Yes; and the house has been plundered," added the secretary; "see how the cupboards have been ransacked."

The corpse, after the usual formalities, was carried to the mairie, and the firemen and sold an encumped for the rest of

the night near the farm, to be at hand in case the conflagration should break out again.

It was three o'clock in the morning when Jean and his son entered their home, tired and drenched. Two days after the catastrophe they attended the funeral of Eugène Gay, which was followed by Victor Leblane as chief mourner; in a few more days they were examined by the lawyers sent from La Reolle to investigate the case. Having deposed to the discovery of the fire, and their meeting with the two strange men upon the road, Jean and Jules Delorme heard no more of the affair for some weeks.

CHAPTER II.

The lst of September happened to fall on one of those days when modern Gaul fully justifies the appellation bestowed upon her by enraptured travellers. All nature was radiant with the golden glow of sun upon the harvests of wheat and maize; every tree was borne down by its load of mellow fruit: and, as far as the eye could scan, the view presented dwarf forests of green leaves and purple grapes, intersected here and there by a silvery arm of the Garonne river.

The little village of Bazeille also were an unusually animated appearance. From an early hour there had been a bustle of young girls, white dresses and flowers. About eleven o'clock, the large stone house standing somewhat by itself upon the light road to La Motte Landron became the centre of attraction. This was the residence of the father of the bride; where a guard of honor, composed of the young men of the two villages, saluted every new arrival with loud vivas.

At twelve o'clock the wedding-party came out of the house, and formed in procession to walk to the village church. First came the pretty little dark-eyed bride, leaning on her father's arm, and almost smothered in white muslin, myrtle and orange blossoms. Next walked the bridegroom with the bride's mother, followed by the bridesmaid and the bridegroom's father. Then, two and two, came the rest of the company, all dressed in the gayest colors, and talking and laughing their loudest.

As the procession moved along, groups of young girls advanced, singing, to scatter flowers at the feet of the lovely bride. In this way the wedding-party had arrived within a few steps of the quaint old village church, when suddenly six gendurmes fully armed advanced rapidly towards the party. They all stopped to watch the movements of the police agents, and inquire among themselves the cause of their arrival. In a few more seconds the gendarmes had come up to the group, and, having given the bride a military salute in passing, stopped and divided into two parties. Each of these two parties, then simultaneously seizing by the arm, the bridegroom, Jules Delorme, and the bridegroom's father, Jean Delorme, exclaimed:

- "We arrest you in the name of the king!"
- "What for?" indignantly asked Jules, shaking off the three men who held him.
- "For murdering Eugène Gay, and setting fire to his house," was the reply; "here is our warrant duly signed and stamped."
 - "But why is my father arrested?"
 - "As your accomplice."
- "We are both innocent!" Jules protested. "There is some grievous mistake here!"
- "Oh, yes! there is some serious mistake here," chimed in several voices.
- "That may be," replied the gendarme; "but that is not our business. Our business is to obey orders. So, as we cannot stay here discussing any longer, you must both come along with us immediately."

In the meantime the whole bridal procession and a mob of villagers had crowded round the gendarmes and their prisoners. Foremost in their midst stood the bride, anxiously inquiring what it all meant. When aware of the fearful reality, her face became almost as white as her dress, and she clutched a firmer hold of her father's arm. As Jules turned towards her, he saw at a glance all he wished to know. Louise was confident of his innocence.

The police agents, wishing to avoid a scene, tried to hurry

their prisoners away, while their friends and relatives crowded around them, each one being louder than the other in expressions of surprise and lamentation. As for Madame Delorme, she offered to go to prison with her husband and son, and was only pacified by her husband observing that she would be of more use out of the prison than in it.

When Jules asked and obtained the consent of the gendarmes to his going by himself to say farewell to his bride, she was standing a little apart from the rest of the bridal precession, waiting for the excitement to subside On approaching her, Jules said in a low voice, taking her hand in his:

- "Louise, this is a dreadful charge which is brought against us; but, if there is any justice in our country, I shall soon be able to prove my innocence. Therefore do not despair, and everything will speedily come right again."
 - "I am not afraid, Jules, for I know you are innocent."
 - "Farewell, then! I shall go to prison less unhappy."

Jules would have lingered longer, but the gendarmes were calling to him to come quickly. So, hastily pressing the hand of his bride, he tore himself away from her, and delivered himself into custody.

"Good-bye, my friends," he said, with a forced smile. "This is merely some error which will soon be put right. Let us hope we shall soon meet again."

"Yes; we shall soon meet again!" they all shouted in chorus, as Jules and his father, conducted by the police agents, moved across the open place towards the mairie. The crowd waited until the prisoners had disappeared inside the gates of the town-hall; and then all the people returned sadly to their respective homes.

That night, Jean and Jules Delorme, after undergoing a private examination by the police officials at Bazeille, were transferred handcuffed to each other, first to the prison of La Reolle, and in a few days to the prison of Bordeaux.

CHAPTER III.

ALL preliminary legal proceedings in France being kept secret, the public heard no more of the murder of Eugene Gay until the trial of Jules Delorme and his accomplice Jean Delorme, was announced to take place upon the 21st of September, in the palace of justice at Bordeaux.

Upon the appointed day, and long before the appointed hour, an immense concourse of persons were assembled outside the hall of justice, awaiting the opening of the doors. Among them were many of the inhabitants of the villages of Bazeille and La Motte Landron, but none of the nearest relatives of the two accused men. At ten o'clock the doors were thrown open, and in a few minutes the space allotted to the public in the court was crowded to suffocation. At a quarter past ten o'clock, the prisoners were brought in by six gendarmes, with deathlike silence. One of the law journals published a pen and ink portrait of the accused, from which we extract the following: "The principal accused, Jules Delorme, came first. He is a tall, thin, intelligent-looking young man, about twenty-six years of age. His face is oval, his complexion is dark, and his hair and whiskers are black. His appearance is altogether calculated to prepossess a stranger, who might not be aware of the two-fold crime he is accused of. Indeed, the only true signs of the great criminal, which he allowed to show themselves during the trial, were the nervous twitchings of his mouth, and the sudden flashes of fury which he darted from his fiery black eyes, as the witnesses proceeded with their evidence. Jean Delorme, his accomplice and father, is a military-looking man, of about sixty years of age. Both prisoners were respectably dressed in black; and were accompanied by their advocate, Monsieur Edouard de la Tour."

At half-past ten o'clock, the president and the court having taken their seats, the jury was sworn, and the proceedings commenced by the reading of the act of accusation by the chief clerk. This document, after describing the discovery of the fire and the murder, detailed the circumstances which proved (as it said) the guilt of the two prisoners. In the first place, Jules Delorme had bought, some six months before, a house and bit of land from Eugene Gay, arranging to pay an annuity

of twelve pounds, during the lifetime of the old man. Of course the motives of the murder were thus laid bare. In the second place, Jules confessed to having passed close to Gay's farm an hour or so before the fire broke out. Besides, the two prisoners were the first persons who knew of the fire, and who gave the alarm. Moreover, careful investigations had been made by the police, and it was found that nobody had seen any strangers in the vicinity that evening. The prisoners denounced two persons, whom they pretend to have met upon the road just before the discovery of the conflagration. But these persons were seen by nobody else.

The act of accusation went on to state the part taken by Jean Delorme in the murder. But at this point the act of accusation ran off into conjecture. It was supposed (it said) that the father watched while the son perpetrated the crime, and afterwards assisted him in his means of concealment.

An abridged history of the lives of the two prisoners was then given. It raked up every detail likely to injure them in the esteem of the public. It was, however, obliged to admit that such was the estimation in which their family was held in the neighborhood, that the authorities would never have suspected them, if they had not received private communications, pointing out Jules and Jean Delorme as the authors of the crime, and furnishing the police with clues to their guilt. The act of accusation ended with a flourish of trumpets about the indefatigable zeal and intelligence displayed by the police, and all the authorities, in bringing the criminals to justice.

The prisoners were interrogated in turn by the president; after which, witnesses were examined. The first thirteen, however, consisted only of the maire, the firemen, and some soldiers, who described the fire, and the finding of the corpse.

The fourteenth and fifteenth witnesses were two doctors, who had been appointed to make an examination of the body of the murdered man, with a view to finding out how the crime had been perpetrated. They stated in their report, that the murderer must have approached his victim from behind, and then cleaved his skull with a hatchet. Only two blows had been given; but these must have caused instant death. During the depositions of these two witnesses, both prisoners were visibly affected.

Several police agents deposed to the arrest of the accused; the perquisitions made in their houses; and finally, to the finding of the blood-stained hatchet in the younger prisoner's garden well.

An ironmonger having a shop at La Reolle, said: "A young man came into my shop upon the 22nd of July, about twilight, and bought that hatchet, paying three francs for it. He seemed to me to be about the height of the principal accused, but it was too dark for me to be able to distinguish his features." The counsel for the prisoners asked the witness if he would swear that Jules Delorme was the person who bought the hatchet. Witness said "No, he would not swear to it, because he thought that the young man had blue eyes. The prisoner had black eyes, but he might be mistaken."

The next witness examined was Victor Leblanc, the nephew of the murdered man. His appearance made a considerable sensation in the court, as he was dressed in deep mourning and seemed to give his evidence with great reluctance. He was described as a fair, distinguished-looking young man, about twenty-six years of age. In answer to the questions addressed to him by the crown counsel, he stated, that he resided at La Reolle, only making short visits to his uncle at Bazeille; that the first news of the murder of his uncle reached him the next morning by one of the laborers employed upon the farm; that he did not know whom to blame for the crime; that it was true Jules Delorme was the only person he knew of who had an interest in his uncle's death; that he had been friends with Jules from boyhood, and had never thought him capable of such an action; and finally that he himself was the sole heir of Eugene Gay. This witness at the conclusion of his evidence appeared to be quite overcome by emotion.

Thus closed the case for the prosecution. The witnesses for the defence consisted of Louise and her father and mother, who all deposed to the prisoners having stayed with them from six to eight o'clock on the evening in question; and several villagers who gave evidence as to the good terms upon which the prisoners lived with all their neighbors, and the universal respect with which they were regarded.

The public prosecutor then addressed the jury in a brief but very violent speech. He contended that Jules Delorme had been clearly proved to be guilty by the evidence adduced, and urged that a signal example ought to be made of him. He went on in this strain:

"What! a young man who has been intrusted with the moral education of our children, who has been respected and esteemed by all, has in the meantime nourished in his heart the lust of wealth, until getting the better of him it pushed him on to murder a defenceless old man, and then fire the house, the property of his heirs, to conceal his execrable crime! This is the monster, you see before you, gentlemen of the jury. In the name of society and public morality, I demand signal justice upon him. You must make a terrible example of him, as a warning for future generations!"

With regard to Jean Delorme, the public prosecutor was rather less implicit, merely observing, that as the son was certainly guilty, it was to be supposed that the father was so also. At any rate, the jury would appreciate the relative guilt of each.

There was a deep silence spread over the court as Monsieur Edouard de la Tour rose from his seat beside the prisoners, and commenced their defence. His speech, which lasted for two hours, was elaborate and eloquent. He pointed out with great clearness the discrepancies in the evidence, and warned the jury against finding a verdict of guilty, in a capital case, upon doubtful testimony.

At length, after an impartial summing up by the president, the jury retired to deliberate upon the four questions of homicide, fire-raising, premeditation and the existence of extenuating circumstances. In the absence of the court, the jury and the prisoners, the audience freely discussed the points of the case. In about an hour and a half the tinkle of a bell announced the return of the jury. When the court had taken their seats, the president asked the foreman of the jury the result of their deliberation. The foreman replied: "With regard to the principal accused, Jules Delorme, the unanimous decision of the jury is as follows: On the first point, homicide, yes; on the second point, fire-raising, yes; on the third point, premeditation, yes; with the admission, however, of extenuating circumstances. With regard to the second accused, Jean Delorme, the unanimous decision of the jury was not guilty upon all the points

Jean Delorme was therefore brought in; and after having the verdict of the jury relating to himself read to him, was formally discharged.

Jules Delorme was then ordered to appear and hear the reading of his part of the verdict.

"Command yourself," whispered his advocate, "it is not all over!"

When Jules heard the verdict of guilty, he quivered in every limb, and looked inquiringly to his advocate, who only answered, "Be calm!" The president having put the usual question: "Have you any observation to make upon the passing of the sentence?" Monsieur Edouard de la Tour replied by recommending the prisoner to mercy. After about five minutes' deliberation the court sentenced Jules Delorme to hard labor for life. The prisoner was led out of the hall unconscious of all around him.

Meanwhile Jean Delorme awaited impatiently outside the old palace of justice for his son's coming, in the midst of a group of congratulating villagers; and it was not until the court broke up, that they learned why Jules did not come.

The continuation of this narrative must be compiled from the diary kept by Jules Delorme.

CHAPTER IV.

SEPTEMBER 29th, 1846.—The crisis is over. I have just received a letter from the public prosecutor, granting me leave to keep my pocket-book and pencil. It is a great consolation for me to be allowed to write down my thoughts.

The night after that awful condemnation I slept well. But

what I felt on awaking! All the horror of my position came up before me; and for the first three days as I brooded over my misery, I passed successively from a state of despair to fury and madness.

My poor father came to see me last night. The sight of him did me good. He promised me that as long as he has a drop of blood in his veins, he will hunt the world until he finds out the murderers of Gay. God knows he will keep his promise, for he is certain I am innocent.

November 14th.-What a wretched life I drag along in this place (the prison of Bordeaux)! When I think that I am condemned to it for ever, and that I am a convict, I often fancy it would have been better if I had been sentenced to death; for then I should have appeared immediately before the Eternal Judge. Sometimes black thoughts come into my mind, and I feel tempted. But I have promised to live.

April 80th, 1847.—This morning I arrived at the Bagne (convict prison) of Rocheforte. There a new and terrible spectacle, waited me. Indeed, what is a prison in comparison with a bagne? They undressed me; and after clothing me in the infamous costume, they chained me. I was tied down upon a piece of strong wood, about three metres long, and half a metre thick. An iron ring having been slipped above the calf of my leg, was then riveted on by means of two iron screws or rivets. A chain, about a metre and a half long, consisting of nine links, was fastened to the ring; the whole weighs about three pounds and a half. During the operation I was held down tightly; for if I had made the slightest movement I might have broken my leg. What I suffered in that ten minutes! It seemed as if every blow of the hammer smote my heart and fired my brain. I must wear those chains as long as ever I am here, and God alone knows how long that may be! The last link of my chain is fastened to a bar of iron adapted to a campbedstead; and the only liberty I have here is the length of my chain. They have given me a blanket, and put on me a pair of yellow sleeves, as a sign of a man who is to be suspected and feared: I whose whole thoughts are of my innocence and of her with whom I might have passed my life.

When I was undressed they took away my writing materials, so I asked to see the governor. When he came I showed him the letter of the public prosecutor, and my things were restored to me. It is a great comfort to me. I think I should soon be dead if I did not write a little. I fancy I am somewhat less miserable when I have confided my grief to paper.

May 13th.—Yesterday I was transferred from my solitary cell to the large hall. There I found about five hundred men: some sitting upon their beds and benches; others tossing about clanking their chains, all screaming, swearing and blaspheming. I thought that I had arrived in hell itself. I felt that anguish of heart which it is impossible to describe. As I sat in that living pandemonium, loaded with irons, and thinking of my life blighted from no fault of mine, I should have suffocated with grief, if tears had not come to my relief. For the first time since my childhood, I cried myself to sleep. This morning I feel more resigned and hopeful.

September 2d.—A year has now elapsed since I was first deprived of my liberty. Nearly four months I have been in this awful place. My position is not, however, so miserable as it was. I have associated a great deal of late with the chaplains, who have done much to comfort and console me. As often as I can obtain leave I go and see monsieur, the second chaplain, who, I fancy, is beginning to be convinced of my innocence. For he does all in his power to soften in my favor the rigorous discipline of the bagne. But it is all in vain; the chiefs think that I am more dangerous than any of the others, because I am more quiet; and I am therefore treated with greater severity. Yet I cannot complain of my chiefs, for their conduct towards me is only a consequence of my condemnation. Nevertheless, in spite of my affliction, which has saddened me to the very soul, I sometimes have a ray of hope, a sort of inner voice which tells me I shall not pass all my life in the bagne, a chained convict. This hope sustains me.

April 5th, 1848.—At length, after eleven months of most intense moral suffering, a happy change has taken place. Monsieur Edouard de la Tour, who, I believe, has never doubted Just as the steam convict ship Le Laborieux, with myself and

my innocence, has at length succeeded in obtaining an improve ment in my position. On my coming here he recommended me to the head surgeon of the marine, who, in his turn, recom mended me to the notice of Monsieur Lances, the inspector of convicts. Monsieur Lances soon saw how little I associated with the other prisoners; and, being pleased with my conduct, has employed me as his secretary. I am now free to move about all day, being chained only at night.

May 10th, 1849.-My father has been to see me. He came a week ago. What an interview! All my wounds seemed to reopen. The sight of my father brought up before me the whole of my trial, and the calumnies of which I have been the victim. No doubt my father brought me hope; but hope was scarcely any compensation for my misfortune. My father was pleased to hear such good accounts of me from my chiefs; he found me the same man; my manners were not changed. Indeed the bagne is not my element, and although I see crime very near, I turn my head away from it. My father brought me a little silver cross, with a piece of green ribbon attached to it. She had not trusted herself to write to me, but had taken that little cross-which I knew so well-from her neck, and tied the green ribbon to it as a mute symbol of hope. I did not need any token to assure myself she still believed in my innocence.

When my father and I separated, we did not weep. But next day, I was taken ill with a delirious fever, and sent to the hospital. My companions in misfortune have since told me that, in my delirium, the names of my father, my mother, my aflianced, and my sister, were continually upon my lips.

April 29th, 1851.—To-day I have seen my father for probably the last time. In two days, I shall be sent to Brest with three hundred and fifty-two other convicts. I have now very little hope that my innocence will ever become known; or that I shall ever again see those I love, No one can imagine what I suffered at parting with the only friend I have seen during the last four years.

July 4th, 1851.—On arriving here upon the 7th of May last, I found quite a different state of things from what I had left. I was again put in irons. In a few days we were fastened to each other, two and two, by a link uniting the chains attached to our legs, and sent to work in the fortifications. My sufferings during the first eleven months, after my arrival at Rochefort, recommenced, and would have probably continued, if monsieur the inspector of convicts, who had been so kind to me, had not recommended me to his colleague at Brest. And, in less than two months, I was employed as a clerk in the interior of the bagne.

September, 1858.—My father often writes to me, giving me great hopes; and for the last three years I have daily expected that the discovery of the guilty would put an end to my misfortunes. But that blessed day has not yet come; and although I am almost inured to sufferings of every description, hope alone sustains me.

July, 1854.—In his letter to me to-day, my father tells me, that the public prosecutor at La Reolle has positively refused to make any investigation of my case. All our hopes are therefore blasted! I know that my poor father has nearly exhausted all his resources, as well as ruined his health, in his endeavors to discover the guilty parties. But it is all useless! His troubles must be greater even than mine—and I think it would be better for us both if I were sent to Cayenne. I cannot any longer bear this sort of life. Some change I must have.

September 1st.-To-day I have addressed to monsieur the minister of marine, a petition requesting to be sent away from France with the first gang of convicts starting for Cayenne. My intention in leaving is to relieve my father. He must have rest; and, as long as I am here, he will not take it. His life is dearer to me than my own; and I am now strong enough $t\boldsymbol{\theta}$ endure anything.

November 5th.-My request has been granted. Upon the tenth of this month I am to leave my native land for ever! I have written farewell letters to all those dear to me.

10th.—What an eventful day I have passed through! This morning I started for Cayenne, and now I am again at Brest. four hundred and nine others, on board, had been towed out of the port a government boat put off from the shore, making signals to us to wait for it. When it came alongside, who should mount on board but the governor of the bagne and my late employer, Monsieur Leclare, the inspector of the convicts, After exchanging a few words with the captain, they both came up to where I was sitting, and Monsieur Leclare said, "Delorme, a telegraphic message has just arrived from Paris, ordering your return to Brest."

On my arrival at the bagne I found a letter from my dear father, informing me that one of the farm-servants of the unfortunate Gay, named Lumban, has, for some time past, been looked upon with suspicion by the villagers, who always call him Lumban Gay. Monsieur Fortin, the new public prosecutor at La Reolle, after instituting an investigation of the rumors, has caused Lumban to be arrested.

I am now waiting in a feverish state of excitement. I cannot sleep.

15th.—This morning my father arrived here with despatches from the public prosecutor. His first words were, "He has confessed!—they are both arrested!" "Thank God!" I exclained, "now I shall die tranquilly." For a moment I knew neither what I said nor what I did; my faculties had abandoned me But when I recovered my senses, I asked my father who were the both he had mentioned. And to my surprise and consternation he replied: "The farm-servant and Victor Leblanc, Gay's nephew!"

18th.—Yesterday a despatch arrived from Paris; my irons were taken off, and I became delirious. My companions told me this morning that I repeated over and over again: "What happiness; you see I am innocent! but I have suffered too much!"

19th.—This afternoon I left Brest after embracing some of my comrades in captivity, who weps while wishing me good speed. Although ill, I commenced my journey, travelling in a post chaise conducted by the gendarmerie.

December 16th.—At length, after a most painful journey, and sleeping in twenty-five prisons, I have arrived at Bordeaux. What different thoughts and emotions clashed together in me! The most trifling things brought back to my mind such painful recollections! Before, I had passed through those very streets covered with chains; now, my costume is half convict and half civil; I do not indeed know what I am m-self! All I can say is, I must look very strangely.

I was immediately conducted oefore monsieur the public prosecutor, who has caused my release from the bagne. In mounting the steps of the hall of justice, I became bewildered by all the thoughts which assailed me. Eight years before I had entered those very doors in such different circumstances. I shuddered as I thought how narrowly I escaped losing my head at that time. On arriving before the worthy magistrate, to whom I owe my honor and my life, I ought to have thrown myself at his feet; for he is my saviour; that is the only name I can give him. Yet I hardly thanked him! His presence seemed to shill me. I did not even smile. Indeed, for a long time now, I have not known how to smile. What was going on in me it would be difficult to explain. But I thought every moment my heart would burst.

17th.—I am grieved at the way in which presented myself before monsieur the public prosecutor. Perhaps he will think that the bagne has brutified me, that my sufferings have made me unfeeling and indifferent. I will write to him to-day, to excuse myself and express my gratitude.

Here the diary ends abruptly; but at the request of his friends, Jules Delorme subsequently added the little which remained to be told of his story:

Nothing remarkable occurred during my stay in the prisons of Bordeaux. I spent most of my time with Monsieur de la 'our, who was going once more to defend me before the assizes. On being transferred to the prison of La Reolle, I had to bear another severe trial. My mother and sister, and my faithful Louise, came to see me. I cannot look back to that interview. It is impossible to explain such sentiments, but every feeling heart can understand them. Besides, why should I describe

those outpourings of family affection, which can only be imagined by those who have felt them.

Every day, as I saw my former friends coming back to me, their numerous marks of sympathy formed a painful contrast to the way in which they had abandoned me eight years before.

Upon the 9th of January, 1855, Victor Leblanc and the farm servant were tried for the murder of their uncle and master. The trial was merely a form, they having made a clean breast of it long before. Victor was the instigator, and the servant was the perpetrator of the crime; receiving as his share two thousand francs, or eighty pounds. My blood was literally frozen with horror when I saw Victor Leblanc, the friend of my boyhood, sitting in the place I had formerly occupied, and confessing in open court that he had been actuated throughout by feelings of hatred and jealousy of my success in life. Having once got rid of me, he felt confident of winning Louise. But here he was defeated. For, when hard pressed by her own family to forget me, and marry, Louise had firmly refused, expressing her determination to enter a convent if further troubled upon the subject. So, being an only child, she was allowed to have her own way.

Victor Leblanc was sentenced to hard labor for life, the farmservant to twenty years imprisonment; and, two days afterwards, I was solemnly reinstated in my legal rights.

In another fortnight I was quietly married in the little church of Bazeille.

A MANGO GROVE.

MB. Russell, the London Times correspondent, gives the following glowing account of a mango grove:

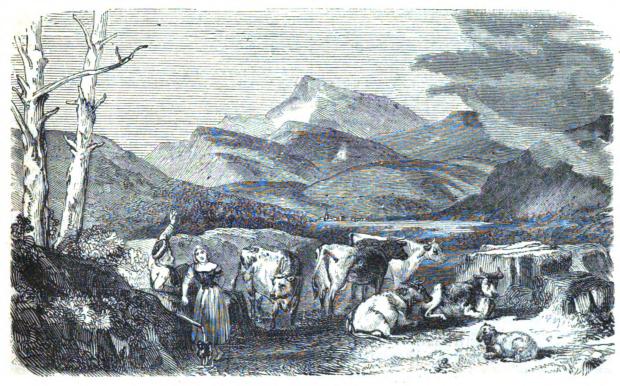
These mango groves are, indeed, most welcome shelter to man and beast, and bird, and every living thing, from the relentless cruelty of the Indian sun. The trees attain a great size, and they stand as close together as their massive branches, clothed with rich dark green umbrageous foliage, will permit. At this season of the year they are laden with fruit, each hanging from a long slender stem, and resembling in size and color an unripe greengage plum. The fruit is not considered ripe until after the rains have set in, but the natives eat it even now. I tried the experiment very unsuccessfully, for it struck me that the fruit was like a lump of inspissated turpentine. The mess cooks, however, make a very respectable compound, called "mango fool," out of the fruit.

In these recesses large and beautiful bright blue jays, small green parroquets, three or four kinds of gaudy woodpeckers, bees, snakes, and the small brown horned owl, reside during the greater part of the year. A dust-colored squirrel with brown bars, and a large bat covered with dark brown fur, and having fine and extremely delicate membranous wings also frequent them—in fact, these topes abound with life. All day they are mute, but at night become vocal with discordant sounds, not redeemed by the call of the gaudy mange bird, the pleasant note of the bulbul, or the chattering of the minors.

It may be easily imagined how anxiously each man surveys the trees about his tent, as the site is marked out, and calculates what shelter it will give him, and at what time the sun will find out his weak points during the day; and, indeed, the rays do strike through every interstice like red hot shot. There is no indecision of shadow, no infirmity of outline, for wherever the sun falls on the side of a tent, it seems to punch out a fervid blazing pattern on the gray ground of the canvas.

It is a poor consolation to see that the birds themselves, "to the manner born" though they be, seem to suffer inconvenience from the sun as well as ourselves. The gray-headed black pie, uncommonly like our own mag, and properly called a crow or rook, comes from the fields during the heat of the day, and seeks shelter in the tope, and there he sits with his bill wide open and his tongue out, uttering sultry calls from time to time, gasping for breath, and looking decidedly as if he wanted some iced claret. Parrots, kites and ali the natives of the groves give similar evidence of their suffering from the heat, and the natives seek for shade wherever it is to be found.





THE GRAMPIAN HILLS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Frank Lesue, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

MYRA, THE GIPSY PROPHETESS.

AN ORIGINAL TALE.

Written expressly for Frank Leslie's New Family Magazine.
BY JANUARY SEARLE.

CHAPTER XVII.—LOVE PASSAGES WITH VIOLET; A DISSERTATION ON LOVE.

"I have had a battle with the rector," she said, "on account of his conduct to you; but no artillery of mine can shame him. I told him I should quit his roof as soon as I could—and that I was going to walk with you this morning, in hope of making some amends for his ill-breeding."

"I thank you much for honoring me with your company," I replied, "and I value it too highly to descrate it with any more conversation about this man—if you will allow me to say so, without thinking me rude," I added, smiling.

"No indeed; there is no rudeness in it. I have made up my mind how to act in respect to him, and shall gladly forget so disagreeable a subject. I must tell you, however, that he tried to persuade me not to walk with you; called it unmaidenly, imprudent, and many other naughty things. I laughed at him, however, and told him I was going to my own, which he did not at all understand. And here I am."

"I cannot tell you the joy your words and confidence give me, dear lady. But when you said you were 'going to your own,' votat did you mean by it? Am I indeed, 'your own?'

"Y(": for I seem to have found in you something I had long lost. I knew when I first saw you, as I lay half drowned in the boat that day, that we should meet again, and that we should suit each other well, and become very dear friends. And this morning I felt that I belonged to you, and you to me, so here we are together."

"I would that we were going to be together always, thou dear one! For I am born into a new life by your influence, and seem to breathe the very breath of heaven!"

"How I thank God, then, that he made me!" she replied, with genuine, enthusiastic earnestness, and profound simplicity.

"And I also thank God devoutly," said I, "for so beautiful a gift to creation, so divine a treasure to me. Do you not per-

ceive, oh, my beloved! how your presence gladdens and brightens all things? How the purple of the heather deepens, and the gold of the gorse blossoms burns with unwonted fire! and what a clear, divine melody there is in the songs of these upsoaring larks! And what an unspeakable glory swims over the face of earth and sky! Do you not see all this? And yet this was not so yesterday. It is through you, and by you that this transfiguration has come to pass."

"Say rather, it is through you, dear friend. For I see and feel as you do; and yet this was not so with me yesterday. How strange and wonderful it is! How does it happen? And will it continue—oh! will it continue?"

"I was just asking myself the same question; and I think it will, so long as we feel as we now do."

"Let us pray, then, that we may always feel so; for I would not lose this new beauty, and the meaning it hides, and the voices that speak through it, for a thousand worlds."

"Nor I, dearest. But what is this which we two—so nearly strangers to one another—feel, that it should so suddenly and miraculously change the aspect and coloring of nature to us? What secret do we possess that the vulgar world knows not of? Are we special favorites of heaven, or have others before us—our own brothers and sisters—experienced the same feelings, think you?"

"I do not know, dear friend. I never heard of any one who did; and I do not know what to call the feeling; but it is very beautiful, and nestles in the heart like an angel."

"Oh, believe, dear one, that it is an angel, and keep it close to your heart for ever. For if you once suffer it to depart it will never return; or if it should you would not know it again, its wings would be so soiled and shattered."

"Never fear that I shall let it go, dear friend; I love it too well for that. But you talk as if you knew all about it, and could tell me what it is, and whence it comes. Pray, do if you can."

"Indeed, I know no more about it than you do, dearest, although I feel its wings fluttering at my heart also. This, however, I do know, that it is an angel, and that the angel does it all."

"It is very good of God then to send such an angel to us, and I bless him for it."

Digitized by Google

- "And can you find no name for the dear angel? oh, thou and your Norman and Celtic blood—half persuading yourself dearer and sweeter angel!"

 I hat you were a gipsy born and not made, as Horace says is the
- "I do not think I shall try to. It will make no difference what we call it. It will still be the same angel after all."
- "Let us call it love, then, for that is the most beautiful of all names."
- "Indeed it is—as flowers are the most beautiful things of earth; and when God made flowers, he must have had most beautiful and loving thoughts. Don't you think so? Oh, how I love God for flowers, which are the very aroma of His love, and always make me feel when I kiss them and rock them to sleep in my bosom, that I have met them before in some other life, and that they were not always flowers, such as we know them now."
- "Perhaps that dream is true, my beautiful-souled sister! Perhaps you had another life before this—who knows!"
- "Who knows?" she repeated, wonderingly; and then, "we who know so little, cannot circumscribe life and the forms of life. If the soul be immortal, it may have had millions of incarnations, and may yet have millions more—and why not glimmerings, nay whole revelations of its past consciousness in every fresh incarnation?"
 - "That is the Platonic doctrine—did you ever read Plato?"
- "No—but I intend it shortly, as soon as I have finished some books I am now reading."
- "Then you have found Plato's doctrine in your own soul, which proves, I think, the truth of it. But come, now, dearest, and sit down here on this knoll of heather, and tell me whether you have ever thought of love, about which we have spoken so much this morning."

So saying, I led her to the oank, and half sat, half reclined beside her, her little hand like an unblown white lily in mine, and my eyes looking into her eyes. At this moment a singular incident occurred—a butterfly, precisely similar to that which led to my first acquaintance with this lovely girl, flew towards us, and presently alighted upon her dress. We both started at the same instant, and uttered an involuntary exclamation. Then our eyes met again, and as the pretty insect flew away, she said with evident emotion, gazing still more intently upon me.

"How very strange! It seems to me like a dream; and yet surely I have met you here before, on this very heath, and you gave me a butterfly, the very image of that which has just flown away. You were then a gipsy youth, and talked to me about the stars and your sister Myra, who could tell fortunes by them, and I promised to go to her to have my fortune told, and then fluttered away after more butterflies."

Here was a fix; a dead stop put suddenly and without warning upon my love passages, and all that I had intended to draw out of her respecting the divine passion. I had no doubt that she had penetrated my secret through the sign-fugitive of that impertinent fellow with the gauze wings—and, as she had shown herself so thoroughly open and candid in all her thoughts and ways to me, I was not certain how she might regard my gipsy disguise, and the trick I had played her in it. I winced therefore, not a little, as the reader may suppose, under the point blank fire of her close batteries; but I put the best face on it I could, and exclaimed:

"I a gipsy! I gave you a butterfly! What do you mean, dearest?"

"Oh," she replied, "I knew it could not be; but yet it is so strange; and pardon me if I say that you are very like the young gipsy."

I breathed freer than before, and replied: "Am I indeed? Then he has not much to boast of in the way of looks at all events; and I am glad he showed his good disposition by presenting you with the gaudy insect."

"Oh, he was very good-natured, I assure you; and I quite liked the lad; he seemed one of the better sort of gipsies, as if he had lived in towns, and caught some of the manners which obtain there."

Ho! ho! thought I. A fine gipsy you are, Master Geordie! to be found out as a player by the first pair of eyes that takes a passing interest in you! Where be your conceits now, Master Geordie! You, who prided yourself upon your Rommany airs,

and your Norman and Celtic blood—half persuading yourself that you were a gipsy born and not made, as Horace says is the case with poets. I hid my chagrin, however, and asked her to relate the circumstances of the adventure which she did to the nicest peculiarities.

"And did you go to the tents to have your fortune told?" I asked, when she had concluded her narration about the butter-fiv.

"Yes," she replied, "and I was much startled at what I heard; and very deeply impressed by the beauty and manner of the gipsy girl who acted as Pythoness on the occasion. I was pained to see, too, that she was suffering in the threes of a great agony all the while she spoke to me; and I would gladly have comforted her if I could only have won her confidence."

"That you would, I am sure; and you might well wonder what ailed the gipsy girl; but may I ask you what she said to you? Did she prophesy good or bad fortune for you?"

"Don't you know? It seems to me that you know it well enough, and I cannot get this incomprehensible idea out of my mind. I know it is impossible you should—but I cannot rid myself of the infatuation that you are acquainted with it. Is it not strange? What has come over me to-day, I wonder?"

"It is indeed strange, dearest lady," said I, laughing; "but tell me what the pretty gipsy said to you, if the words may be revealed to profane ears without profanity."

"She told me that some one of whom I knew nothing, or next to nothing, loved me, watched over me, served me and would continue to serve me, and that we were destined for each other"

"Surely not," said I; "I have known you a very short time, it is true, although I seem to have known you through all eternity; but I cannot part with you now; you who are my very life and soul, and have shown me a new existence, and new, infinite possibilities of existence. Would that I were the favored one of the prophecy!"

"And so you are, dearest friend. I feel that you are, and I know that it cannot be otherwise."

"Oh sweet, sweet words! But do you not deceive yourself and me, my beautiful, my own dearest darling? How do you so surely know that I am the destined happy lover?"

"I only know it, as I said, because I feel it. I have perfect faith in the assurances of my own soul; although you do not correspond with what the gipsy said about my unknown lover. She described him as hiding in the holes of the earth, or something to that effect: and you do not hide in such places, you know, dear friend, but walk abroad, and look heaven in the face as is befitting a man. I know I interpret the prophecy aright for all that. For I feel that we are one already."

"And is it possible," said I, "that you, dearest, who are so good, and pure and beautiful, will accept my love, and love me also in return? What am I that heaven should thus stoop to me, and crown me with her regal stars? And now I see that love is the cause and the master of all things, terrene and supernal, and that nothing is or can be without love."

"Look at me!" she said, when I had uttered these words. "Look into my eyes, dearest friend; these blue-orbed windows of my soul, and read there in cypher all you have now spoken. Oh, how wonderful is love! What is he not capable of who loves! What secrets, most divine, most holy, most near to God's own heart, can hide from him? Who dare speak of immortality that has not known love? Who and what is immortal besides love?"

She ceased speaking, and we both sat silent for a long time, entranced in thought, and the glory of this new life. At length she said:

"Let us talk again of this great and divine essence which is called love. All other things are tame and dead to me to-day but this alone. Oh, that this love, and its beautiful illuminations, its powers and faculties to which there seems no beginning and no end, would indeed last for ever, and float as at each successive audible summons of God, from pinnacle to pinnacle, from battlement to battlement, through all the gulfs of eternity, upward and onward, for ever and for ever."

I would gladly have spoken of love, loving her as I did, but

I had nothing more to say. I preferred the white heat to the smoke; but I had a book in my pocket which contained some oracular words concerning it, and I asked the lovely girl to allow me to read to her instead. She willingly acquiesced, and I drew her close to my side, and began:

"That a man should live in the world without love is neither good nor profitable; for love is as necessary for the full development and maturity of man as sunshine is to corn, fruits and flowers. It is the innermost depths of existence; and the source of all true fruition, not only in the physical, but spiritual life. As the warm kisses of the sun quicken the beautiful bosom of Nature into violet births, and the blossoming foliage of woods and orchards, so do the glances of vestal eyes awaken the soul of man to the hidden wonders of being, and fill his heart with ecstacies and infinite yearnings. We have all felt its power, and partaken of its baptisms and holy sacraments: but we have not made the most of this divine visitation, nor entered into the depths of its wisdom and admonishment. For love has a higher mission than that of binding two hearts together. But no one can call to mind his early feelings under the influence of this passion without confessing that he then lived for the first time, his whole soul vibrating to all earthly and heavenly sympathies. And since love has so supreme and beneficent a power over us, we are thereby warned that it is the true element of life, in which a man can alone

"In the meanwhile Nature, who will not have her young children prematurely wise, begins her first training of them in the mysteries of love, by means of beautiful bodies and organs. These she arrays with all the flowers and vermeils of poesy, and then, with jealous cunning, leaves the natural instincts to their mutual attractions.

"In the first May morning of love when the young man goes forth alone to rejoice over the beauty of his chosen maid—revelling in the bliss of his own rapturous emotions—what a divine enchantment seems to rest upon the face of the earth, and what wonderful recollections come over him, like the visions of a forgotten experience! He is entranced amid the witcheries of a new existence which is not new to him, but old as an eternal life. So high is his beatitude that he is too great for speech, and the silence of eternity seems not large enough for the fruition of his eestacy. He wanders amongst the trees at midnight, and hears angel voices calling to him out of the winds and clouds. He thrills with the pain of unutterable melody, and at last, all his glorious visions and illuminations find embodiment in song.

"For love is the essential harmony of the human soul with that of Nature; and this is the reason why the lover writes in numbers, and speaks of his beloved in metaphors. Indeed, all high thoughts, and pure, deep emotions refuse to be expressed in any other but tuneful language. And seeing that love carries a man upward so near to God, we need not wonder that the eyes of Nature shine with such lustrous meaning through the phantasy of the lover. For love is the key to all truth and mystery, and unlocks the kingdom of the invisible world. It is the voice likewise, which speaks through all oracles; the only voice that lives for ever and ever; because it is the utterance of that divine harmony I have spoken of, out of which truth and beauty are born.

"Thus the very commencement of the lover's experience is prophetic of his ultimate destiny. He does not disturb himself, however, with any occult inquiries into the nature of his emotions, but cherishes them with thankfulness and pious joy. His love is a religion, and not a philosophy; and she who has awakened the celestial light-within him is the Holy Virgin of his idolatry. She attends him in his daily walks, and the thought of her charms all the sorrow from the stars, and makes the night holy. Nature everywhere speaks to him in symbols of his beloved; and the running brook, the shadowy moonshine, the flowers, the grass and the trees are the living celebration of his love. He knows not by what invisible magic he and Nature have come so truly to understand and interpret each other; and yet he feels that his position is not strained but true and natural."

"And is it not true, dear friend, this and all you have

read?" said Violet interrupting me. "Do we not ourselves know it to be true? Surely this writing came from the heart of a man and a lover. But go on, if you have any more to read."

"Yes," I replied, "it is true enough, and I like to hear about love also to-day; for you, dearest, have woke the 'celestial light' within me, and I am unspeakably happy. The writer continues:

"There is no escaping the necromancy of love. In one form or other she captures us unawares, and puts us in a prison of ravishment. And although few persons know love in her highest moods, yet her presence is felt alike in the cottage and the palace, and no liberty is so sweet as the bondage she imposes. She adapts herself to all natures, and will not lose one inch of her sovereignty. She comes to the gentle girl and the passionate woman and the strong rude man alike; and so silent is her entrance that until we feel her lying upon our hearts we know not of her presence. It is strange how this wondrous, invisible love exalts and beautifies the race. No person is insignificant, no thing nor creature mean and low, when regarded through love's golden and colored medium. For love, like light, is the beneficent artist that endows and ennobles all it touches.

"Love's language is fit for no other ears than those of the lover; for love is its own interpreter of that divine harmony which it hath and is; and he who loves not would misunderstand its meaning. I will not, therefore, play the part of the spy and the traitor, but content myself with affirming the lover's true nobility. He is of all men nearest to the heart of nature and the truth of existence. For love's overshadowings generate within the soul all goodness and generosity, and make a man feel so like a God that he desires nothing so much as a God's attributes, that he may become infinitely beneficent. It is the highest achievement and ultimate aim of love to fill us with great emotions and godlike thoughts and deeds; and that is not love, but mere fiery instinct, which falls short of this. Love alone is capable of making earth a paradise, and of restoring humanity to its ideal. Men and women mutally believing in the ideal of life, and loving the ideal more than the ripe human beauty in each other, would take the world captive by their example and mystic influence. If this appear visionary it is because no man or woman has yet been found of a nature large and pure enough to embody it. We must rise from the contemplation of beautiful forms, if we would faithfully follow love in its highest teaching, to the study and reverence of beautiful natures. It is only when virtue and purity, and the nameless moral graces of woman shine through the apparition of her beauty, that we feel how strong a hold love gives us of the eternal beauties

"And here we find the basis of all true marriage unions. We are attracted first of all by beautiful persons, and soon discover that all persons are evanescent, and that virtue, which is alone beautiful, is alone eternal. Hence the stability which marriage gives to society and human life. For now that love's raptures are ended, comes the quiet reign of happiness and duty. Let the lover marry, therefore, and be a lover still. So much is involved in this injunction, that a man had better never have been than marry and cease to love. For man and woman are God's highest indwelling temples, and his presence is never more gloriously manifested than in truthful and loving hearts. These visions of the sacredness of beauty which come over us in the first love of youth, should ripen into real convictions as we grow up with years.

"And do thou, oh, woman! have faith in thyself and the high purposes of thy existence. Believe that thou art here to exalt man by thy beauty and chastity; to ennoble him by thy love; to cheer him by thy kindness and smiles and sympathy; to soften him by thy tenderness, and assist him by thy counsels. Thou art the mother of men! and shalt stand in no other relationship with man, save that of the true and pure wife.

"And thus we are led on by beautiful forms to the contemplation of beauty itself; and to this consummation tend all the early and mediatorial delights of love. As the autumnal fruit of reason ripens within us, we come to venerate the symbol less, and begin a new May time of immortal love for the truth which it represents. And thus those deep emotions and tempestuous

Digitized by GOGIC

passions which the sweet virginhood of woman awakens within us are but the first agitations of that deep, infinite existence which, after many storms and conflicts, settles into calm serenity, and merges at last into the being of God. For when we are thus enfranchised from the dominion of matter and form, and stand triumphant in the region of the ideal, we see that truth and duty are alone divine; and that the secret cunning of nature in arranging the sexes in such wondrous garments of beauty was not only to facilitate her own ends in their creation, but to quicken them with divine insights, and develop them for the highest spiritual conquests."

I closed the book, and laid it upon the heather, which seemed to have an affection for it, taking it lovingly down amongst its purple blossoms—as a maiden the dear one's head upon her bosom; "And how do you like this rhapsody, dearest?" said I. "Is it true, think you, that beauty is but the symbol of the divine? Is not beauty divine in itself—the ultimate divine idea, beyond which there is no consciousness?"

"Oh, beauty is divine no doubt;" she exclaimed with ardor; "it would be profanity to think or speak of it as anything short of that. But it is surely symbolical of something diviner than itself; or why is it so suggestive—so recreative to the intellect; so prolific of virtue and goodness to the soul? I am not learned in the world's theories of beauty, and from what the book says of them I do not wish to be; but it seems to be that no one can be mean or bad, or anything but noble and godlike in the presence of a supreme beauty, whether it appear in a good man or woman—a heroic deed; in art; or in the portraitures of nature. I believe what the book says is true."

"And I, looking at thee, oh, my beloved! can believe in nothing more divine than beauty. Do I not see heaven, and all good and beautiful things in your eyes? radiate from your person? your thoughts? and is not your voice to me a divine music? And does not your beauty enfold them all?"

"I would I were so beautiful, dear friend, as you say. Indeed I am not. But I wish to be beautiful to you. It is something to live for, and be grateful for; to rejoice in as a new element and power of life. I hope you will always think me beautiful, and I will try to become so. Nay, I will live so close to God and you, that I must become so."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, interrupting her; "you must not try to be better or more beautiful than you are; or you will grow clean out of my sphere, into an astronomy which I dare not attempt to follow; and so I shall lose you for ever. Let me keep you, dearest, where you are at present, at all events. I am very human and you are very beautiful. Shall I repeat to you some lines which suggest themselves to me just now? I know you will think them very profane after our high converse, but they are already on my tongue. Shall I utter them?"

"Oh yes," said she smiling, with a sweetness that outrivalled the sweetness of June; "Pray repeat them. I will pardon the profanity."

So I, looking into her sweet face, and feeling the light of her cyes—her blue eyes, like Carpathian violets—in my heart and soul, begun to repeat them:

There is no coronal, nor crown,
No jewel worthy of thy brow,
And all the stars of heaven look dawn
In love, as I am looking now,
On thy dear eyes like violets blown.

June flowers are not so full of sweet,
Nor heaven itself so full of love,
As thy sweet face where roses meet,
As thy warm heart, all hearts above,
Which broods o'er my heart like a dove.

Thou art the beauty and the pride
of all that love and life have wrought;
And thou shalt be my darling bride,
My queen, my soul, my life, my thought!
And sleep like sunshine by my side.

"There," said I, "those lines are for you, dearest, if you will accept them. I know they are not half good enough; nor do they express half what I mean and feel."

"But oh! dear friend, I had never thought of being a bride," she exclaimed in the first rush of her feelings; and she added, "but that of course is not literally intended in the poem. It is the licence of the rhyme, I suppose."

"No indeed, dearest, it is my literal meaning—my hope, my dream, my prayer; and surely it will one day come to pass. May I not believe so, oh, my beautiful! may I not believe that our interchange of thought, feeling and love, so sweetly rendered to each other this day, may hereafter complete itself by that closest of unions?"

"I cannot tell, dear friend; I do not know how to answer you. I had never thought of it, I was so happy. And it has come upon me at unawares. But I think it will be as you hope, for how can I ever part with you, now that I have found you? You whom I have so long looked for, waited for. But there is time enough to think of this. We cannot be more than happy. Yes, to be blessed is more. And love only can make happiness grow into blessedness. So we will love on dearest, and wait; shall we not?" she added, with such high innocence of soul that, in the excitement and rapture and reverence of my feeings, I impulsively clasped her in my arms, and burying my face in her bosom, wept rainbows of glad tears.

We returned to the village; and I could tell much more that passed between us before we left the heather blossoms, and on our way back; but, perhaps, I have told too much already. For what is interesting to a lover, is not so interesting to one who is not a lover. This I may tell, however, that we agreed to meet again on the following day.

CHAPTER XVIII.—BIG TOON, MYRA, AND THE HEALING HAND;
FOUNDING THE FLAMBORO' VILLAGE LIBRARY; THE
PARSON AND MAD PAUL DRADDA.

When I arrived at the Golden Lion, who should stand before me, "six foot in his breeches," but big Toon. He was not half big enough to hold my love for him, however. So I seized his outstretched shoulder-of-mutton fist, and thus accosted him:

"Hallo! my tiny baby! Ishmael! My little tawny bantling, is that you? How comes it to pass that the good granny allows her picanini to wander so far away from her apronstrings this blessed afternoon, that is so near the evening! What's up?"

"Trouble along o' the Healin' Hand, Master Geordie," said he, with a woeful face; "an' I've brought the words that cumed from the darkness out of her lips to speak to you."

"In God's name, then," I exclaimed, "come into the room, Ishmael, and let me hear them;" for I felt alarmed, and my heart beat audibly with unwonted perturbations! "What is it, Ishmael?" I asked, as we seated ourselves in the old oak chairs.

"It's all along o' the Healin' Hand, Master Geordie; an' granny can't make it out, and niver seed the like, or heard tell on't afore; though she's brewed the secret herbs, an' chalked the stars on her board to try and find it out. An' your pet Chi, Master Geordie, what loved you better nor all the tawnies, has bin asleep all the while sin' the moon o' yesternight, and there she lies now, the beauty! like a dead snowdrop," said Toon, his voice tremulous with emotion.

"Surely not Ishmael; surely she's not been sleeping all this

while, since last night, and no sign of waking?"

"That's jist it, Master Geordie. An' there's the sorrow. Me and Nosey—who's jist gone off to Lundon, poor chap! by the five train—tooked a peep at her as she laid so pale an' purly among the dainty woollies, wi'her hair tumbled about her, like black clouds about the moon when she's still and white in the sky, and don't roll rollickin' about, as I've seed her do sumtimes—an' the darlin' dearie didn't seem to be alive, an' had no breath; an' her hands was stiff and cold. An' Nose and me looked at one another, an' walked out o' the tent as if we was choked; an' I can feel a stone in my throat jist now, Master Geordie."

"Try if a quart of beer won't wash it down, Ishmael," sail I pulling the bell.

"No, no, Master Geordie," said he. "Beer won't wash the boulder away that I feels. I doesn't want the beer, Master Geordie. The voice of the little pet chi singing in the tents again—the light of the dearie's black eye makin' the old tents sunny again—nothin' but them 'Il do it, Master Geordie."

"Brother," said I, "if my offer of the beer has wounded you, I hope you'll forgive me. I love you, and all belongin

Digitized by Google

to you too well to say or do anything that would injure any of you, in any way. And be sure that I feel for you in your sorrow for our darling sister, and that I would this moment gladly give my life to help her—if I could."

"I knows you would, brother," said the big, manly, honest fellow, with a big tear, hot, briny and blinding in his eye, as he rose up on his giant shanks and shook me by the hand; "I knows you would, brother; an' don't go for to think that I'se offended about the beer, brother. Not I that is, an' thank you, Master Geordie. But it ain't a beer case, you see, brother, this ere! though I did drink a quart or two over poor Tibby, as warn't a tawny, an' didn't die a nateral death, along o'your bull dog, Master Geordie!"

"Well, then, you can drink or not, as you please, brother,' said I, as the landlord brought the pot and set it on the table.

"I doesn't despise the beer, brother," said Toon; "an' you knows that I takes to it in a general way, like a friend that I loves, an' gies it plenty o' bowel room; but I can't drink today, an' thank you, Master Geordie, for thinkin' o' the little chi so cold and still in the dainty woollies; the darlin' little chi! Master Geordie;" he added, in a plaintive, wailing tone, lifting his face suddenly and seeking my eyes for sympathy, which he surely found in them, for I was very unhappy on account of Myra, and felt all my love for her kindling again into a flame, which I did not seek to check.

"But the words from the darkness, Ishmael! what of them? Didn't you say you brought me words from the lips of the beautiful chi?"

"True, brother, words spoke in her sleep, when granny cumed back from the herb brewin' wi' the power of the stars upon her, an' called the spirit of the sleepin' chi to say what it was that ailed it, and what would heal it."

"And what did the spirit say, brother?"

"That the bushnie with the Healin' Hand was to cur. back to his little tawny sister, and the spirit would tell him what to do, brother."

"Well, Ishmael, I will come back to-night as soon as I can get away from the fishermen chaps, with whom I have an engagement this evening. Your news have made me sad about my sweet sister; and be sure I will go to her as soon and as fast as I can."

"Good, brother!" said he, rising; "I will away now to the tents wi' myself, and the better news I takes from you."

When the little infant was gone, I lit my pipe, and ordered tea to be served. I fell a musing upon these strange things of to-day; and soon began to wonder if I were awake or not; if I were two individuals, with two hearts and two souls; if the were possible for one person to love two persons at the same time, without fraud or the intention of fraud, or falsehood to either—but in absolute good faith to both. Was there not something wrong in this—some screw loose somewhere in the floors of my brain through which the insane moonlight glimmered, filling me with such shadows and phantasies? Now, it was Myra who ruled in my heavens; anon it was Violet! and I had no power over the sovereignty thus exercised upon me.

Myra, full of warm life was before me, enchanting me with her beauty, and drawing me close to her bosom by her love: and Violet, the innocent, high-brained, high-hearted—to whom I had just plighted my soul—the maiden of no disgulse, no barriers—the priceless maiden through whose blue eyes 100ked forth the serene immortality of love—retreated from me to immeasurable distances, lost amid the glory of stars. And yet I loved them both, and did not feel myself a traitor to either of them. How was it? I knew not; could not understand, nor explain it; but abandoned myself to the mood; moods being, as I have elsewhere called them, the "lunar tides of the soul," which come and go without our seeking, although by especial, wise ordinations for good, and not for evil purposes.

And then I thought of this strange sleep—this strange mystic sleep, produced by the Healing Hand, as my brothers called it. What was that? Natural sleep it was not; trance it might be; and what if it were death? death held in thrall, and only kept from his last mortal ravages by the influence of the poor bushnie's right hand? And then again, what was that

influence? Magnetism, magic, witchcraft. Three words these signifying nothing. Words could not alter the fact; and there was the fact! Poor Myra! was she conscious all this while of what was going on here, and where she now was? What price would I not pay to buy this experience! and to retain it with the power of adding to it, and multiplying it! To go behind the scenes—to pluck eternity and immortality of their secrets—I, a mortal, to be able to do this! But then, it might also win for me the unenviable reputation of being a madman; for I notice that the sanest things are held by men on this earth as the most insane; and that truth has been a liar from the beginning of days.

Puzzled and confounded by these speculations, I knocked the ashes from my pipe, and took seriously to drinking the tea which was now set before me. Deep and serious drinking it was I assure you, good reader, and I didn't think it was 'too good for such a sinner as I am,' as poor Coleridge once said of a cup of the delicious beverage which good Mrs. Gilman handed to him, when he had become morbid and orthodoxly religious through excess of opium-eating; for no tea can be too good for me because I enjoy it so, and am so thankful for it, as I should also be for rum, if I were a rum drinker. I do not mean to try rum drinking, however-not that I dislike stimulants; I like the whole tribe of them, vastly-but they kill the intellect, and rob the body of its chastity, and the conscience of its white innocent robes, and the soul of its divine beauty. Here is the best hope of the glorious boozer expressed in these lines of drunken jollity, with which I will close these parasitic sentences:

And as I mean to end my life
In such a tavern drinking,
May some good Christian hold my cup
For me, if he sees me shrinking,
That the cherubim may cry, just as I am sinking,

"God be merciful to a man of this ere gentleman's way of thinking"

Whilst the servant girl was removing the tea things, I heard the jingling of Nab Draffer's town-bell under my window, and looking out, I saw that squat, big-paunched individual, blowing out his red cheeks preparatory to the announcement that was so big within him, and so eager for utterance. The comiculity of his important appearance tickled me not a little, an I was curious to hear what he had to say, and whether he would deserve the extra moneys which, in that case, I had promised him. His bell had gathered a whole posse of little boys and girls around him, and the good fish wives stood at their cottage doors ready to hear what Nab had to say to them; and I noticed little knots of fishermen standing here and there, in the street, evidently with the same purpose in view. When Nab thought he had sufficiently alarmed the street, he began:

'Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! This is to give notice that yer Flambrugh chaps is to meet the Leeds genelman to neet at hafe past seven o' t' clock, i' the Methodyke scule-ruam to be made scollards on, then and there! Yer is'nt to meet i' the parson's shop—'cause why? T' parson says larnin ban't for the likes of ye! and if yer gits larnin, ye'll git to be Methodykes, an tak to t' kissin' other men's wives, and cheatin t' landlord o' his reckonin, an' himsen o' his church rates, an' Aester dues, an' weddin fees, and buryin' charges—which wad be a awful sin, an buck yer all for t' wrang shop whan old Boney cums for yer! So them as is afeared o' t' parson and old Boney, is 'tickerly 'quested to keep away, an them as isn't sinvited to come up t' scratch an show the Flambrugh metal. An so God save t' fishermen, an their lawful wives, the queen, an the Leeds genelman, an me, Nab Draffer!"

Not so bad, thought I, and characteristic enough of Nab Draffer! And then looking at my watch I found that it was time to go to the meeting. So off I started.

The Methodist school-room was a good sized oblong building, with a large desk at one end, and the body of it filled with

^{*}I don't think I have quoted the lines correctly; but they are part of a drinking poem, I believe, written in Latin somewhere about the time of Charles I. or II. of England, and translated by Leigh Hunt, in his usual happy manner. It was once said that an English bishop wrote the poem, but report lied in this case as it does in most others.

rows of plain deal forms. A number of tin candle-holders hung on the side walls, along with sundry thin canes—these last being used I suppose to teach the village children their Sunday manners and religious proprieties. My friend Mr. Snorra, and a singular-looking man, with a foreign appearance, were the only persons who had arrived at present.

"Friend Snorra," said I, "am I early, or are the men late

in coming. How is it?"

"All i' good time, sur," he replied; "it's not yet half-past, I think; but I'se not sartan, for my watch is sick, an t' clock-maker's gotten her to doctor her. This be Polly Dradda's son, sur," he added, abruptly, pulling the foreign-looking man forward at the same moment by the button-hole,

"Indeed!" said I. "I'm glad to see you, friend; I know something about you already. The stuffed birds in your mother's cottage introduced me to you long ago, and I'm glad to see the man who shot a black swan."

"Those were boyish doings, sir," he replied, fixing a pair of dark restless, moony eyes upon me, "and I don't care about such things now," he added. "For I've been a traveller since then, and learned secrets that will shake Christendom. I mean to stuff blacker birds than black swans, the next time I try my hand at stuffing. Rare black birds, sir! who live on the superstitions of the people, and devour widow's houses, and who know no God but gold."

The suddenness and unlooked-for matter of the man's speech fairly startled me, it was so full of vehemence and sarcasm. What did he mean? Was he mad? I confess I thought he was mad. I replied to him, nevertheless, in good faith.

"Rarer birds than black swans are not often found in these latitudes, Mr. Dradda, I think, nor blacker birds. What's the name of those rare black birds you talk about stuffing next?"

"Oh," said he, with a loud laugh, "they have many names, these pretty black birds! and are of all sizes and degrees of blackness, as there are sizes of magnitude and degrees of glory in the stars, which, let me tell you, are all alive up there, and have blood in them, and great beating hearts and burning souls. But the blackbirds I speak about have neither hearts nor souls; they are all beak and claw and maw, and they swarm in the earth like vermin. But I have got the secret to kill them all. You need not smile, sir! I tell you I've got the secret," he added, with savage emphasis, his eyes rolling like fireballs in his head. I saw now clearly enough that the man was mad; and I was prevented from replying to him by the opportune entrance of Bill Gibbons, Ben Olaff, and a score or two of the fishermen.

"Bill Gibbons," said I, as my beer-loving friend approached me, "I see there are no candles in those tin hangers on the walls. Here is half a crown, and I want you to go and buy some. You can keep the change if there should be any, and you can buy a rope with it to hang up your civil daddy of the Golden Lion. But look sharp Bill, for I want to begin."

Bill took the money with a grin and a nod, and bolted out to execute the commission, whilst I went forward to the desk, followed by Ben Olaff, Mr. Snorra and Polly Dradda's mad son, "just comed from Ingles."

As soon as Bill entered, and the candles were lighted I rose to address the men.

"Fishermen!" said I, "I want to help you to do a good thing for yourselves. I find that you're no great scholars, and haven't got the knack of writing and counting readily, and that your ignorance of these matters makes you liable to be cheated by hucksters, or by any knave, indeed, with whom you may chance to deal. Now, it's a bad thing not to be able to write and count, and makes you strong, well-built, handsome chaps, look very weak and helplers when you come to make your bargains. I want to see you strong in mind as well as in body; and those amongst you who are willing to learn, and not ashamed to be taught, will oblige me by holding up the right hand. Good!" said I, as I beheld the brawny fists before me; "then you are all willing. And now I will tell you what I propose for you to do. You must form yourselves into a society for mutual improvement, and appoint your own officers, president, secretary, treasurer and committee, to govern it. I suppose sixty hands were held up just now. Well, then, all will become members; and each member must pay three pence per week. That will give you an income at once of fifteen shillings per week. With this money you can employ two teachers to give you instructions in writing and counting, three nights per week, and in less than six months there need not be a man amongst you ignorant of these things. I dare say your Methodist friends will let you have the use of this school-room for your class meetings without taking any rent for it, and all the rest is matter of detail which can be arranged by any committee you like to appoint, and I shall be glad to help them."

"That's all very good, sir," said Polly Dradda's son, called Paul Dradda, rising suddenly as I paused, and causing a commotion amongst the fishermen, who recognized him at glance and gave him a hearty cheer of welcome. "That's all very good, sir," he repeated, when the cheering subsided, "and I'm glad for one, that my old mates and townsmen are tike to be benefited in the way you name; but I understood that you had it in your head to do more than that for us. Didn't you tell me, Bill Gibbons, that the gentleman said he would send us a library of books from Leeds, and change them as often as we pleased? Now, sir," he added, turning to me, "there's many people in Flamboro' who can read, and would be glad to read if they only had books to read, and if you could let us have some books too along with your other good things, you would do us a real service."

"I'm glad to hear you talk in this way, Mr. Dradda," said I, "and nothing would give me more pleasure than to send you a box of books from our depôt at Leeds. You see, my fishermen friends," I added, addressing the tarpaulins, "I represent a society called the 'Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutions,' which numbers upwards of twenty thousand members, and in connection with this society we have what is called 'An Itinerating Library,' and a capital library it is, containing some of the best books, and those dearest and most sacred to man. Prince Albert sent us a fine collection only a few weeks ago, as a present, and all these books are at my disposal. When a village I go to wants books, I have to consider what kind of books would suit them-for I have all sorts at command—to suit all sorts of people. And I have already considered what books would suit Flamboro', and am ready to send them to you, if you will comply with the conditions."

"Hear him," cried a dozen voices. "Up reight and down strait." said one; "spakes to t' pint," said another; "no humbugin i' him," cried another; "and what be the conditions, sur?" asked Ben Olaff.

"Oh, they're not very heavy, I assure you, Mr. Olaff," said I. "Find me twenty-five men, or women; or men and women, willing to pay one penny a week each, for three months, and I will send you a box of fifty books, and exchange the box for another, as often as you like, and pay the expense of transit myself. Or find me fifty persons and I will send you a hundred volumes. Those are the conditions."

"Then we'll have a hundred volumes to begin with, my mates of Flamboro'," said Paul Dradda, rising in haste. "I'm a travelled man you see, and bring with me some small quantity of useless gold from India—useless to me at all events, although I mean to make it useful to you, for I shall pay for the first hundred volumes for three months."

"No, thee wante, Paul Dradda," said Ben Olaff. "We'se none so poverty-struck as that cums to, nuther. We can pay for oursens. Wet save yo mater?"

for oursens. Wat says ye, mates?"
"I says," quoth Bill Gibbons, "that it's vary good o' Paul, an jist like t' lad, as he war afore he left us to gang o'er the seas; but it wante dew! We chaps pays for oursens."

"Three cheers for Paul!" cried Mr. Snorra. "Hip! hip! hurra! hurra! hurra!" he vociferated, as the men caught up lustily the chorus.

"I know you're good fellows," cried Paul, "and I thank you for these cheers; but now then if you won't let me pay for the books, come and put down your names and money here yourselves. Time flies."

"Will you act as secretary, Mr. Dradda?" asked I. "If so come up here, and make an entry of the names and moneys, on this sheet of paper." Paul was by my side in an instant; and

in the course of a quarter of an hour we had everything complete, so far as the library was concerned.

"Now, then," said I, "you must make your class experiment safe for three months at all events, and you will each have to pay your three pence per week in advance, for that time, the round sum being three shillings."

Paul again acted as secretary and treasurer, and thus the most important part of the work was done. Nothing remained now to do but to appoint the officers; and it was a rule with me, which my experience confirmed as a wise one, to make these officers as numerous as possible. For the greater the number of official persons, the greater was the personal interest and influence enlisted in the success of the society. We soon appointed, therefore, in this case, one president, four vice-presidents, one secretary, one librarian, one treasurer, an auditor and twenty-four committee men—who were to meet once a week for the transaction of business.

I was just upon the point of leaving this assembly for the tents of Ishmael, when I was astonished by the apparition of the rector, who presented himself in company with the captain of the coast guard dressed in his gold-laced coat. The impudence of this intrusion paralyzed me for the moment, and I rubbed my eyes to see if it were not an illusion. There was no mistake about it, however; and in a few moments the rector and his friend had advanced close under the desk, facing the audience. There was a commotion of no friendly sort amongst the fishermen, and sundry hisses, and at length loud cries of "Wat do ye whant here?" "Turn t' parson out!" "He says we're nubbut dugs; an' wouldn't lat uz hev his twenty-nine-article scule-rooam, to meet in't neet!" "He whants uz to pay more church rates!" &c., &c.

"Be good enough to hold your peace, fishermen!" said I, "and allow the rector to explain the occasion of his extraordinary appearance at this meeting, after the insult he offered you in refusing you the use of his old school-room. Are you willing to extend to him this courtesy? For you have a perfect right to say if you will hear him or not, this meeting being yours and not his."

"Didn't I tell you that the land swarmed with vermin, sir?" demanded Paul Dradda. "And you, men of Flamboro'!" he added, turning to the excited fishermen, "are you such a dastard set that you will allow this black cock of the Headland to crow his cock-a-doodle-doo over you, whether you will or no? What good did he ever do to you, I should like you to tell me? What good did he ever do to you, I should like him to tell you? When did he sorrow to see you cheated by rascal hucksters, because you couldn't count the value of your cargoes? When did he try to teach you to count? When did he tell you that you were men made by the Almighty God, and that you ought to improve yourselves by learning, and read books to make you wise? Hasn't he said that learning isn't for the likes of you? You know he has said this—and yet there he stands before you! Look at him! And think what you are who look at him, and let him stand before you!"

This speech frightened me, and astonished me also—there was such method in it. I saw, however, that it wouldn't do to let the effect of it lie and act upon the fishermen, whom it had already violently excited. So I said: "It is doubtless all true what our friend has said, and I'm sorry it is true. I wish it wasn't, for the sake of better men whom I know that wear the cloth this man disgraces. Still I cannot imagine he would come to this meeting out of sheer impudence, and I am willing to believe that he is ashamed of his conduct to you, and of his base opinion of you, and has come here to redeem himself by proposing something for your good at last. I ask you again, then, will you hear him?"

After much wrangling and riotous behavior, most natural under the circumstances, they agreed to hear the rector on condition that he "cut it short."

"So you will hear me, my good Christian parishioners, will you? Well, I thank you for condescending to hear so poor a servant of the Lord Jesus as I am. Of old, the fishermen heard my Master gladly; but you, I see, are in another humor. And

yet you are all good Flamboro' men, and my parishoners for many years, who used to come to church, and hear me also gladly. But you are changed, I see. Anti-Christ has been amongst you; heresy, and now, worse than all, infidelity. You are misguided men; and it is my duty to tell you, you are going the downward road to destruction. It was not enough that you should turn Methodists, and bring that sin upon the parish, but you must turn downright infidels, and encourage infidel men to send for infidel books, to poison your poor souls. What is this new fangled scheme which this man from Leeds has brought here? It pretends to make you learned after the manner of modern learning, but its real object is to destroy religion, and bring its ministers into disrepute, and overturn the church. You are my children still—and——''

"Thou lees!" cried Ben Olaff at the top of his voice. "Thou hesn't gotten uz; we'se none o' thy blood, nor kin—nor doant whante to be. So yer may shut up, parson, as soon as you're a mind to."

"I can bear to be railed at by my children, you see," said the rector, smiling like an enraged rattlesnake, "for I continue to speak to them even though they call me liar. It matters little to me, however, what men call me. I have my reward in heaven. And whilst I am here I will do my duty to you. I warn you, therefore, not to pay heed to what this dangerons person from Leeds says to you. Have nothing to do with him or his schemes. He seeks only to ruin you body and soul."

"And is this what you came here to tell us, oh holy magpie!" cried Paul, his lip quivering with scorn and rage. "Shame on thy black and white feathers! Shame on thy silly tongue, and on the unskilful fool that cut it so badly! And thou hast been to college! Show us the wooden spoon that fed thee there! for I know they wouldn't let thee loose on the world without it. Oh, thou art a dainty magpie!—and Flamboro' is glad because of thee. But thy time will come at last, my fine bird! The museum is building for thee—and the stuff is sown and grown wherewith thou shalt be stuffed, and gently put into thy glass case, on the hundred thousandth shelf, for curiosity-mongers to gaze at."

"Who is this man?" said the rector, eyeing poor crazy Paul with eyes like devouring flame. And amidst the confusion which prevailed Ben Olaff's voice, his ear having caught the question, answered:

"He's a new prophet, parson, just cumed fra Ingies in a whale's belly. Heed him, parson! an' mend thy ways; and gang thysen hoam, or he'll be down on thee."

I was sick and disgusted with these proceedings, and the cause of them, so I called loudly for silence, and said:

"Fishermen! let us end this disgraceful scene. The rector has shown himself to be neither a Christian nor a gentleman, but an impudent bully—and I think we can afford to let him alone. So I dissolve this meeting."

With that I left the desk, and after exchanging a few words with the men, exhorting them to retire peaceably, and let the parson alone, I hurried over the fields, and took the shortest cut to the encampment.

(To be continued.)

THE MOUSQUETAIRE.—The large flat hat à la mousquetaire, which has been so much worn of late at the French court, has been replaced since the journey to Fontainebleau by the simple gipsy hat, tied down by a gauze scarf, which fastens it beneath the chin. The empress is said to have named this hat an "Olivia," from the Vicar of Wakefield, and has worn it with great success in her rambles about the park and gardens of St. Cloud. The ladies of the imperial court have followed her example, and the mousquetaire is, consequently, quite exploded.

MOVEMENT IN FRANCE IN FAVOR OF WOMEN.--The Lyons (France) Academy has offered a prize of one thousand two hundred francs for the best work on the means of opening fresh sources of labor to females, and of placing the wages of women on a level with those of men, where there is equality of services rendered or of labor performed.

MY UNCLE THE DEAN.

Our family is Irish, and, it is scarcely necessary to add, o. the rarest antiquity. As old as the hill of Howth, and, in point of social position, much higher. Our original ancestors were kings in their own right and might when the Saxon was a slave. We were indeed a very superior sort of people-we O'Brallagans-from the earliest times.

There is a bauncy in the family even now, if I make myself

the dean. If this latter were a bishop, it is quite impossible (although it would be a thing, of course, more creditable to the family) that any dignity could be added to his manners or personal appearance, or that any greater reverence could be paid to him by his admiring relatives.

The O'Brallagan himself, who would utter the shrill war-cry of his race whenever the hated name of the renegade baronet (he was a Unionic creation) was mentioned within hearing, spoke even respectfully of his venerable kinsman, although he, too, had accepted "the humiliating gifts of the invader" in the understood. I say this because when I once made that same | deanery of Ballygibbooney and other base preferments. It



A SEVERE BLOW.

observation to an Englishman (my companion in a railway carriage), he replied, "How shocking!" and inquired with interest, whether I had ever seen it? The benighted foreigner understood me to mean a banshee. A baronetcy (as he called it), I repeat, flourishes in the family-tree even now; though it must be confessed that there are a good many living branches between myself and the title. We are partial to making allusions to him in railway carriages and in society generally. He is the best man whom Time has left us to be eloquent about; and perhaps the only good one, with the exception of my uncle | called the castle, in the county Tipperary—one Christmas; and.

was a clear twelve hundred a year, if it was a penny; and after the appointment of the dean, the chapel-clerk, and the beadle, and the cathedral pew-opener, beside a fair sprinkling of minor canons as opportunities arose, were very soon O Brallagans likewise. My uncle was as deaf as a post, unless when under great excitement; but his heart was in the right place at all times, and open to the cry of nature.

Of his mere physical deafness I remember a remarkable instance. He was up at our family residence—a fine edifice upon the first evening of his arrival, was in the full enjoyment of his rubber at whist when prayers were announced below. It had been determined that we should have a general service out of compliment to the dean; although, before his elevation, it had not been considered necessary, and at nine o'clock the two Protestant servants sent us word that they were ready entirely.

I waited until his reverence had done dealing, and then informed him, distinctly as I thought, of the state of the case.

"Thank ye all the same, my boy, but I'd rather not go," replied my uncle, taking up his cards.

companied the O'Brallagan in his first visit to England (irreverent young dog that he was!) had played the chief tricks enough. On the head of our race remarking upon the singularity and rudeness of the English pronunciation, and on the difference between the spelling of their barbarous propernames and the pronunciation—such as Featherstone-haugh for Featherstone, Cholmondeley for Chumley, and Cirencester for Cissiter—Phil answered, "Ah! that's nothing; you should hear how they pronounce their Shakespeare's birth-place. Stratford-on-Avon (as we see it on the map) they pronounce, in speaking, Henley-upon-Thames!"



CONSOLATION.

"But," I cried, "they're waiting for you, Mr. Dean."

"Tell them to begin," says he.

"But I think they're expecting your riverence," I expostulated, "and it won't take ye five minutes if you're quick with it."

"Very well," said my uncle, good-naturedly, "to oblige them, and just for form's sake, mind ye, I'll go."

He thought it was supper, you see, to which I was inviting him instead of family prayers. Had it been anybody else who had so mistaken, we should have fairly screeched with laughter; but none of us, not even cousin Phil, dared to laugh at the dean. Phil was a regular dare-devil, too; and, when he ac-

But with the dean, as I have said, even the scapegrace Phil was as delicate and cautious as though, in his own favorite metaphor, he were brushing flies off a sleeping Venus. It was your riverence, or my vinerable cousin, or Misther Dane, at the very least with him; for he hoped to be made organist in time, at Ballygibbooney. He was, when sober, a very tolerable musician—although he had never tried so big a thing as an organ—and, if not having altogether the appearance of a cathedral official, still, when once seated behind the red cur tains, he flattered himself that he should look as well as another. It would have been hard measure, too, to have kept

poor Phil out of situation; since, whether peculiarly adapted for it or no, he was certainly fit for nothing else. At all events, Phil got it at last; and for some time, managed to retain it without any irredeemable disaster. If a note or two went a little wrong occasionally, it was of no consequence, at least to my uncle's ears; and that same infirmity of his prevented, I suppose, the whispers that were in circulation about Phil's letting out the organ by the hour on week days to young amateurs, who practised upon it Boyne Water and Croppies lie Down. Once, however-and, as ill-luck would have it, when the bishop himself was in the chair, and a very full congregaon present-Misther Philip O'Brallagan, Doctor of Music (a degree which he had conferred upon himself without any expense or bother whatever), came to very decided grief during the autumn. His touch been unusually vigorous and powerful up to a certain point; and, if a discordant thump or two did occur, the good bishop-who was, unhappily, musical-bore it with a meek and unruffled spirit out of love for the dean; while the congregation durst not so much as smile, with the O'Brallagan minor canons frowning down upon them from their stalls, and the O'Brallagan beadle and pew-opener ready to turn them out of chapel upon the instant for the least contempt of their relative. On a sudden, however, when the voices of the choir were at highest pitch, and waiting there, at some inconvenience, for the music to let them down again, the organ was struck utterly dumb; its speech not dying away decently with a wail, but cut off incontinently like an unpaid-for water supply. The bellows worked away below with praiseworthy perseverance; but they might just as well have devoted their energies to an empty pea-shooter. A dull, soughing sound, like the wind among reeds, alone was heard, and the deep inspiration of the singers as they took in their fresh air upon compulsion, when they could hold on to the note no longer. The dean, whose ears were affected by the cessation of the anthem, which always sounded in them like a chorus of enthusiastic bumble-bees, turned up his neck almost to dislocation towards the organ-loft. So did the bishop; so did the congregation; so their riverences the O'Brallagans, but with a characteristic confidence that the explanation of the phenomenon would be presently afforded in the execution of some piece of the most exquisite and harmonious delicacy.

Presently, from between the red curtains which ordinarily veiled the organist of Ballygibbooney from view, there was put forth a booted leg; anon, after a little pause, as if the operation was a difficult one, a second; finally—while these legs attempted a sort of accompaniment with their heels, outside—there was heard an unmelodious bumping, as though the musician were sitting upon the keys; which turned out indeed, to be the true state of the case.

Poor Phil was obliged to be taken out of chapel at once by four of his sorrowing relatives. He was very much intoxicated, and was found in that reversed position to which I have alluded endeavoring in vain to perform the remainder of the anthem upon the organ-stool. All his subsequent protestations and apologies were of no avail, though backed by the whole O'Brallagan interest, in reconciling his august relative to his retaining the post of organist at Ballygibbooney. The doctor of music sank very rapidly in his profession from that moment, and it is even whispered, went about the country for a very considerable time with his eyes shut, and playing upon the accordion, with a faithful little dog, with a saucer in his mouth, to lead his faltering steps and collect the halfpence. Upon the office of valet de chambre in the dean's household falling vacant, my revered uncle was induced to offer it to the wandering minstrel; and thenceforward, until that catastrophe happened to his master which I am about to describe, Phil occupied the post of confidential servant with apparent fidelity and submission.

When the Manchester Exhibition was opened, the Dean of Ballygibbooney, who was ever a patron of the arts and sciences, departed with his suite for the capital of cotton, intending to stay therein a week or two.

My uncle never moved without a considerable train of O'Brallagans, nor ever indeed took an undignified step in any direction. He would put on his shovel-hat and gaiters on the

slightest provocation; even when he had better have gone without, and, so attired, would look every inch so like a dean that one might easily have imagined he was an actor, playing that rôle, rather than the very dignitary himself. His tastes, too, were especially aristocratic and magnificent, and he openly confessed that, admiring the exhibition, as he did in all respects, the particular object therein which he himself desired to see, was that collection of jewels and gold ornaments lent for the present occasion by the Hastings family, but formerly belonging to the Maharajah Jamsetsee Singh. These treasures were, as may well be imagined, most religiously guarded; a small body of Manchester police being told off for their peculiar protection; although they otherwise lay as open as the rest of the objects of vertu, with nothing but a little plate-glass between them and the delighted sightseers.

On the morning after his arrival, the Dean of Ballygibbooney visited the exhibition in all his usual pomp, with gaiters, shovel-hat, and semi-episcopal cast of countenance. In his hand he held a plan of the edifice, by which he was enabled, without inquiry, to make straight for the sanctum sanctorum, the repository of the jewels which had been prigged from the unfortunate Maharajah. The sturdy O'Brallagans kept close to his very venerable heels, but Phil had been left at the hotel, at his own request, upon the plea of indisposition.

The general company seemed to regard the three visitors with an interest, if not respect. This touched my uncle. The public made way for them with delicacy as they approached; and left the little room, wherein the ornaments were disposed, almost entirely clear for their inspection. My revered relation was enraptured with the gorgeous appearance of the gems. He signed to his retainers to come nearer, and begun, with his usual condescension, to explain to them the nature and the value of the different stones. His own fingers were adorned with more than one costly diamond; and, motioning with his hand, in order to give effect to some eloquent description, his rings grated against the glass. At the same instant, his riverence found his arms fast pinioned by a couple of policemen, and his whole body impelled between them with considerable swiftness towards the principal entrance. He perceived, by one backward glance that the same attentions were being paid, by four others of the force, to his two followers, who nevertheless, resisted stoutly. The whole cavalcade, however, now swelled from three to nine, were soon in progress; and the interest of the spectators in the movements seemed at least to have increased in proportion.

It was now become impossible for my uncle to conceal from himself that he was actually in custody. He was, it was clear, the victim of some mistake, stupendous, almost beyond human conception.

"My good man," said he, to the right-hand policeman, for whose enormous error he positively felt a sort of pity, in spite of his own wretchedness, "you little know what you do; I am the Dean—"

"O, don't I," interrupted the official, sardonically; "the Dean of Ballygibbooney, isn't it? I thought as much, and it was a very pretty plant, I must say."

"Good heavens!" thought my uncle, "then he really knows me! I must surely therefore be the object of some political persecution; but what does he mean by a pretty plant?"

Once in the police office, and out of the concentrated gase of the multitude, however, the prisoner's fortitude and good sense returned.

"Send to the Royal Hotel to my man Philip O'Brallagan!" said he, "and all will be explained."

The answer from the Royal Hotel arrived as follows:

"Mr. Philip O'Brallagan presents his best compliments to the inspector, and begs to say that he has never so much as set eyes on the dean in question; from the description given to him by the policeman, he is led to believe that the impostor in custody was once concerned in the said town of Ballygibbooney in some disreputable transaction concerning the cathedral organ."

Cousin Phil, you see, had never forgiven my uncle for having dispossessed him of his musical situation, his Celtic heart had treasured up the wrong until this opportunity of repaying it

He had written, over night, to the inspector, anonymously, to warn him of a sharper dressed in the dean's apparel, who, accompanied by two ruffianly associates, would make an attempt the following morning upon the Maharajah's jewels. Measures were therefore taken for the apprehension of the suspected malefactors, and my uncle's diamond ring in contact with the glass was the supposed commencement of the robbery, and the signal for his immediate apprehension.

A comparison of the hand-writings of these two communications was the first thing that caused the inspector to look less balefully upon his prisoners, and to guess at the hoax which had been played upon them; nor was it until my uncle the dean and his company of martyrs to Phil's practical joke had been confined some hours that such explanations were entered into as effected their release. The confidential Phil had, of course, in the meantime decamped, and my uncle the dean only stayed long enough in Manchester to pack up his semi-episcopal garments and exchange them for a less ostentatious suit.

HOW MRS. JONES WENT TO AUCTION.

MARY Ann, dear soul, is a miracle of economy. At least, she says she is; and I am too prudent to contradict her. She is for ever talking of what she saves on this; how cheap she bought that; what extravagance Mrs. Reckless is guilty of; how wasteful the Simpkinses are; and other like self-denying themes.

Mary Ann, like all professional economists, is very fond of auctions. She spends about two days in every week attending sales of this description. I feel what a great sacrifice it is on her part, and she feels it also; for it compels her to employ a seamstress to do the plain sewing, for which she has no leisure; and as Mrs. Jones is particular, the work never satisfies her, which naturally aggravates her placid temper.

We sometimes differ, though in quite an affectionate way, as to the cheapness of auction goods. Once or twice I have yielded—for even the best of husbands are dyspeptic and unjust sometimes—to the insane delusion that my wife might possibly be in the wrong. I have, on such occasions, gently expostulated with her. But she invariably comes off conqueror.

Our last controversy was about an extending-table. She had long desired such an article; but as we owned two excellent ordinary tables, which had answered our purposes for several years, neither she nor I could see the necessity of a change. Frequently, indeed, she would say to me, "It's a pity somebody wouldn't buy those tables—an extending one would be so much more convenient;" and I would invariably answer, "But as they won't, my dear, we must get along the best way we can;" to which she would reply, snappishly, "To be sure—who ever said otherwise?" and there the matter would drop.

One day, however, she came home, saying, "I've bought such a cheap extending-table, Jones, love! Only to think, twelve feet long, and made of the best walnut, and all for three pounds! The auctioneer said the maker would lose five pounds on the table. We can now afford to send our old tables to a second-hand furniture shop, for they'll bring enough to pay for the extending-table, if not more."

I had some misgivings about this, but deemed it most prudent to keep them to myself; for in the enthusiastic state in which Mary Ana was, it would have been cruel to contradict her. So we sat down to dinner, Mrs. Jones radiant with joy to such a degree that the children were suffered to eat as much pie as they pleased without a word being said about the unwholesomeness of pastry, an incident that had never occurred before.

That night, when I came home to tea, I found the new extending-table ostentatiously displayed. I am not much of a mechanic, but the table seemed to me rather rickety. I ventured to express my fears on this point, but my wife re-assured me; and when I returned to the subject a little after, she tartly told me, "I didn't know what I was talking about;" a conclusion to which I tacitly assented.

Later in the evening, after the children were in bed, Mary Ann asked me for a sovereign to help to pay for the extending.

table. I inquired, in some surprise, if she had sold the old tables. She hesitated, then said she had; and finally confessed they had not brought so much as she expected.

"I want a sovereign still," she said; "but it will be a saving in the long run"—she spoke quite briskly now—"for it took so much time to run out the two old tables, that we'll make up the price in a year, in that way alone."

I said no more. Mary Ann spoke with decision, and when people are decided you may be sure they know better than you; for of course obstinacy and ignorance never go together.

I could not conceal from myself that the new table grew more and more rickety the longer it was used; but I never said so. I, however, shook it slightly now and then, at meals, to test its strength. One day Mary Ann, no longer able to tolerate this conduct in silence, broke out. "Do now let that table alone, Jones," she said sharply. "You've been trying to break it ever since it came home, and you'll do it some day, see if you don't."

One night we had a grand party. My wife, bless her economical heart, had been saving up for it nearly a year, or ever since Mrs. Simpkins, next door, gave her famous soirée dansante. We issued invitations; had our confectionery from the most fashionable firm; engaged musicians; and altogether did the thing quite genteelly. The entertainment would have been, as the French say, a decided "success," but for an accident, of which I, unfortunately, as dear, truthful Mary Ann informed the company, was the proximate cause.

The supper-table, groaning with every delicacy, and brilliant with a great pyramid of candies in the centre, was ready at last—a masterpiece of festal magnificence; the hired waiter had come to the parlor door to announce the fact, and the concluding whirl was being made by the waltzers, when there was a sudden crash in the direction of the dining-room, as if the ceilings had fallen in from roof to kitchen, and the entire building might be expected to follow. The ladies screamed; the musicians stopped; the waiter turned white with horror. I, with a few other gentlemen, rushed to see what was the matter.

I had already foreboded the truth, and therefore was not surprised to see the ceiling unhurt, but the table in ruins. Our new purchase—I say our, for Mary Ann is positive she bought the table only because I was always complaining of the old ones—had given way at both ends, as well as in the middle, so that chickens and ices, plates and glasses, liquids and solids lay in undistinguishable confusion on the floor.

We had no supper that night; but, on the whole, the company behaved admirably. To that witty fellow, Joe Smarl, I owe it that there was such general good-humor; for no sooner did he see the wreck than he clapped his hands and cried, "Bravo! Jones has given the greatest break-down of the season." Of course everybody knows that a party in our town is always called a break-down. You should have heard the laugh that followed Joe's wit.

Even Mary Ann laughed. I could see, however, that it was only a surface laugh. But she behaved with wonderful tact. She ordered the musicians to strike up, with as much nonchalance as if that crash had not carried down, in the shape of plates and glasses to be paid for, the household savings of two years to come.

Yes, of more than two years; for I am still eating scant dinners, though more than that period has elapsed; and whenever I complain, Mrs. Jones has the same stereotyped answer.

"You've nobody to thank but yourself," she says. "You made me buy the table, and then worked at it till it got to be good for nothing. I don't complain, though I wasn't to blame at all, and though I like good dinners as well as yourself. But it's the way with you men!"

My wife still goes to auction; still keeps a seamstress in consequence; and still has occasional catastrophes like "Jones's great break-down." It was only last night that a chair which she had bought at an auction gave way under me, and though I nearly broke my back, Mary Ann only said, "You are always breaking chairs. You sit down like an elephant. But it's the way with you men!"

THE PLEASURES OF SALMON FISHING.

A PLEASANT tale which discourseth of how a quiet London merchant was cajoled into leaving his comfortable villa for the purpose of salmon fishing in the wilds of Scotland. Also the disastrous termination of the perilous undertaking, in the very words of the sufferer:

Sir,—As an outraged individual, as a father and a Briton, I protest against the barbarities of salmon fishing being countenanced in this free country. I have written to the Times for redress in vain, and therefore I draw to you, hoping that the narrative of a sufferer by the infamous delusion will deter others, specially gentlemen of corpulent tendencies, from listening to the vile seductive invitations of northern friends. Nor let it be denied that I am an authority on the subject of this communication, for when I state that it is my practice to fish the great river Thames, and that I once caught three barbel at Richmond, all at one sitting in a punt, my reputation as a sportsman needs no vindication.

The cause of all the miseries I have undergone originated in Sir Humphrey Davy's "Salmonia." M'Tavish, once my friend, persuaded me to peruse the wicked book. No sooner did I read



those vivid descriptions of old gents hauling up monstrous salmon (market price, two shillings per pound) by the score, in an elegant and off-hand fashion, maintaining an agreeable con-



versation on things in general the while, than my heated imagination put the question, "Why not go and do likewise?" The tempter, M'Tavish, was at my elbow; he whispered, "Come north, my boy, with me, and I will give you no end of sport." I listened, and was lost. I madly invested a small fortune in tackle, in rods tall as the palms in the desert, and flies almost big enough to dine off.

Indeed, in imitation of M'Tavish, who said it was "the thing," I even garnished my cap round about with a few of these brutes, and one of them nearly hooked out my eyes; that was a trifle; I was prepared for a little danger. And



when, after a terrible journey of fitteen hours into a barren and uninhabited country, we arrived on the banks of a river, not at all like the Thames, my courage began to fail; but

when M'Tavish, having adjusted his rod, line, &c., stepped into the water in a quiet, insane manner, and commenced vigorously whipping away in all directions with a line of infinite length, the question forced itself on me—"Can this be pleasure?" However, an exclamation from M'Tavish—"By



Jove, just rose a regular whale!"—revived my spirits; and having at last got all my apparatus in order, I commenced proceedings with cast one.



Cast two was not satisfactory. The more vigorous my efforts were, the more the confounded line twisted up and refused to go out.



Cast three was made in a rage, and the consequence was a crack like that of a cart-whip, and, lo! my beautiful scarlet and yellow fly either took life and flew away, or, preferring spontaneous combustion to drowning, exploded and left not a tale behind.



With some awe and infinite trouble, I re-equipped my line, and made cast four, involving a dreadful single combat with trees and other vegetables, and followed by intense depression of spirits. At length an idea struck me—"If I was only in the water like M'Tavish, I might catch hatsful." The thought revived me. A vigorous pull freed my line from all entangle



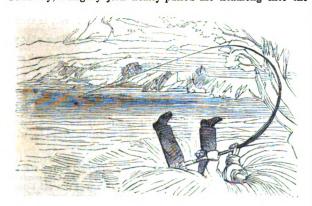
ment—that is, I broke it. I quickly substituted another; and, animated by a stern resolve to do or die, I plunged into the



rushing waters. And when I had recovered from the dreadful shock, my courage was rewarded—I caught a beauty.



Re-animated, I now flogged away with might and main, till my hands were blistered, and my arms almost dislocated; for six mortal hours did I wrestle, now stuck fast in the mud, presently in danger of being carried off by torrents, till, panting and wretched, I was about to abandon myself to rest, when, suddenly, a mighty jerk nearly pulled me headlong into the



depths; by re-action I fell on my back, while my rod bent double, my reel spun round with a loud whir, and I had indistinct visions of a monstrous fish, apparently at least ten feet long, jumping up and down in the water with a terrible noise.

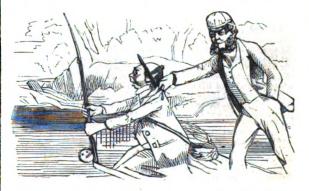
My first fear was lest it should come at and bite me, so I scrambled on to the bank, still holding on to the rod with admirable courage. And then commenced a fearful scene.



First, the fish ran me a clear half mile at full speed; then he ran me back again; then he ran me over rocks, pitfalls, thorns, nettles, and at last into a deep pool, where no doubt



he would soon have settled me, but for M'Tavish, who nuckily came up at the moment, and while hauling us both out, demanded, with a fiendish grin, sole right and title to be called capter of the fish. When safely on the bank, I indignantly repudiated the claim—fool that I was!—for just at that moment—just as I was figuring to myself the exultation of my wife and children when the fruit of all my sufferings



would be brought home in triumph, then to be stuffed in perpetual remembrance of my fishing-just as I was giving the brute an additional crack on the head with a stone, to make sure that he would not bite me or escape out of the basket I intended to pack him in for London—just at that moment four monstrous natives precipitated themselves upon me; they laid hands on me, they called me opprobrious names, they accused me of taking an unclean fish, although to my eyes I never saw such a beauty. In vain I remonstrated with them; in vain I pointed out that if the fish was unclean, it was the more reason why he should not be left in the river; the brutes would not listenthey yelled a horrible jargon in my ear-out of which I could only understand that I was liable to the laws of their savage country to a fabulous amount for every pound my salmon weighed. I finally compromised this wretched day's "sport" by tendering a £10 note, which these wretches (calling themselves bailiffs, too!) took grumblingly. I was now convinced that salmon fishing was a monstrous humbug; made for the

nearest railway and without again meeting that unfortunate M'Tavish, sought at home the solace of sympathising friends from the cruelties of mere Scandina-VIADS.

Now, sir, is my case a hard one or is it not? Is salmon fishing imposition or is it not? Awaiting your reply, I am, PAUL PRY.

Hoxton, July, 1858.

No doubt that Providence has willed that man should be the head of the human race, even as woman is its heart; that he should be its strength, and she its solace; that he should be its wisdom, and she its grace; that he should be its mind, its impetus, and its courage, and she its sentiment, its charm and its consolation.



A CHAPTER OF WIT, ANECDOTE AND HUMOR.

Some philosophers assert that life itself is a joke. If we accept this view, we must admit that the human family are a multitude of very sorry jesters. But we dissent from the view in toto, and affirm that life is very serious, and especially made serious, that we, the workers in the dark, might the better enjoy a joke. Contrasts are the spice of life, and a joke is as natural to man as sunshine is to the month-of June, and about as welcome and vivifying.

' As precocious children seem to be the popular theme with a large number of our editors, who daily pray for an idea, and never find their prayer granted, we present a few specimens of precocity for the delectation of our readers:

A friend related to us one morning a scene in a school-room, which we think will do to publish, and is too good to keep. It is the custom in the school to read a moral lesson each morning, when the teacher questions the scholars on what has been read. The day our friend visited the school, the lesson was in regard to the taking of the fruit, and was a sort of narrative, in which it was stated that a teacher had told his class not to touch the fruit which grew in a neighboring orchard, but to wait until it was perfectly ripe, and they should all have a share of it. They all disobeyed the command with the exception of one little girl—she alone refraining from touching

the fruit.

The first question asked by the teacher was:

"Which did right, the little girl, or the others of the class?"

The unanimous answer was: "The little girl."

The next question asked was:
"Why did not the little girl also take the fruit?"
This appeared to puzcle the class, and for a long time there was no one ready to answer. At length a little fellow at the bottom of the class held up his hand, which was equivalent to saying that he thought he could give the answer. He was told to proceed, when he astonished the teacher and convulsed our friend by exclaiming: "Pleath, sir, she wath too little to reath the fruit!"

Another:

A little three-year old, my only child, merited punishment. I told him to take down his pantalets. He obeyed instantly, taking them entirely off, and throwing them over his head for a veil, said: "Spank me, ma, but spare my blushes!"

I threw down the slipper and clasped my darling in my arms, fearing that in a few days he would be exhaled!

WONDERFUL PRECOCITY.—A little boy named Tommy, aged three years, seven months, twenty-four days, three hours, seven minutes and fourteen seconds, said the other day to his brother, aged about nine:

"Dick, I wish you would call me a monkey!"
"Why?" inquired his wonder-stricken comp

"Why?" inquired his wonder-stricken companion.
"Because," said the infant phenomenon, "I want to fight you!"
When it is recollected that Paddy O'Flanagan, of Tipperary, was

forty years old, when he begged as a personal favor that somebody would tread on the tail of his coat, nothing equal to this has been said from uninspired lips.

Still another:

"I'll draw the fire of Infant-ry!"-HARPER'S DRAW-ER.

"Ma!" said a serious two-and-three-quarter-year-old, as he lay in my lap ready for bed, "what is the sky?"

"It is ether, my pet, composed of oxygen and hydrogen gases, which become greatly attenuated, even at forty miles in height, and give that indescribable blue color in a cool, calm and cloudless day." "Yes, dear ma, I understand. The sky is God's gas which he lights up in the daytime, whilst we light up the gas company's in the night."

One eye was closed, but a celestial ray shot out from the other. His little thumb rested on his nose, and his little fingers moved con-I fear ma petite is not long for this world. rulsively

THERE are some men so literal in their nature that they dive into a joke as an antiquarian would into a South American mound, to find of what it is composed. Upon such men jokes come as an infliction. The following is a specimen of a literal man, but he was a humorist unconsciously:

A country squire, walking through one of his woods, meets a laboring man just getting over the gate at the entrance of the wood. On a tree which overshadowed the gate is a board on which is written "No path."

"Can you read?" says the squire to the man.

"Ya'as; where do you s'pose I was born and bred, if I can't

Well, as you can read, will you be so good as to tell me what you see written there?

see written there?"
"What I sees written up there? Why, I sees an infernal great
lie. It says 'no path,' and hang me if there isn't as good a path as
ever I seed—wide eno' for you and me to walk on at the same time.
Landlord, confounded, walks off without saying any more.

EVERY man has some personal characteristic well-known and recognized by his friends. We have rarely known a case of personal identity so clearly proved and so firmly sworn to, without seeing the individual, as in the following case:

out seeing the individual, as in the following case:

A very ill-natured and quarrelsome person was concerned in a street brawl one night, and got a blow from somebody which resulted in a black eye, and a suit for assault and battery. In the course of the trial, a son of the plaintiff, a regular "chip of the old block," about fifteen years of age, was called to the witness-box. The boy testified to some 'nowledge of the affray, but could not give any particulars, as the night was an exceedingly dark one.

"Now, sir," said the cross-examining attorney, "will you venture to swear that your father was there at all?"

"Yes, sir, I know he was there."

"But you say you did not see him, nor hear him speak; how, then,

"Yes, sir, I know he was there."
"But you say you did not see him, nor hear him speak; how, then, did you know he was present?"
"Why, I'll tell you. Just as I came out of the gate, I heard Joe Smith (the defendant), holler out, 'There goes the old devil!' and I knew he meant dad."



ORATORY is a wonderful means of moving the passions of masses of people. Daniel Webster was a great orator, and so is Edward Everett, but we have seen nothing in their published speeches to equal the following burst of eloquence, either in intensity or exquisite obscurity:

A windy orator once got up and said: "Sir, after much reflection, consideration and examination, I have calmly, deliberately and carefully come to the determined conclusion—that in cities where the population is very large, there are a greater number of men, women and children, than in cities where the population is less. And I firmly believe there is not a man, woman or child in all this vast as-sembly that has reached the age of fifty or upwards, but has felt this mighty truth rolling through his breast for centuries.'

Philosophy can smooth every difficulty, if properly applied and strictly carried out:

"I have heard of a married couple, who, though they were both of a hasty temper, yet lived comfortably together by simply observing a rule on which they had mutually agreed—Never to be angry together."

In quoting the plan of Peppergrass we especially assure our fair readers that we have no intention of recommending such a very disreputable method of working upon the tenderness of a wife, as to stay out so long as to raise fears in her heart for her lord's safety. We always had a strong suspicion that the "garotting" horror so prevalent a short time ago was invented for the special purpose of frightening languid wives into a torrent of affection. It was also an admirable plan for accounting for the sum spent in a champagne supper given to a favorite actress by rumpling the gravat, and then rushing in to a semi-enraged wife with, "Garotters, my darling!" A fair friend of ours, whose husband had spent a considerable sum in a jolly little treat he gave Miss -- at Burnham's, assured his wife that he had had his pocket picked of thirty dollars. Next morning she found the tavern bill in her husband's pocket—a rare proof of the garotter's discrimination in not stealing worthless articles. After this preface the great Peppergrass artful dodge is perfectly harmless:

Peppergrass says that if he stays out late at night, and wishes to avoid scolding or a curtain lecture from Mrs. P., he generally waits out to the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal," when the amger of his better half subsides into fears for his personal safety. He goes out "on business," with a promise to be home at nine. Half-past nine, "on business." with a promise to be home at nine. Half-past nine, Mrs. P. uneasy; ten, positively enraged, and rehearses to herself an address for Peppergrass's especial edification, filled with cutting reproaches; eleven, vague uneasiness, accompanied by an indefinite fear that something must have happened; half-past eleven, nervous apprehension—tears take the place of withering glances; twelve o'clock, unendurable suspense—if she only knew the worst! one o'clock, is completely worked up, when Peppergrass arrives; throws herself into his arms, overjoyed to see him, as she "was so afraid some accident must have happened to him."

THE following is of course not intended for our lady readers, since the word "breeks" appears in it. It is merely a bonne bouche for our Biblical scholars:

The ladies of the congregation of Dr. ——, Edinburgh, lately determined to present the doctor with a pulpit gown. The doctor, on the Sunday after it was presented, intimated to the people in the church: "The ladies have been kind enough to present me with a pulpit gown; but lest any member should object to my wearing it, I sha'n't put it on yet, and will hear objections on Thursday night" Nobody came to object but an old lady. The doctor said, "Well, Janet, what objections have you to the pulpit gown?" "Aweel, sir," said Janet, "we never read of the Apostle Paul wearing a gown!" The doctor said (and there was a significancy in the reply), "You are quite right, Janet; but we never read of St. Paul wearing breeks (trowsers)!" That satisfied the old lady.

By the next we find that Sir Colin Campbell cannot joke in Latin so well as Sir Charles Napier, who, when he had conquered Scinde, astonished the solemn dogs of the East India Directory with the following despatch: "Peccavi." (I have sinned!) Possibly as Napier is dead he understood a dead language better than Sir Colin Campbell:

How often is Lucknow to be the victim of the same poor pun? "Our own correspondent" is at it again. When (says he) the Kaiserbagh was reported to have been taken, the gallant Scot (Sir Colin Campbell), turning to General Mansfield, cried out with honest pride, "By —, like Casar, I can now describe my victory in three words, Nunc fortunatus sum." (The chief of the staff did not understand his excellency's joke.) "Why, mon, dinna ye twig? Nunc fortunatus sum—I'm in Luck-now." If this be true (and 'tis as true as the story of Jessie Brown), may he never be in luck again! fortunatus sum—I'm in Luck-now." If this be true (and 'tis a as the story of Jessie Brown), may he never be in luck again!

In calling attention to the next we do it as a warning to all who imitate even kings, since this Hungarian was only following the example of a king of Spain, who having led a very wicked life had his corpse dressed in a monk's habit, hoping to pass into Paradise in such a disguise. Quevedo humorously adds that he only jumped from the frying-pan into the fire, since St. Peter damned all monks without any examination:

When the cholera was raging in the south of Europe, a native of Hungary heard that in a certain village it attacked only men. Hoping to escape the disease, he disguised himself as a female, with the utmost care and secresy, and went to live in the favored village. Soon after his arrival he was, however, attacked with the worst symptoms of the disorder, and in his agony exclaimed, "Alas, alas! who could have betrayed my sex?" who could have betrayed my sex?"

A beautiful girl stepped into a shop to buy a pair of mits. "How

much are they?"

"Why," said the gallant but imprudent clerk, lost in gazing upon her sparkling eyes and ruby lips. "you shall have them for a kiss."

"Agreed," said the young lady, pocketing the mits, and her eyes speaking daggers, "and as I see you give credit here, charge it on your books, and collect it in the best manner you can." So saying, she hastily tripped out at the door.

An old toper said that he could, when blindfolded, tell each of several kinds of liquors. When brandy, whisky, gin and other drinks were presented to him, he pronounced correctly what they were. At length a glass of pure water was given to him, he tasted it, paused, tasted again, and again considered, and shook his head. At last he said: "Gentlemen, I give it up. I am not used to that sort of liquor"

The Bishop of Oxford, lately preaching in St. Margaret's Church, in aid of the Westminster Hospital, thus questioned the motives of some people's charity: "For instance, contrast the amount you give when the plate is held at the door, and you can slip in your contribution quietly and unseen in passing out, with the sum you would give in the very same church and for the same object were the plate handed into each pew and your respectability put upon its mettle!"

Mr. Abernethy once saved an Irishman's leg from being amputated. As he was afterwards going over the wards of the hospital with a number of students, the poor fellow, with all his country's eloquence, poured out a torrent of thanks, making pantomimic displays of his legs. "That's the leg, yer honor. Glory be to God! Yer honor's the boy to do it. May the heavens be your bed! Long life to your honor! To the divole with the spalpeens that said your honor would cut it off." &c. With some difficulty the patient was got into bed, and Abernethy took the opportunity of giving a clinical lecture. Every sentence Abernethy uttered, Pat confirmed. "Thrue, yer honor—divole a lie in it. His honor's one great docthor entirely!" While at the slightest allusion to his case, off went the bedclothes, and up went the leg, as if he were taking aim at the ceiling with it. "That's it, by gorra! and a bither leg than the villin's that wanted to cut it off."

Dr. Bedford, Governor of Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh, relates that as he was taking a walk one day in an agricultural district of Yorkshire, he observed a countryman leaning on his spade, scemingly plunged in deep thought. Being curious to learn the cause of the man's abstracted manner, the doctor asked him what subject most frequently occupied his attention when thinking; to which the rustic replied, "Mostly nowt, maister."

A burgess had occasion to step into the new Corporate Buildings, Newcastle, a week ago; and his eye was caught by the mantelpiece of the Council Chamber, with its bold emblematical carvings in free-

of the Council Chamber, with its bold emblematical carvings in free-stone by Mr Scott.

"What are these?" said he, pointing to the figures

"Oh," replied an elderly artizan; "them's the cooncil. There's
the mayor in the middle, and the cooncillors on both sides of him."

"Well, but my good men," rejoined the visitor, "the councillors
don't wear petticoats."

"It's all right," was the explanation, "them in the goons 'll just
be the aldermen!"

An eccentric wealthy gentleman stuck up a board in a field upon his estate, on which was painted the following: "I will give this field to any man who is contented." He soon had an applicant.
"Well, sir, are you a contented man?"
"Yes, sir, very."

"Then what do you want with my field?" The applicant did not reply.

During a conversation among some wits the other evening, one observed that he had heard Mr. Rarey's secret lay in the use of some

"I believe," replied one of the company, "that is is nothing more

than herb-anity."
"Well," observed another, "that is much better than the old nos-

Both punsters were immediately turned out.

A logician and a swimmer had embarked in the same vessel. The logician said to his companion,
"What do you know of logic?"
It appeared that he did hot know even the name of it.
"Alas! alas!" exclaimed the reasoner, "you have sunk one-half of your life in an ocean of ignorance!"
A storm arose. The swimmer said to the logician,
"Have you learned to swim?"
"No," answered the reasoner.
"Alas! alas!" said the swimmer, "you have thrown away your whole life upon the winds!"

When the Duchess of Sutherland was inspecting the children of one of her charity schools, the teacher asked: "What is the wife of

was replied with equal readiness.

"A queen," bawled out one of the little ones.
"The wife of an emperor?"
"An empress," was replied with equal readine
"Then what is the wife of a duke called?"
"A drake." exclaimed several voices, mistaking

exclaimed several voices, mistaking the title duke for the biped duck, which they pronounced the same.

Miss M——, a young heiress, of considerable personal attractions, chanced to be scated, at a dinner party, next to a gentleman remarkable in the fashionable circles for the brilliancy of his wit, and who had long been one in the train of her admirers. The conversawho had long been one in the train of her admirers. The conversa-fion turned upon the uncertainty of life.

"I mean to insure mine," said the young lady, archly, "in the

"In the hope of what?" said her admirer; "a single life is hardly worth insuring; I propose we should insure our lives together; and, if you have no objection, I should prefer the Alliance."

Missing And Mist.—"If you are lost in a fog, Brown, what are you most likely to be?"
"Mist, of course," says Brown, and vanishes.

A PROMISING YOUTH .- "Ma," said Master Biggs, "may I go

to the theatre to-night?"

"No, Tom," says mamma.

"Then I'll go and get the measles, that I will; I know a boy who has 'em rise." has 'em pri ac.

QUITE NEW!—To what trade is a poet brought up? To be an artist in (h) air."

AMERICAN DEFINITIONS .erican Definitions.—Analyse—an attack on Anna's vera-Wilful—Will a little tipsy. Patrolling—Pat turning on his own axis.

LUNACY IN FLEAS.—" Are fleas liable to attacks of insanity?"
"I should say so; don't they generally die cracked?"

INVENTION AND IMPROVEMENT.—A Frenchman, boasting of the inventive genius of his countrymen, said:
"Pesto! we—we invented lace ruffles!"
"Ay," said an Englishman, "and we added shirts to them."

EXPERIENCE.—Experience is the most eloquent of preachers, but she never has a large congregation.

A FRENCH BULL.—In an address to a French electoral community, the candidate stated that he had shed all his blood for his country, and was ready to shed it again!

A FAST LEADER.—"Well, Mr. Robinson, and how does your son get on with his violin?"

"Astonishingly; there were fourteen of us playing together last night, and he took the lead."

"Capital—admirable!"

"Yes, and he kept it so well, sir, that none of us could catch him!"

These Men!-" Husband, I don't know where that boy got his

bad temper; I am sure not from me."
"No, my dear, for I don't find that you have lost any."

Mr. Snodgrass, Junior, has been "scooting around" at the West, and as some of his experiences are rather amusing, we copy an extract as follows:

"When we got to the depot, I went around to get a look at the iron hoss. Thunderation! it warn't no more like a hoss than a meetin'-house. If I was goin' to describe the animule, I'd say it looked like—well, it looked like—darned if I know what it looked like, unless it was a regular he devil, snortin' smoke all round, and pantin', and heavin', and swellin', and chawing up red hot coals like they was good. A feller stood in a house-like, feedin' him all the time; but the more he got the more he wanted, and the more he snorted. After a spell the feller catched him by the tail, and great Jerico! he set up a yell that split the ground for more'n a mile and a half, and the next minnit I felt my legs a waggin', and found myself at t'other end of the string o' vehickles. I wasn't skered but I had three chills and a stroke o' palsy in less than five minits, and my face had a and a stroke of palsy in less than five minits, and my face had a curious brownish-yeller-green-bluish color in it, which was perfectly unaccountable. 'Well,' says I, 'comment is supper-fluous, and I unaccountable. 'Well,' says 1, 'comment is supper-fluous, and I took a seat in the nearest wagin, or car, as they call it—a consarned long, steamboat-looking thing, with a string of pews down each side big enough to hold about a man and a half. Just as I sat down, the hoss holicred twice and started off like a streak, pitchin' me head first at the stomach of a big I rish woman, and she gave a tremendous grunt, and then catched me by the head, and crammed me under the seat; the cars was a jumpin' and tearin' along at nigh onto forty

A logician and a swimmer had embarked in the same vessel. The gician said to his companion, "What do you know of logic?"
It appeared that he did not know even the name of it. "Alas! alas!" exclaimed the reasoner, "you have sunk one-half if your life in an ocean of ignorance!"
A storm arose. The swimmer said to the logician, "Have you learned to swim?"
"No," answered the reasoner.
"Alas! alas!" said the swimmer, "you have thrown away your shole life upon the winds!"

When the Duchess of Sutherland was inspecting the children of ne of her charity schools, the teacher asked: "What is the wife of

PETER CARTWRIGHT'S RUSE,-Some church affairs made it necessary for Rev. Peter Cartwright to visit New York city, some years ago, and it was arranged for him that he should put up at the Astor House. It was here that his brethren expected to meet him, his social and denominational appointmen's had reference to the Astor House as his head-quarters. When Mr. Cartwright, however, appeared at the Astor, there was nothing in his backwoods appearance peared at the Astor, there was nothing in his backwoods appearance that suggested to its proprietors his worthy position among the fathers of Methodism; when, therefore, he requested to be shown to his room, he was very cavalierly turned over to a servant to show him up stairs. Up stairs they went—up, up, up—Mr. Cartwright in wondering amazement lost, the servant apparently untiring in his amusement of ascending. Finally, the servant opened the door of an apartment up in the attic story, and pointed it out to Mr. C. as his room. Father Peter detained the servant while he should take a general survey of the premises—repeated the inquiry if this was the room he was to occupy—and at length appearing to be well satisfied general survey of the premises—repeated the inquiry it this was me room he was to occupy—and at length appearing to be well satisfied he disposed of his baggage, and very politely requested the servant to be good enough to show him down stairs again. The servant preceded Father Cartweight down, down, down, down, till they reached at length the street landing; but before the servant could escape, Peter inquired if he wouldn't please to now him up again! So up they went again, heavenward, and at last Peter found his room and permitted the servant to depart in peace. The servant had and permitted the servant to depart in peace. The servant had little more than found himself down stairs, when Uncle Peter rang the bell furiously. In due time up came the servant, by this time

panting with the unusual exertion.

"My good friend, I am sorry to trouble you, but I should be glad to see the clerk, if you will be kind enough to send him to my room."

room.

"Oh, certainly." "Oh, certainly."

And so down, down goes the servant to say to the clerk, that a singular old chap up in the upper story wanted him to come to his room. And then up, up goes the clerk.

"Are you the clerk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you will place me under great obligations to you, if you will show me the way down stairs!"

will show me the way down stairs!"

And when once more down stairs, after Uncle Peter had taken another careful survey of the surroundings, the clerk very politely asked if there was anything further he could do for him.

"Yes," says Uncle Peter, "yes, my friend, I would be greatly obliged to you for a broad axe!"

"A broad axe!" says Mr. Clerk, in astonishment, "and what do you propose to do with a broad axe!"

"I thought I should like to blaze my way to my room!" (The Western hunters mark their way in the forest by "blazing" of 'barking" the trees.)

It is needless to say that Peter Cartwright was the lion of that

It is needless to say that Peter Cartwright was the lion of that week at the Astor; and that it was not further required of him to climb up that endless series of stairways—but when his friends called again to inquire for, or call upon him, they found him snugly en-sconced in one of the most eligible rooms in the house.

THE POLITICIAN'S SUBSTITUTE. —When Colonel F——was a candidate for Congress in one of the North-Western States, he was candidate for Congress in one of the North-Western States, he was opposed by a gentleman who had distinguished himself in the war of 1812. Discovering, in the course of the canvass, that his opponent's military reputation was operating strongly to his own prejudice, he concluded to let the people know that he was not uaknown to fame as a soldier himself; and accordingly in his next speech, he expatiated on his achievements in the tented field, as follows:

"My competitor has told you of the services he rendered the contry in the last war. Let me tell you that I, too, acted a humble part in that memorable contest. When the toesin of war summoned the chivalry of the West to rally to the defence of the national honor, I, fellow-citizens, animated by that patriotic spirit which glows in every American's bosom, hired a substitute for that war, and the bones of that man now lie bleaching on the banks of the Raisin!"

of that man now lie bleaching on the banks of the Raisin!

An Indiana man was travelling down the Ohio on a steamer, with 3 mare and two-year old colt, when, by a sudden careen of the boat, all three were tilted into the river. The Hoosier as he rose, puffing and three were tilted into the river. The Hoosier as he rose, puffing and blowing above water, caught hold of the tail of the colt, not having a doubt that the natural instinct of the animal would carry him safe ashore. The old mare took a "bee line" for the shore, but the frighted colt swam lustily down the current, with its owner still hanging fast. "Let go of the colt and hang on to the old mare!" shouted some of his friends. "Phree, booh!" exclaimed the Hoosier, spouting the water from his mouth, and shaking his head like a Newfoundland dog, "it's all mighty fine, your telling me to let go the colt; but to a man that can't swim, this ain't exactly the time for swapping horses."



FASHION'S FOR OCTOBER.

FRANK LESLIES FAMILY MAGAZINE 1858.





Billian Ellina

The state of the s

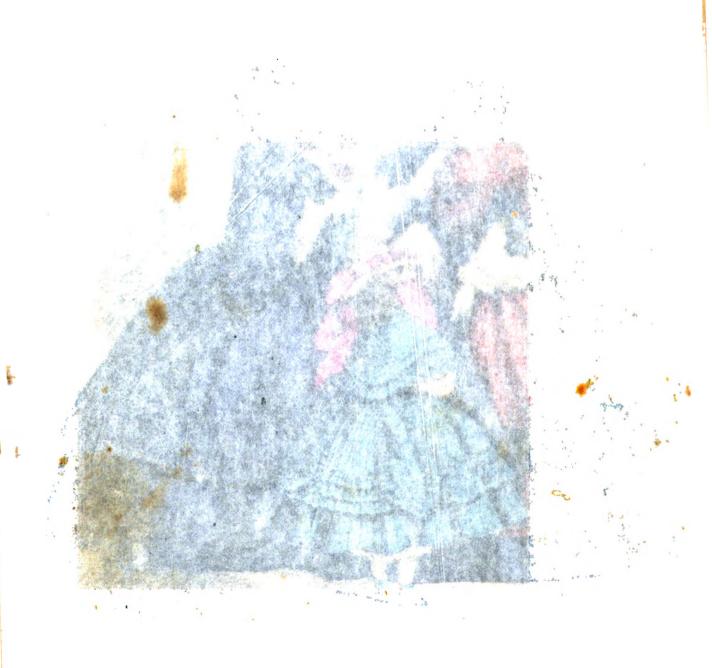
The second secon

The product of the second of t

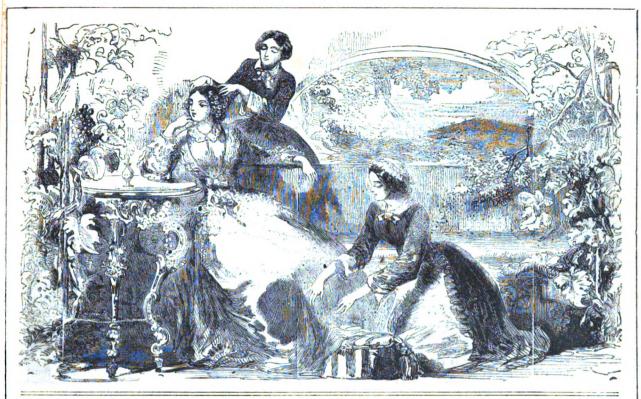
The second of th

... carrain and party, ounces with the doop

PRENCH ROBE. PAGE 373.



FRANK LESLIES FAMILY MAGAZINE 1858.
Digitized by Google



FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR OCTOBER.

WHAT TO BUY AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

What a charming thing it is to have plenty of money! Did any of our fair readers ever start out on a shopping excursion with an unlimited list of wants and a small amount of funds? Did they ever experience the torment of seeing just what they wanted in the way of dresses, shawls and bonnets, and try by every species of legerdemain to make the contents of the little purse stretch over the area, but all to no purpose? Strange oversight of Providence and our legislators that so many dollars, United States currency, will only extend just so far, and

accomplish just so much; did the dividing them among dry goods merchants have the effect of multiplying them, what a delightful arrangement it would be.

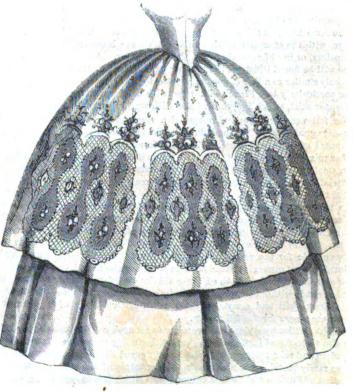
Very elegant goods are exhibited this season, and the temptations of a morning's excursion are indescribable; the best fabrics are the most in demand, ladies having obtained a surfeit of cheap trashy "bargains" last season, and appear willing now to pay a fair price for superior articles. They cannot, indeed, do better than take them at the prices at which they are now offered, as the small amount manufactured, compared with previous years, renders a scarcity almost certain before the close of the season, which will inevitably occasion an advance in the prices.

At A. T. Stewart's a great variety of very rich dress goods are offered, besides a constant supply of medium qualities, and what are called in mercantile parlance "Paris Jobs," which frequently are to be found in excellent colors and qualities, and more than ordinary width, at very slight cost. All the new silk robes are imported in double skirts, or two flounces, very richly brocaded, or broché. The favorite colors are a very beautiful new shade of drab—a sort of mouse color, between ashes of roses and the plain Quaker tint. This broché with white or a russet brown is an exquisite combination, and is greatly admired by Parisian ladies.

One style of the new robe has an under skirt, entirely plain, the upper one only being enriched with various designs, some in the form of stripes or quilles, which extend round the skirt; others with a deep Vot. III., No. 4-24

border surrounding the skirt, while the part near the waist is sprinkled with small figures. Lavender, although not a color usually sought for at this season, is still so much in demand, that merchants are unable to supply their orders, and can rarely retain a piece of this color in their establishments.

A new shade for this season, deeper than lavender, but still not a purple, is called the "dahlia" color. It is very costly, advancing the price of a piece of silk thirty cents upon a yard, and it is as yet so rare as to possess a most exclusive and recherché character. It is imported both in robes and plain



PRENCH ROBE. PAGE 373.

taffetas, the latter being always made with a double skirt, | trimmed with a broad quilling of the same.

At STEWART's also we notice some very handsome dark cashmeres in double skirts, and also with an imitation of a double skirt, and a still more novel design for a robe de chambre, which is exceedingly striking and distinguished, and of which our lady readers will find an admirable illustration in this number of the MAGAZINE, accompanied by a full description.

A new establishment has recently been opened by STRANG, Adriance & Co., in the premises formerly occupied by Beck & Co.; with a continuation of the supply of such goods as are at present offered, it must soon surpass its former reputation for elegant novelties. In evening robes especially the selection is exquisite, and the rest of the stock embraces all the new styles of the season at extremely moderate prices, and in admirable qualities.

A very useful and attractive feature of fall goods is the variety of rich dark French printe, some in large palm leaf designs, and others with small chintz figures upon a dark brown or chocolate ground. Nothing can be prettier for a neat housewifely dress than these useful and ladylike fabrics.

UBSDELL, PEIRSON & LAKE are always among the first in the exhibition of novelties, in fabric or design. This season they open a superb assortment of rich goods, which ladies will do well to examine early, as the stock is already becoming very much reduced. A new robe this season, with wide stripes which extend lengthwise all round the skirt, is called the "Robe à lys." It is very striking and distinguished. Some very handsome styles were in rich dark green poplin, with stripes of scarlet and gold on black. Others were in cashmere, in high colors and beautiful palm-leaf and chintz designs. the heavy styles of damask and brocaded silks in which they appear, they are superb.

Ludy readers will also thank me for calling attention to some very rich side-striped and velvet-flounced robes, in the finest shades of brown, blue, black, green and mode colors; styles which last year were sold for fifty and sixty dollars, but which to-day can be obtained for twenty-five and thirty. Two months from this time their value will be greatly enhanced, in consequence of the small amount of goods manufactured in France during the past year. They have also some very handsome bayadere silks, with a fine moss stripe, enclosed in small, almost imperceptible cords. The effect is particularly fine in evening dresses of green, the light brilliant Azof tint and white-

The favorite styles this season are generally imported in solid colors, with the exception of rich robes which are brocaded in two colors, or in different shades of the same color. A pretty style will be found illustrated in another part of the MAGAZINE, precisely similar to a line of goods imported by this house. We refer particularly to a French silk robe, with a deep border on the upper skirt, which is sprinkled also with small figures.

For fall wear, they have also opened a very popular line of bayadere goods, very thick and durable, the fabric of which is composed of linen and wool. The wool forms the dark and rather mixed ground, and the linen a stripe in brighter colors on a woollen back, without any apparent correspondence. The material has received a name universally recognized, and is called the "Cable" cloth.

In morning dress goods, Wm. Jackson, 551 Broadway, has his usual supply of all the admired styles for the season; besides some exclusive fabrics not readily found in other establishments. Heavy barathea and "Henrietta" cloth are particularly suitable for the season, and exactly adapted to the deep mourning most congenial to the feelings of those who have lost near and dear friends. Both of these fabrics are of the most sombre shade without lustre, and are admirable to form a complete dress, skirt and casaque, or dress and Raglan; either of which are proper for the fall season.

All the rich heavy styles of silk peculiar to mourning toilettes are also to be found in this establishment, including many new bayadere and robe patterns, and the small figured silks, which are so rarely found. We also speak with certainty of the fine selection of English and Canton crapes, about which it is so easy to be mistaken in regard to quality and durability; the inferior grades, although they look very well at first, acquiring in a as are also the flowered and brocaded styles for sashes, &c.,

short time a brown tint, at the same becoming rotten and falling to pieces, so as to destroy the effect of the nicest material to which they may be applied.

Among the half mourning goods, we discover a very fine quality of the bayadere "Cable" cloth in black and white; the stripes being quite narrow, and the colors so combined as to produce a very excellent effect. This is an admirable material for fall, extremely durable, capable of resisting all changes in the temperature, and of double the ordinary width, so that it cuts to the best possible advantage.

The made-up department under the superintendence of Mrs. Jackson is every way equal to its reputation—the materials and workmanship are always the best, the designs new, and possess an accuracy of fit, and perfection of finish, which must commend them to favor. The circulars, Raglans, and ladies' long basques, or pardessus, which are exhibited, are beautiful in shape, and simply trimmed with a deep border or fold of crape laid on flat; the depth varies from a quarter to half a yard.

The bonnets also are particularly tasteful, and trimmed with great neatness and elegance. Purple is less used for mourning than formerly, but nevertheless is greatly admired by some, and of course forms part of a complete wardrobe. The fashionable full cap crown, the large circular raised crown, called when made in colors the "Cock Robin," are all to be found here, with many other styles finished with the most elaborate care.

A handsome variety of the new round cornered shawls must not be forgotten, some of which are in plaids and checks, and others made of black cashmere or thibet cloth, and trimmed with a deep border of crape.

In dress trimmings we never remember to have seen a finer display than is now exhibited at our fashionable warerooms. We gladly call the attention of our readers to some of the charming novelties we have seen at the establishment of S. M. PEYSER, corner Broome and Broadway; in every department the line of goods is unsurpassed, the fringes, medallion trimmings and galons being especially recherché. Steel is now the rage in Paris, it forms the centre of elegant little velvet buttons made in the "tulip" pattern, and is also beautifully chased and set in gilt rims. It is introduced into the beadings of fringes, especially when it is composed of chenille, and is wrought up in all the forms in which jet has flourished. Jet is of course still in use, but in much finer qualities; the beads are very small, and are frequently embroidered in rich clusters of flowers and foliage.

The fringes are crimped or in the tassel form, and come in exquisite shades of color. The headings are frequently tufted with moss or velvet, and the edges terminate irregularly in points or scallops. Buttons are very fanciful. We have already mentioned the "tulip," and the steel chased, set in gold; others are called "Bugs," and really bear an exact resemblance to the little enamelled flies and garden bugs, speckled in rainbow hues, which are so plentiful in warm seasons, and especially in tropical climates. These are used with mixed colors and variegated trimming, as are also the round flat silk buttons, which appear in a variety of fancy colors. These last, however. are used especially for the decoration of dark beaver cloth cloaks, in conjunction with a narrow "illuminated" velvet trimming, so called from the dazzling effect which a mixture of bright colored spots has upon its dark rich surface. The shape of these cloaks is very peculiar and distinguished, and at the same time very simple. They are a sort of sack, widening towards the bottom, with a corner turned over at the top, and very long hanging sleeves. The only trimming upon them is this narrow "illuminated" velvet, and the brightly mixed silk buttons, which are used in profusion, and with very good effect.

We saw here also a pretty novelty in bands and tassels for trimming dresses across the front, and some elegant ball dresses, the first importation of which is already disposed of. The material is a fine silk gauze or tissue, with an embroidery of wreaths and flowers in gold or silver. They come in double skirts, and all delicate shades of color.

In the ribbon department we find Lichtenstein unrivalled; his broad velvet ribbons for trimming are especially admired, and the rich assortment of barred and striped novelties for miscellaneous purposes. The broad plain taffetas with a fine corded satin edge, especially designed for the quilling and bordering of skirts and basques, are found here in all shades, and in narrow widths, also, for garnishing undersleeves at the wrist. In addition to the great variety of fringes and medallion dress trimmings, we noticed plumes of cock's feathers in scarlet, black, yellow and green, much in vogue for ornamenting straw and tuscan hats in conjunction with plaid velvet and black lace.

Superb velvet flowers for ornamenting bonnets, and also for evening wear, we find at GOULDING'S, 18 John street. Some of them were of immense size, and generally in solid colors, as were also the most costly feathers. Clusters of cotton buds in brown, purple, green, scarlet or dark mouse-colored velvet, with tips of white waving marabout, just bursting from the half-closed pod. Very striking and costly branches and wreaths for evening wear consisted of black velvet leaves, finely grained with gold, and with small round gold pendant attachments. The same designs were exhibited in a brilliant shade of light green, delicately crystalized, and with the gold pendants.

Very rich feathers for adorning the hair consisted of white fancy ostrich and marabout, tipped with gold or chenille; they could be arranged in several different forms, and the effect was that of a shower of spray on the side or back of the head. Another style of colored feathers is for trimming velvet bonnets; they are a long round plume, the under part being of scarlet, crimson, or some bright colored marabout, which is placed full all round the stem, and is almost covered by the full black ostrich fibres, which form the outside. There is a peculiar waving softness to them which is indescribable, disclosing a varying shimmer of the bright marabout beneath.

We notice here also some very rich ribbons in shaded mouse-color, striped with scarlet, green and black. They also have a full hue of the very broad ribbons in plain taffetas, which are so much used for bonnet strings by Parisian ladies. For ornamenting undersleeves something new is imported, which as yet is very rare. This is a narrow width of very rich medallion brocades, such as scarlet and green medallions on a white ground, or scarlet and gold on black, brown and white on blue, and the like. The quality is superb, but they are very costly. A much admired and very distinguished style of ribbon consists of a heavy black ground with flowers in colors of broché upon it; it is much used for trimmings of various kinds by the Parisian ladies.

Very handsome pusher laces are exhibited at this house, a novelty introduced last season, which has jumped at once into popularity, both on account of its beauty and durability, and its close imitation of the very finest real laces. Few milliners now use any other for even the most fastidious of their customers, and in many instances the same prices are paid as for real lace.

But it is time to return to more important matters than the mere accessories of dress, and we will therefore stop at Genin's BAZAAR and see what we can find of the beautiful in his spacious warerooms. Of course it will be the ton this season to do honor to the beautiful Piccolomini in full dress; we hope the dowdy shawls and bonnets in which many ladies indulge, who ought to know better, will be laid aside, and the interior of the Academy of Music be made to resemble a splendid parterre of flowers, as it should. Mr. GENIN, with his usual benevolent foresight, has done as much to this end as possible, by importing a superb new opera cloak, which is called the "Piccolomini," and of which we give an illustration in this number. We find also charming new opera hats of white or pink moss velvet, ornamented with a cloud of the most vapory marabout; and better still, we find graceful and picturesque head-dresses in black and white lace, mingled with flowers, which have almost the effect of the graceful head-dress of Spain.

A special novelty has been introduced in velvet cloaks in this establishment, which is a talma of very distinguished design, lic, with so many written claims to consideration as to make it splendidly embroidered in silk and jet, in the form of epaulettes; extremely difficult for a housekeeper to decide upon their relations decoration will be very fashionable this season. It is tive merits. We have been much struck lately with the examions are thrust before the public, with so many written claims to consideration as to make it extremely difficult for a housekeeper to decide upon their relations that alleves are very generally introduced into all nation of a new family sewing machine just issued by Groven

outer garments; they are indispensable to an opera cloak this season, and are frequently of the Raglan form.

Now that the season has arrived for equestrian exercises, ladies will be glad to know where they can obtain the most becoming riding hat, and for this also we refer them to another page of this magazine, as containing an illustration of one of the most becoming models we have ever seen. This of course came from Genin's, as other authority on such a matter would hardly be considered reliable. The children's department is admirably fitted out as usual; the little boys suits are especially worthy of notice, with their perfection of color, fit and finish.

We should also not forget to mention the ladies' robe department, always filled with the latest and best styles of wrappers, robes de chambre, &c. One of the prettiest is of mouse-colored taffetas, open to the waist, and rounded off towards the bottom of the skirt, which is decorated with a border of rich plaid velvet extending entirely round it. There are also medallions of velvet placed at intervals, surrounded by rows of narrow black lace. The effect is extremely novel and elegant.

Many ladies will be glad to hear that Mr. Bulpin has returned with a very fine display of handsome fall novelties. This establishment has borne so high a reputation for so long a time, that the mere mention of it as authority is sufficient. We present two fine illustrations from this house, and desire to prepare our lady readers for some exceedingly recherché styles in our next number. Among the velvet cloaks we noticed one which was superb, very large, of the sack pattern, and widening towards the bottom. A deep corner thrown over from the top was covered with a rich embroidery, and terminated in heavy tassels of silk and jet. The sleeves were very wide and long, and were also ornamented with tassels. Great varieties of handsome "Shetland" shawls are to be found among Mr. Bulpin's importations, and also a new style made of "Empress' cloth, and trimmed with a deep double border of moss or plaid velvet, and fastened with cord and tassels in front.

R. T. Wilde is also gaining golden opinions by the increasing excellence and beauty of the styles which are introduced into his establishment, together with the extremely moderate prices; this is accruing for it a degree of popularity wholly unprecedented. The designs, materials and workmanship will bear comparison with houses of the greatest pretensions, while the prices never deviate from their uniformly low and popular standard.

A very novel design was greatly admired, and cannot fail to become a great favorite this fall. The material is split or Belgian straw, with a large circular cap crown, in tartan plaid velvet, slightly raised from the foundation. This crown is called the "Cock Robin," and is surmounted by a cable of twisted velvet. A fall of pusher lace surrounds the straw edge, and a bandeau of mixed flowers decorates the inside. This style is made in two colors of velvet, black and a new shade of red, not so dark as crimson, and more becoming than groseille. This is mauve, and may also be combined in any way to suit the taste. The display of head-dresses was unusually fine and varied. There were exquisite imported wreaths and branches composed of green frosted leaves, mingled with dew and grass, with bell pendant, or clustered flowers. The home-manufactured styles were graceful and becoming; not too florid, but elegant, and combined with great taste and skill. Caps in all their varieties were exhibited, from the jaunty "crown," which rests so coquettishly on the abundant tresses of the newmade bride to the staid white ribboned one for "grandmother." This is the only place also where pretty "home-made" lace capes and fichus can be obtained at prices which approximate to the cost of material and labor.

The introduction of the sewing machine in place of hand labor has been a marked feature even in this age of wonderful inventions. At first its introduction was limited to a few large shops or manufactories, but gradually the necessity for the possession of one is being strongly felt in every family. Great numbers of cheap and worthless ones are thrust before the public, with so many written claims to consideration as to make it extremely difficult for a housekeeper to decide upon their relative merits. We have been much struck lately with the examination of a new family sewing machine just issued by Groven

& BAKER, whose first patent is justly held in the very highest esteem, and we desire to express the most unqualified approbation of its excellence and capability of admirably performing all kinds of family work. The stitch will be found on examination entirely different, and much superior to the ordinary looped stitch, it being impossible to ravel it, and free from any tendency to draw too tight, as is the case with many of the double-stitch machines. It is besides simple, easily adjusted, and perfectly elegant in its appearance. An ornament more suggestive, and better worth attention, than a piano in any lady's parlor.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

Taking a retrospective view of the past, and a general observation of the present, we are glad to be able to congratulate ourselves and our readers on a manifest improvement in idea. and practice, in modes if not

in manners, upon a previous generation. The tightly com- | the "Azof," which is also greatly in vogue and much pressed waist is no longer considered essential to beauty, the gaunt arms are no longer sharply defined in closely fitting sleeves, or "length of limb" exposed in hideous deformity,

arrived at a point whence we understand that the lines of the female forms, if they are not soft and flowing, should be made so in appearance, if it is possible to effect it by any effort of art. A rounded and beautiful form cannot be deformed by any attire, but its attractiveness is greatly enhanced by light, full and flowing drapery. Artists understand this, and have no straight lines included in the lines of beauty.

In the selection and use of colors also,



OPERA CLOAK. PAGE 374.

admired.

A great effort was made to introduce the groseille, a shade of red so deep as to be almost a purple; this is, however, so unby garments that fiap straightly to its side. We have at least becoming as to be rarely adopted, excepting by those who

delight only in what is novel, because it is so. A later shade of red introduced this season, and known as mruve, is much finer, the shade inclining more to the maroon, softer than scarlet, more brilliant than crimson.

have understood this matter

for a long time, and always

succeed in producing striking

and elegant effects, with much

less cost and much less ma-

terial than American ladies.

But there are some things

which a French woman never

neglects-her hose must be

fine and spotless, her gaiter

boots, with their dainty heels,

unexceptionable, her under-

garments faultless, her laces,

if she wear any, the best, and

lastly, if her bonnet were a

coarse straw which cost only

fifty cents, it would have broad

imposing strings, which give

an air distingué to the cheapest

Several new colors have

been introduced during the past and present season, which

promise to become great favorites. One was a new shade of

lavender, of a pale but ex-

ceedingly pure tint, called the "Ophelia;" this is now the

most in demand of any color in the market. Another was

a brilliant light green, called

fabrique.

We have also a new shade of drab, between a mouse color and ashes of roses, which is much admired; and still another, still rarer, which is very peculiar, and is called the "dahlia." The color is of such exceeding purity, that it is impossible to describe it by comparison, and it is also very costly; the dyeing alone costs thirty cents on a yard more than any other shade.



GENIN'S RIDING HAT. PAGE 374.

we are greatly improving; we are learning the value of, and how to produce specific effects. Heretofore we have depended too much on the accumulation of a heterogeneous mass of material, in which twenty different effects struggled with and destroyed the other; we are just now beginning to learn that to produce an impression a single idea must be elaborated and strongly defined; thus one color is distinctly impressed upon the mind, while a melange in which half a dozen are brought to bear leave only an impression exceedingly indistinct and undefined.

We are glad to see that solid colors, in which only a single contrast is permitted, are coming into general use; French ladies



GENIN'S BONNET. PAGE 274



PAGE 374. GENIN'S HEAD-DRESS.

STYLES FOR THE MONTH.

For the brighteyed, golden-hued month which we are soon to inagurate, what can be too pretty or charming in the way of toilettes? Scarcely anything that the imagination could invent, and so our designers and modistes appear to think, for ingenuity has been taxed until beauty itself seems to have added new attractions and exhibits charms and graces never observed before; this is partly due to the shades and new combinations color, and partly to the unusually prononcé style of the fall costumes.

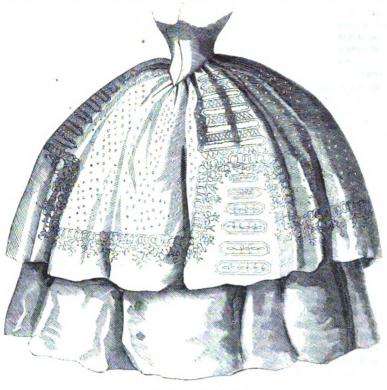
The most distinguished garment

for October which has appeared is a superb shawl of the most ample proportions, with the lower corner rounded or not, to suit the taste. The material is a thick all wool fabric, very soft and warm, and also very light, and woven in a small check or diamond pattern. A deep double border is formed of rich plaid velvet, terminating in a very heavy fringe of white camel's hair, mixed slightly with chenille. Altogether it forms a very stylish and even magnificent garment.

Bonnets are decidedly changing their shape, the brims are very narrow, and the crowns very large, the "Cock Robin" being the newest and most fashionable. The curtains are shorter, without any curve to the centre, and are gathered instead of plaited. A handsome bonnet for this month consists of drab moss silk of a new shade, something between a mouse color and ashes of roses. A large circular (or "Cock Robin") crown is composed of mauve velvet, surmounted by a twisted cable of drab and mauve. A long plume of cock's feathers, drab

and mauve, is placed high up on one side, and forms the only decoration, with the exception of the side ruche and bandeau across the front, and very wide strings of drab edged on one side with inch-wide mauve velvet. The same style is very pretty in green.

Elegant straws are also imported this fall, with cap crowns of chenille, some in mixed and some in solid colors; the solid colors being considered the most distinguished. A fall of black lace is thrown back from the front, and a branch of velvet leaves or small variegated blossoms placed at the side. Sometimes thistles are used, with tips of marabout drooping from the centre. Invariably the inside trimmings are very simple, consisting only of a bandeau,



FRENCH ROBE. PAGE 374.

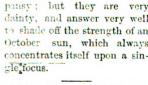
which terminates in a bow and ends of lace. or small crimped tassels, and the side ruche with very wide strings.

The walkingdresses of plain taffetas, to which we have before alluded, are becoming still greater favorites, and are considered the most recherché promenade costume. The skirt is always double, and trimmed with the same color as the dress, a broad quilling (à vielle) being the most in vogue. Black and the new shade of drab are the highest ton. Casagues of the same material may be worn as an outside garment, not only with propriety but elegance. We

have seen two exquisite ball dresses, which will probably form the leading styles for the coming season. They were both of exquisite silk tissue, one white and the other a brilliant light green. Each had three skirts and were very delicately yet elaborately embroidered in wreaths of fine flowers and foliage, the green in white silk and silver, the white in gold. The sleeves were extremely short, but matched the skirts. The corsage of both was very low and short, without points, but worn with a silver and gilt belt. The berthe was a perfect shower of silver in one case, and gold in the other, and had a very peculiar effect. The head-dresses were cachepeignes of the same shining material, and excited great admiration. With somewhat less striking accessories these charming robes would have been perfect.

Parasols on the promenade are now giving place to the most delicate little sun-shades, composed of drab, green, brown or lavender silk, and trimmed with marabout. The handles are

of the tiniest, and the proportions altogether scarcely equal to a good-sized buttercup or pansy; but they are very dainty, and answer very well to shade off the strength of an October sun, which always concentrates itself upon a sin-



GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF . FASHIONS.

FRENCH ROBE. PAGE 369.

This is an illustration of one of the many new and beautiful styles of silk robes which form an important feature in the dress materials of the season. The under-skirt is of rich plain taffetas, as is also the part intended for the body and sleeves; the upper-skirt, on the contrary, has a superb border, surmounted



GENIN'S CHILD'S DRESS. PAGE 374.

flowers in broché, and small figures, which relieve the plain surface. This is a novel and very fashionable design, and promises to become a great favorite. A narrow border accompanies for the trimming of the corsage and sleeves. These elegant robes are to be obtained in all colors, lavender and white being the ones selected.

GPNIN'S OPERA CLOAK. PAGE 372.

This is a novel and superb style of opera cloak from the magnificent repertoire of Genin's bazaar, and is called the "Piccolomini." Doubtless it will create almost as much of a furore as the beautiful artiste whose name it bears. The material is the finest white merino, lined with white silk, and elegantly quilted. The decorations are in a style peculiar to this season, and consist of military epaulettes cut in rich plaid velvet, the lower part edged with fringe. The sleeves are very wide, and instead of a hood a pointed berthe of velvet is worn, with a deep incision on the shoulders, and ornamented with pendant buttons, and three large tassels of white goat's hair mixed with chenille.

GENIN'S HAT. PAGE 372.

WE have particular pleasure in commending this exquisite bonnet to the attention of our lady readers; the design is so chaste, the finish so perfect, and the combination so exquisite, that a word description cannot do it justice. The material is green and black velvet, the green of a brilliant tint, just a shade darker than that known as the Azof, and this composes the extreme front and curtain, and also the double loop, which may be observed extending down on one side. The only outside ornament is a bird of Paradise plume, shaded from a light to a dark green, and the most charming specimen of the feather tribe ever seen. The usual inside trimming, a side ruche, and bandeau, and very wide white strings, edged with green, complete the decorations.

GENIN'S RIDING HAT. PAGE 372.

This is one of those novel and very becoming styles for which "Genin's Bazaar" is so famous. It is exactly in season now, precisely what our gay belles want for their early morning or moonlight feats of equestrianism, which does more than aught else to bring the bright bloom to the cheek and fire to the eye. This charming hat is something of the English castor beaver in shape, except that the crown is rather lower; the brim is narrow, and turned up on one side very coquettishly; over it is laid a single long black plume, fastened with a buckle.

GENIN'S HEAD-DRESS. PAGE 372.

A simple bandeau, with very full loops and broad floating ends of rich ribbon is one of the new and elegant styles of this season. The colors are white and blue, with a finely striped centre of mixed velvet. The drops are of gold, with pearl pendants.

FRENCH ROBE. PAGE 373.

This illustration presents an exquisite design in double skirts, the colors being the new shade of drab, with flowers broché in white. The side bands are partly enclosed in an exquisite wreath of foliage, which also forms a border to the upper skirt a short space from the edge. The plain part of the upper skirt is sprinkled with dots, the under skirt being entirely plain, as is also the corsage, with the exception of the usual border for trimming.

CHILD'S DRESS (GENIN'S). PAGE 373.

From the same establishment we present a beautiful little dress for a girl, of French gray merino, ornamented with scarlet velvet, spotted with black, cut also in the epaulette fashion on a smaller scale, the lower part of the decorations being ornamented with fringe, which just touches the bottom of the otherwise plain skirt. The low body and slightly full sleeves are trimmed to match.

FULL DRESS FROM THE FRENCH. PAGE 376.

We have much pleasure in presenting our readers with some of the many handsome and novel styles in dress goods which this season has inaugurated. This illustration presents a model of a superb silk fabric, with a double skirt, ornamented with six quilles, or broad stripes in broche. The ground is a solid color, with a small chintz figure, and forms the under-skirt closed in fine cords, and has a peculiarly soft and exquisite

and also the body and sleeves. The latter are trimmed with a narrow border which accompanies the robe, matching the stripes on the upper skirt.

WILDE'S HEAD-DRESS. PAGE 876.

A charming head-dress from Wilde's, 271 Broadway, consists of crossbands of medaltion chenille, in black and gold, placed below the bandeau, and terminating in full loops, and floating ends of very rich ribbon, crimson on one side, white on the other, and with a striped centre of velvet in green, black and gold. A very light and delicate marabout tip is gracefully laid upon one side, while upon the other are pendant pearl drops, mingled with a fold of black lace.

WILDE'S HAT. PAGE 376.

This pretty hat is in a style which is just now very fashionable; the groundwork is of fine white Belgian straw, surrounded with a border of plaid velvet, with a cap crown also of plaid velvet, separated into puffings by narrow bands of velvet, edged with lace. Encircling the crown is a row of rich Chantilly lace, which nearly covers the straw front, the points just touching the velvet border. Very wide strings, barred with velvet, side ruche, and bandeaus of small mixed blossoms completes this handsome October bonnet.

ROBE DE CHAMBRE. PAGE 377.

This elegant robe de chambre will, we are sure, at once win the admiration of our lady friends. The material is very fine cashmere, the ground colors scarlet or green. The skirt is covered for two-thirds its depth with a magnificent India shawl pattern, and a narrow border to match accompanies it for the waist and sleeves. The high body is buttoned up to the throat, and a pretty jacket worn which rounds off from the front. Heavy cord and tassels confine it at the waist.

BULPIN'S CLOAK. PAGE 881.

This is one of the splendid and distinguished garments for which Mr. Bulpin's establishment is noted. The style is a full circle, very large and ample. The material black Lyons velvet of a superb quality, lined and quilted in black silk. The deep border is of rich plaid velvet with a fine moss stripe, and contains a rare combination of colors, producing the very finest effect. The place of the hood is supplied by a sort of deeply pointed berthe placed low on the shoulders, where it is cut up into a hollow, from which large elegant tassels are suspended. In front it deepens again into two points, to each of which, as well as the back, tassels are attached.

BULPIN'S CLOAK. PAGE 384.

Another handsome style from Mr. Bulpin's varied collection is to be found represented in the accompanying engraving. The material is very fine black beaver cloth, with an almost invisible rib. The lower part of the cloak is very full, and is attached to a plain cape, or deep yoke, slightly pointed back and front, and cut so as to define accurately the neck and shoulders. A very rich border of passementerie, terminating in fringe, susrounds the bottom of the cloak; a row of deep chenille fringe ornaments the edge of the upper part, descending on the lower. Above this are two other rows of crochet work, with pendant attachments.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED PLATE.

No. 1. Walking dress of rich purple taffetas, with double skirt, bordered with a trimming of the same à vielle. The corsage is high, plain, without points, and buttoned up to the throat with braces à vielle, of a narrower width than that upon the skirt. The sleeves are full at the top, closed at the seam, deeply flowing in the rounded form, and ornamented to match the skirt and body. Collar of French cambric, with a narrow fine embroidery on the edge, full under-sleeves of the same material, confined by a band at the wrist. Hat of rice straw, ornamented with tan-colored velvet, and clusters of the famous imperial roses. White kid gloves, sewed on the back with purple, without gauntlets.

No. 2. Very rich tan-colored bayadere robe, of a superb and very lustrous silk texture. The alternate stripe is of moss, en-

Digitized by

effect. The double skirt is deeply bordered with heavy purple silk plush, of an exceedingly fine texture and quality. The sleeves are demi-long, cut up, and trimmed to match, with the addition of bows of ribbon with ends. The body has a high cape, ornamented with fringe, which can be removed, disclosing a low corsage suitable for dinner or evening toilette—a very convenient and becoming mode, which this season revives. A bow and long ends of purple ribbon is suspended from the point at the waist. Bonnet of purple moss velvet, with "dahlia" crown, encircled with a white ruche. French needlework collar, undersleeves of mull, with embroidered band and frill.

LADIES' EQUESTRIAN CONVENTION.

The Ladies' Equestrian Convention took place on the Long Island Race Course on the 8th of September, as it was announced. So far as numbers of spectators were concerned it may be said to have been highly successful; nearly four thousand persons were present, many of whom were strangers from a distance. It was, however, to be regretted that the whole country could afford only twenty-three ladies willing to take part in the exercises, and share in the honors of a success. We should be glad to see more interest manifested among ladies on occasions of this kind, and sufficient courage to do justice to their natural and acquired advantages. The fair equestriences who did participate behaved gallantly, and acquitted themselves with great credit to their courage, skill and judgment. The following were the toilettes worn. They will be read with interest by those of our lady friends who are about preparing equestrian costumes:

No. 1—Mrs. Ada Rolf, of Newark—wore a habit of black satin, fastened up to the throat, without basques; coat sleeves, with white undersleeves, tight to the wrist, and drab gauntlet gloves. The hat was of white straw, with a fall of white lace, and pendant buttons on the edge, and white ribbon trimmings,

No. 2—Miss Lizzie Schultz, Red Hook—was also habited in black silk or satin, the body open in front, exposing a handsomely embroidered chemisette, finished with a small collar; small black hat, with crimson and black feathers.

No. 4—Miss Koefer, New Utrecht—Habit of dark green cashmere, without basques, fastened up to the throat with gilt buttons; deep gauntlet gloves and high black beaver hat with black feather.

No. 5—Mrs. Lawrence, of New York city—wore the only dress with any claim to distinction for elegance. Her habit consisted of a very rich black velvet skirt and basque, the latter ornamented in what is called "Cadet" fashion across the front, and with bands placed lengthwise on the short skirt, or what is called the basque proper; coat sleeves with military cuffs trimmed to match, white kid gloves and black hat with white ostrich feathers, and wide white strings striped with black velvet. The trappings of the lady's splendid dark bay horse were white also, and both horse and rider excited great enthusiasm.

No. 6—(Die Vernon), Mrs. Vaseux, of New York city—wore a black velvet habit also, and round black hat with green trimmings and black veil, straw-colored kid gloves without gaunt-lets, and a small embroidered collar.

No. 7—Mrs. Lydia Sayre Hasbrouck, of Middletown, N. Y.—wore a Bloomer costume, consisting of a blue checkered flounced dress and trowsers to match, black basque, and drab Bloomer hat trimmed with green ribbons, black veil and drab gauntlet gloves.

No. 8—(Miss Diana), Mrs. Lydia Marie, 162 West Nineteenth street—wore a handsome habit of black ladics cloth, with a small basque and vest of crimson satin; coat sleeves slashed with satin also. The vest closed in front with jet buttons, rich lace collar, small round beaver hat and feathers, and dark gauntlet gloves.

No. 9—Mrs. George Austin, New York—were a dark green riding habit with plain body, fastened up the front with oval gilt buttons; black hat and crimson trimmings, tan-colored gauntlet gloves.

No. 10—(Della Terra), Miss C. H. Delafield, 92 Spring street—Habit of black cloth or cashmere, showily trimmed with scarlet bands across the front of the body, and scarlet shoulder knots, with very long curls; dark hat with feathers and scarlet ribbon trimmings, needlework collar and enamelled gauntlet gloves.

Nos. 11 and 12—Mrs. Williams, of Newtown, L. I., and Mrs. Goldsmith, of No. 86 West Eleventh street—were dressed very nearly alike; skirts and deep basques of dark brown cloth or cashmere, and bordered with a trimming which was of a still darker shade of the same color; deep tan-colored gauntlet gloves, brown straw hat trimmed with brown ribbon and black feathers.

No. 13—Miss M. B. Smith, of No. 123 Christopher street—were a black cloth habit, black hat and veil, and tan-colored gauntlets.

No. 14—Mrs. Hill, 22 Lispenard street—Brown habit with basque, trimmed with black velvet; brown straw hat, ornamented with blue and red plaid ribbons, and black feather; dark enamelled gauntlet gloves and lace collar.

No. 15—Mrs. Willet, Kent avenue, Brooklyn—wore a becoming habit of dark "Napoleon" blue, buttoned with steel, and a lace collar fastened with a large breastpin; a brown straw hat, turned up one side, with black feathers, wide strings plaited with velvet, and dark enamelled gauntlet gloves.

No. 16—Mrs. Church, Henry street, New York—was attired in a habit of dark green, the body without basques, and open in front, displaying the white chemisette beneath; the sleeves were quite tight to the wrists, and ornamented with four gilt buttons on the back; three rows of gilt buttons also decorated the body from the shoulders to the waist; richly embroidered collar, and round black hat with feathers.

No. 17—Mrs. Cornell, New York—Brown habit, skirt and jacket. Full white muslin undersleeves, tight to the wrist, under rather loose coat sleeves; body buttoned up to the throat, and finished with a collar of needlework; dark blue velvet hat, with feathers and jet pendants.

No. 18—Mrs. Ellison, No. 150 East Thirty-sixth street—Habit of dark green velvet, ornamented with gilt buttons; straw-colored gauntlets, and round black hat with feathers.

No. 19—Miss Mount, No. 312 Twelfth street—wore a habit of dark cashmere, the basque trimmed with a border of moire antique; drab straw hat, ornamented with brown feathers and ribbon; black collar, embroidered with jet, and straw-colored gloves.

No. 20—Miss Wilson, Westchester, N. Y.—wore a habit of dark purple cashmere, with lappets trimmed with velvet; small round hat of purple velvet, ornamented with black feathers, fastened with a gold buckle; buff leather gloves, with enamelled gauntlets.

No. 21—Miss E. Morey, Troy—distinguished by her skilful and daring horsemanship, wore a black skirt and black velvet basque, a linen collar and black beaver hat, with a rather high crown, and ornamented with black feathers.

No. 22.—Mrs. Henry Judd, Waterton, Conn.—Habit of brilliant forest green, without basque; body plain and buttoned up to the throat, with tulip buttons, with a bright 'metal centre; coat sleeves, with military cuffs, ornamented with narrow gold lace trimming; small Honiton collar and cameo pin, white kid gloves and Cherbourg hat, with feathers.

No. 23—Mrs. Wilson, No. 123 Christopher street—Dark green habit, with.Pompadour basque—that is, extending only to the side seams—trimming of chenille, fringe and gilt buttons; brown straw hat, with feathers; dark gauntlets and worked collar.

The following was the award of prizes:

The first prize, a splendid piano, was awarded to Mrs. Lawrence, the most showy equestrienne on the ground. This lady is to be photographed in the splendid riding habit described above as number five. She received an order for the piano, which is on exhibition at Waters' music store.

The second prize, a massive silver pitcher and salver, with two goblets, was taken by Miss Lizzie Schultz, of Red Hook, Duchess county. It is whispered that the young lady is to be married on the 23d of October, and will display the articles at her wedding dinner. Their value is three hundred dollars.

Miss M. B. Smith, of No. 123 Christopher street, took the third prize, a splendid enamelled watch, sparkling with diamonds. This lady will also shortly change her name.

The fourth prize, an elegant silver mounted saddle, was awarded to Miss Lizzie Morey, of Troy. This lady would have preferred the money to the saddle cost. as she already had a good one of her own; but as the committee had engaged the saddle, she was compelled to take it. There are many who think this lady justly entitled to the first prize.

OPERA IN FULL DRESS.

WE are now in the full enjoyment of opera, with many of its charming accompaniments. Piccolomini has not yet arrived, but Madame Pepita Gassier has, and is delighting the musical public as much as her reputation had led them



WILDE'S HEAD-DRESS. PAGE 374.



FRENCH FULL DRESS. PAGE 374.

to expect. Every one is familiar with her personal appearance; her rather short figure, somewhat inclining to *embonpoint*, her dark Spanish eyes and hair, her charming expression, and above all, with her wonderfully rich, sweet, thrilling voice, which seems even now in its first freshness and purity.

She did not arrive in a fashionable season, the habitués had not yet returned to town, and their places were supplied by remarkably democratic personages, many of them strangers, who wore incongruous bonnets of no particular make, nondescript shawls, and cloaks, and coats, and cravats, useful, no doubt, but not particularly ornamental to the wearer. Kid gloves were generally ignored, fans and opera glasses were like angels' visits, and the dresses were generally dark, useful silks, very handy, but coming under no particular denomination, either "full dress," "undress," or negligé.

What the audiences wanted in style, however, they made up in enthusiasm; there was less scandal and flirtation, and more attention to the music, very much to the satisfaction of the musical critics and connoisseurs, who do not belong to the world of fashion, but to the world of art. We must confess, for our part, we do not like to see the opera en deshabille; beautiful, gaily-dressed ladies are requisite to complete the tout en-

semble, and over all a certain air of recherche elegance and exquisite refinement are necessary, in order to harmonize with the artistic perfection of the entertainment.

It is an admirable sign to see a taste for music so generally diffused, that a high appreciation of its culminating excellence is found among all classes; but it ought also to bring with it an instinctive perception of beauty and fitness, so that a graceful toilette, however simple, should be considered an indispensable requisite, in order to its enjoyment.

Some people exult over the prospect of a democratic opera, but we do not feel any desire for it-if it means soiled business coats, dirty wristbands, careless rumpled neckties. dresses buttoned up to the throat, decomposed ruches. and dismantled bon-A pretty nets. toilette does not necessarily imply an expensive one, it only requires a little skill and a slight degree of after care and attention to keep it in order.

Doubtless the ad-



WILDE'S BONNET. PAGE 874.

vent of Piccolomini will inaugurate a change. Already there are Piccolomini cloaks, Piccolomini head-dresses and Piccolomini gloves, besides fans and perfumes, of the most recherché character.

RAPID ADVANCE IN THE DRY GOODS TRADE.

An unusual amount of caution has been exhibited this season, first in the manufacture of foreign fancy goods, next in the amount of importations by our merchants, and lastly some slight backwardness on the part of buyers from the interior. Recently, however, so great an impulse has been given to this

department of trade that the condition of things seems likely to be reversed; purchasers make up for their backwardness buying very largely, orders from this country to France and England have been doubled, and the fear seems to be that the manufacturers will not be able to supply the demand, in consequence of their limited supply.

Within two weeks after the arrival of large consignments to some of our leading merchants, the immense stock in several cases has been more than half disposed of, goods have in some instances refused to been wholesale dealers, the balance being reserved for retail trade where duplicates could not be obtained. It is somewhat remarkable also that the demand is principally for the best class of manufactures ; people seem to have become heartily sick of cheap goods, and willing to return to the system of a fair quid pro quo for whatever they obtain. This is undoubtedly the wisest

plan in the long run, "bargains" quite as often making a victim of the purchaser as the seller.

DRESSES WORN BY THE EMPRESS AT THE CHERBOURG FETES.

The costumes of the Empress were remarkable on all occasions for good taste and sumptuousness. At the breakfast given by the Queen of England on board her yacht the Empress were a thin white muslin, trimmed with three embroidered flounces, a pale green silk shawl, decorated with two deep black lace flounces, and a white lace and crape bonnet with green ornaments.

The imperial costume for the state ball at Cherbourg was a masterpiece of French millinery. The white silk robe was embroidered with bunches of flowers in colors and gold, and festooned with lace of the rarest texture. Her majesty wore on her head the magnificent diadem of brilliants and emeralds which figured at the Universal Exhibition, with necklace, bouquet de corsage and bracelets to match. On an occasion of official reception, her costume consisted of a pearl gray silk dress, lavishly trimmed with black lace, and a white crape bonnet decorated with roses.

The variety, gay coloring and picturesque forms of the costumes of the peasantry of Normandy and Brittany, the red petticoats, scarcely descending below the knee, the absence of

all volume of skirt, the hair gathered in a knot on the top of the head and surmounted by a high cap, starched, and stiff as buckram, formed a curious contrast with the trailing and voluminous skirts, the hair falling low on the back of the head, the almost invisible bonnet and the light and delicate colors which compose the toilette of a modern lady of fashion. The country matrons and the high dames were reciprocally an object of curious inspection; and both added to the originality and beauty of the coup d'ail at the magnificent spectacle of the naval and land entertainments at Cherbourg.

The pocket handkerchief which the Empress carried at the grand ball was a rare mixture of embroidery, and the lace as fine as a gossamer web. A lace dress trimming was presented by the city of Caen to the Empress, which is perhaps the most exquisite specimen of that manufacture that France has ever produced. The pattern is of sea



FRENCH ROBE DE CHAMBRE. PAGE 374.

shells blended with aquatic flowers, so much in relief that they appear detached from the tissue, which combines strength with extraordinary fineness. This trimming, together with a shawl of no less splendid design and execution, was handed her majesty in a corbeille, embroidered with the arms of Caen in gold, and decorated with precious specimens of black and white lace.

PERSONAL GOSSIF.—An accomplished and beautiful young English woman, Miss Emmeline Southall, has fallen in love and recently married Juan Fernandez, the celebrated bull-fighter, at Madrid. The happy pair have recently arrived in London, and are settled in Belgravia.

THE TALISMAN.

BY PHILIBERT AUDEBBAND.

Sown thirty years ago all Paris used to ring with the eccentricities of an immensely rich man, who, for a number of reasons, shall be nameless. He was of plebeian extraction, and had been a rival of Ouvrard, and like that celebrated army contractor, had made a princely fortune, under the republic and the empire, in the commissariat department. In the year 1815 his capital amounted to twenty-five millions of francs, an enormous fortune in those days. He then had the fancy to become an honorary banker, and retained a whole squad of clerks to manage his fortune, while he himself determined to live like a sutrap in the midst of a round of fêtes and in the enjoyment of every species of luxury.

Satiety is the usual concomitant of enormous wealth; and accordingly our Crœsus was occasionally obliged to have recourse to those refinements of caprice which had gone out of fashion with the extinct race of farmers of the public revenues. Thus he would one day astonish a whole village in the environs of Paris by realizing the fable of the golden rain. Another time he fed a cow on green peas in the month of January, in order to send a pint of her milk to an actress then in vogue, which simple little present, reckoning the carriage and the peas, amounted to three thousand francs.

Another time he invited all the statesmen of the day to come and eat babas (a simple kind of currant cake), at his splendid mansion. At the hour when the carriages began to set down the guests, the eccentric host appeared in the drawing-room, dressed as a peasant, with a striped cotton cravat and in wooden shoes. It is true that the shirt-pin which fastened the cravat was formed by an amethyst as large as a pigeon's egg, and that under each shoe five diamonds did duty for so many nails.

Truth, however, obliges us to add that this fantastic genius frequently exhibited the most kindly impulse. In 1817 some one informed him that there existed in an obscure street in the suburb of St. Antoine, a nephew of his—the son of a deceased sister—who, though in the enjoyment of robust health, was in very poor circumstances. The poor lad was apprenticed to a locksmith, and was either blowing the smith's bellows or filing iron all day long. When introduced to his uncle he was bare armed, and his face was blackened with soot.

"Let him be well washed and dressed like a young gentleman," said the banker, turning on his heel, "and then sent to Charlemagne College. I will provide for him."

The boy's name was Lucien. He was active and intelligent, and not only learned quickly, but retained what he acquired. At the end of seven years he appeared before his uncle as a tall, handsome young man, and handed over to him his bachelor's diploma—the great stalking horse of colleges in those days.

"It's all very well to have obtained a sheet of parchment," said the banker; "but we must now think of your future career. What would you like to be?"

"Whatever you please, uncle," answered the late apprentice locksmith.

The ex-contractor to the commissariat department considered for a while, and then said—"Since you like study, suppose you study chemistry, and become a scientific man? A chemist may cut a very good figure in the world. Would that suit you?"

"I'll become a chemist if you like," said Lucien.

That same day he took possession of a humble lodging on the fourth floor of a house in the Rue du Paon, a silent spot in the Pays Latin (familiarly called so from being the resort of students) well adapted for study, and within a stone's throw of the School of Medicine, the Sorbonne, and the College of France. He scarcely ever allowed himself the least amusement, nor did his uncle receive him at his house, though he gave his cashier orders to hand over the sum of two hundred francs per month to the young student.

Towards the year 1826 the banker happened to recollect his nephew. He had just purchased the forest of Verrieres, and was about to organize a grand hunting party to celebrate his taking possession of his new domains. The track of a wild

boar had been seen in the garden-like forest of Verrieres, where hitherto timid hares alone had disported to the cooing of woodpigeons, and this singular circumstance was quite a windfall in the eyes of our eccentric banker. He therefore invited a large party of celebrated sportsmen and men of title, including even one of the masters of Charles X.'s hounds. On the evening of the grand day, he even thought of the student.

"Let my nephew be invited to attend this fête in honor of St. Hubert," said he, "for I should like to see what figure a chemist cuts as a sportsman."

Lucien of course attended at his uncle's bidding, and appeared equipped for the chase, with gaiters and leathern cap, a gun, a game-bag, and a powder-flask.

"Observe how all the sportsmen shoot," said his uncle, "and try and take a lesson from them."

"I expect to have a hit at the boar myself," thought Lucien, secretly.

For three hours they pursued the boar, and no one yet had as much as grazed the tip of his ear. At length one of the rangers gave notice that the animal had taken refuge in a thicket near a pond.

"But it will require a good shot to bring him down," observed the man.

The person nearest him was the student of the Ru du Paon. "Are you an unerring marksman, sir," added the ranger.

Lucien made no answer, but with the boldness of a notice who never doubts of success, he looked the animal full in the face with manly assurance. Two eyes as fierce as live coals glared at him from beneath the covert. The student loaded his gun. In another moment the boar would have rushed at him, and smashed his leg with his snout, but just as he emerged from the thicket, Lucien sent a bullet through his right ear, which stretched him dead on the slimy banks of the pond.

A victorious flourish of horns now resounded through the wood, and the sportsmen came hurrying to the spot, some on foot, and others on horseback, through the highways and byways of the forest, amid the barking of dogs, to be in at the death. It was quite a triumph for Lucien.

"How comes it that this brat killed the monster?" asked the banker.

"I don't know, I am sure, uncle," answered Lucien, "for it is almost my first attempt."

Nevertheless, he was reckoned the hero of the day.

At a signal given by the master of the king's hounds, a most tremendous symphony was executed in his honor. Never had the echoes of the quiet little forest of Verrieres been startled with such sounds before.

One of the whippers-in then proceeded to draw the animal, and fill the body with aromatic herbs, after which the fore-paws were cut off and presented to the successful sportsman, while the hind-paws were offered, as a compliment, to the ancient army contractor.

Our Crossus then ordered the boar to be carried away on a litter made of branches, and gave the signal for returning to the chateau to sup.

Lucien was placed opposite his uncle, and the first toast was drunk to his health. He was likewise helped first to every dish, and the old customs were still further observed by presenting him the boar's head, and a very honorable piece of the back.

"What a lucky fellow!" said his uncle, looking at him through a long vista of tall bottles and glasses; "chemistry has not any alembics to compare to these."

And certainly Lucien had never before partaken of any entertainment of the kind. Yet, dazzled as he was by the surrounding splendor, he eat and drank, and conversed quite as freely as anybody else.

But when he came to cut up the piece of boar's back on his plate, there was something that offered resistance to the knife, although the flesh was by no means tough.

"You had better send for the carver," said his neighbor.
The carver brought a larding knife, as finely tempered a

The carver brought a larding knife, as finely tempered as a razor, and separated the compact lump of meat into slices, but on withdrawing the blade, something fell on Lucien's plate with a metallic sound.

countenance change.

The student had been unable to restrain his surprise. What had fallen from the slice of boar was a fragment of metal nicely rounded, of the size of a ten sous piece, which Lucien was examining minutely, being quite at a loss to explain by what scientific law it could have found its way into a boar's back.

- "You need not be so surprised, sir," observed the master of the royal hounds, "it is only a flattened bullet that must have been lodged in the animal's flesh."
 - "That explains the wonder!" cried all the guests.
 - "By no means," objected Lucien, "since it is a gold piece."
- "Come, come, nephew," cried the banker, who liked to say what he considered smart things, "this is not merely the illusion of a chemist, but the vision of an alchemist.'

Everybody laughed at the rich man's joke-for his Chablis, then sparkling in all their glasses, was the very best that could be drunk.

"You may laugh if you like, gentlemen," said the student, " but I maintain that it is a gold piece."

So saying he threw it into a glass of water.

"Do you take my table for a laboratory?" asked the banker, following up his own joke.

Lucien now withdrew the piece from the glass, and having well wiped and polished it, soon convinced the sceptics that it was a gold piece, though not belonging to the French mint. Some German letters-well nigh obliterated-would have betrayed its origin, even had not the Nassau lion, wearing the ducal coronet, and holding a naked sword, sufficiently indicated the country to which it belonged. One of the guests, who professed a knowledge of numismatics, declared it to be a half florin, worth ten francs, struck by one of the petty sovereigns beyond the Rhine, probably the Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt.

Yet all this did not explain how the gold piece could have lodged itself between the flesh and the skin of a French boar. Nor could any one offer even a satisfactory conjecture. Another odd circumstance was that the gold piece had two little holes drilled through it, like the sequins worn in the hair by the Tyrolese women, and the handsome daughters of Venice, when their locks happen to be dark.

Our readers are aware that popular prejudice attaches good luck to the possession of a coin thus drilled; accordingly the guests began laughing and cheering Lucien, as soon as he had drawn their attention to the fact.

"Preserve your florin carefully, Lucien," said they, "it will prove a talisman that will bring you good luck in your future career."

Half laughing, half seriously, the student consigned the coin to a little red morocco pocket-book, which he carried about him, and the coin was thought of no more for that day, at least.

Two months passed, and winter had come on. Lucien was was still poor, and still studying hard in his garret in the Rue du Paon, when one morning a liveried servant brought him a letter from his uncle.

"Come and see me directly," said the banker's note, "for I have something important to communicate to you."

In an hour's time the student was ushered into the rich

man's private room. "My dear nephew," said the ex-contractor, "I have allowed you a monthly pension of two hundred francs, for the last ten years, and it is now high time to suppress this trifle."

"My dear uncle, you are of course at liberty to bestow your benefits on whom and in what manner you please," said the

"Stop a bit-you don't seem to understand my meaning," said the banker; "you must know that without stirring from my arm-chair, I have just realized five hundred thousand francs. My children have bread to eat, and a spare penny in their coffers, so I shall not injure them by dividing this lot in two, and giving you one-half."

So saying, the banker took up a paper all piebald with stamps, adding, "This will insure you an income of twelve thousand francs.'

Hitherto Lucien had not been the spoilt child of fortune, and

"What is that?" asked the banker, seeing his nephew's until now his rich uncle had shown himself parsimonious rather than paternal. He was, therefore, so completely overwhelmed by this extraordinary act of munificence, that he could not find a word to say by way of thanks.
"By-the-bye," asked the banker, "are you still in possession

of your lucky coin?"

"Yes, uncle."

"I was afraid you had melted it down in your confounded crucibles," resumed the banker; "but mind you never commit so desperate a deed. We shall see if what people say of its virtues comes true or not."

So saying, he bid his nephew good morning. The student was, of course, in a state of great excitement. Not even his wildest dreams had ever pictured to him the possibility of realizing an income of twelve thousand francs, let him become ever so clever a chemist.

"I certainly owe this piece of unparalleled good luck to my pierced coin," thought he. And then he fell to consider what sort of life he should now lead.

He determined that henceforth science should be only the pastime of his leisure hours. Lucien was but five-and-twenty, and we must remember that he had not yet enjoyed life as most young men of his age generally contrive to do. Twelve thousand francs per annum was opulence to him, especially as he thought himself sufficiently steady never to touch his capital. Moreover, were he tempted to do so, he had still the double resource of a rich uncle, and the talisman in his pocket-book.

These considerations led him to change his mode of life entirely. Within four-and-twenty hours he had bid adieu to his learned neighborhood, and taken up his abode in the Chaussée d'Antin. His retorts and chafing dishes, and other scientific baggage, were crammed away in a lumber-room; and he appeared on the boulevards in the elegant attire of a man of fashion, using his eye-glass with the exquisite impertinence of a finished coxcomb.

Gambling was much in vogue at that time. It was thought extremely genteel to throw down handfuls of gold on the cardtable, whether at Frascati's of in a private drawing-room.

As the nephew of an upstart who had made a large fortune, Lucien was launched into fashionable society. It is true he was occasionally subject to the impertinent comments of mushroom noblemen, who were indignant at so elegant a young man's not having a coat of arms on the panels of his carriage. But the moment his uncle's name was pronounced, the aristocratic sneer was changed into a smile—the scoffers were glad to invite him, and would call him "my dear fellow," just as if he had descended from a family of illustrious ancestors, who traced their origin as far back as Pépin le Bret.

One evening, in the month of January, they were risking large sums at play, in a house in the Faubourg St. Honore, which our hero frequented. In the course of about ten minutes, Lucien himself lost one hundred louis, five-and-twenty of which were on credit. Although his uncle had bid him apply to him in any emergency, the young man did not wish to proceed any further, and was about to retire, when he suddenly recollected

"Faith!" cried he to himself, "since people say it brings good luck, I'll just see whether it be true.

In accordance with the manners of the day, the master of the house had placed a bowlful of gold on the chimney-piece, for the convenience of his guests. Lucien took five louis out of it, and returned to the card-table.

There happened to be a vacancy, so he sat down, and asked for counters, after which he placed his German florin on the table, saying, "Now, gentlemen, you must mind what you are about, for this is a talisman which will enable me to win all that you have staked."

None of the players appeared to pay the slightest attention to what he said.

When the cards were dealt, Lucien was quite surprised to find that his luck had returned to him, just as if some invisible sylph conveyed all the trumps into his hands. In five minutes all the various piles of money in front of his adversaries had been transferred to his side of the table, and he was piling up these little towers of gold and silver (as people do at Bouillotte)

with a triumphant air, when the son of an English peer, who had come to Paris to learn the art of ruining himself in the space of two or three days, felt quite exasperated at his success.

"Sir," said the Englishman to Lucien, "I will stake all I have before me, on one condition.'

"What is your condition, sir," asked Lucien.

"Merely, that if I win, the perforated coin that lies on your left hand should become mine. Do you accept?"

"Willingly," said the student.

"Pair royal of kings!" cried the peer's son.
"Pair royal of aces!" retorted the chemist. "The gold florin remains mine."

meeting took place in the wood near Vincennes, when his adversary took a good aim, and hit Lucien just in the region of the heart. Fortunately the lucky coin, in its little morocco case, warded off the blow, and saved his life.

"Had this happened a year ago, when I was too poor to keep a gold piece in my pocket," observed Lucien, "I should now be a dead man."

He said this in the simplicity of his heart; but people thought it very witty, and repeated it as a good joke-no doubt from the effects of the florin!

The banker's nephew met one evening, at a family party, a young and charming woman, who was universally admired.



B. MACKENZIE'S CLOAK, PAGE 381.

Everybody was petrified. Lucien had won three thousand francs at one "fell swoop."

Though Paris pretends to be the most scientific and enlightened city in the world, its inhabitants are always inclined to believe in the marvellous. Lucien's acquaintance were therefore soon convinced that the pierced florin insured him luck in everything, and as the prejudice was a flattering one, he did not endeavor to undeceive them.

In the course of the same winter, he was still further confirmed in his high opinion of the virtues of the florin, on the occasion of a duel he fought with a young madcap of his own age, in consequence of a foolish quarrel at a masquerade. The liberty a second time.

Valentine de Meranges was a widow at the early age of twoand-twenty. She had fine large dark eyes, and presented the rare combination of regular features with an expressive physiognomy. Her rich costume, and the diamond cross and pendants she wore, made the beholder surmise her to be wealthy, which conjecture was perfectly true. The lady had been married very early in life to an infirm old marquis, who had died eighteen months after, leaving her in possession of a title and a large fortune. Just then, widowhood seemed to be a state much coveted by young and handsome women, and accordingly the lovely widow seemed very little inclined to relinquish her



After dancing with her two or three times, Lucien fell in love with her, without at all adverting to her diamonds—except those sparkled in her eyes.

"She shall be my wife in a year's time," said he to his uncle.

"You might as well smash your head against a rock, as expect to melt a widow's heart," replied his uncle. "I can tell you at once that you will never succeed."

"We shall see, uncle!"

"Oh! I suppose you trust to your talisman, as usual," said the banker.

"I do."

"You must be crazy. However, that's your affair; so you must do as you please."

In the month of May following, Lucien went one Sunday to the little church at Jouy-en-Josas, near Versailles. It was not, however, on "pious thoughts intent" that he took his place

near one of the pillars of the little rustic church, but because Madame de Meranges, whose country seat was in the neighborhood, was going to make a collection for the parish paupers that morning. The old banker, who was her neighbor in the country, was to act as her squire on the occasion.

When the pretty widow entered the nave of the church, leaning on the arm of the ex-contractor, preceded by the beadle, Lucien let fall his gold florin into the open purse she held in her hand, when Valentine started as if under the influence of an electric shock.

When the contents of the purse were counted out in the vestry, the banker added a banknote for a thousand francs to the villagers' copper offerings, less from charity than out of gallantry to the

handsome widow. She, on her part, actuated by a motive that might appear like a wish to give something to the poor, requested leave to purchase the golden half-florin, at twice its value.

Having asked the banker what it was worth, and being informed that its value was ten francs, she took out a louis, which she exchanged for the perforated coin.

Some time after she was seen at the Italian opera showing her friends the florin, which she had fastened to the trinkets appended to her watch chain.

"A deal you have gained by flinging away your florin," observed the uncle to his nephew, in a tone of raillery. "You'll not obtain the lady, and you've lost your talisman."

Lucien was put upon his mettle. He replied that he did not mean to be the dupe of a good action; and that same day he penned the following note to the fascinating Valentine:

"MADAM-On the day when I had the happiness of seeing

you in the church at Jouy, on the occasion of your making a collection for the poor, I had happened to forget my purse. I was therefore obliged to have recourse to the expedient of offering you a German half-florin, perforated by two small holes, which, though quite valueless for any one else, is nevertheless of inestimable importance to me.

"As I hear you have preserved my treasure, I come to claim it back; but being fully aware that you are entitled to demand a compensation, I am ready to offer you what you please in exchange."

To this unexpected letter, the widow replied that she had herself purchased the florin, and set great store by it. "For since I have had it in my possession," added she, "everything seems to succeed with me. My park is skirted by an arm of the Bierre, which used to be little better than a muddy stream, but it has now become quite a river. A Bengal rose tree, twenty feet high, that had completely withered, has all of a

sudden blossomed again as if by magic, and so forth—with many other things. So really you must perceive that I cannot part with the perforated coin."

Lucien then despatched a mutual friend to negotiate the affair, but the friend was dismissed with a polite but decided refusal.

Lucien next sent a lawyer, who hinted at the necessity of going to law about 'the matter. The lady then requested him to come in person to talk the matter over.

Accordingly Lucien made his appearance. He was eloquent, pressing and persuasive—in short, he found favor in the widow's eyes, and they agreed to end the dispute, as they do in plays, by a marriage.

"My dear uncle," said the former student to the banker, "what I

BULPIN'S CLOAK. PAGE 374.

said will come to pass. I am about to marry Valentine de Meranges, thanks to my talisman."

2. "I will add two hundred thousand francs to your marriage portion," replied the millionaire.

DESCRIPTION OF CLOAK. PAGE 380.

We are happy to present to the admiring eyes of our lady friends a model of an extremely distinguished and costly garment, from the superb Ville de la France of Mr. Buchanan Mackenzie, 503 Broadway. It is a large and magnificent Raglan in black velvet, trimmed altogether with the richest lace. In this respect it has a great advantage over a trimming of embroidery, the lace always retaining its value. The border consists of two rows of lace terminating in very rich fringe, and headed by rows of narrow crochet trimming worked with fine

jet. The upper part is ornamented with very deep, costly lace, put on so as to form a point below the waist, and surmounted by rows of lace intersected with narrow crochet trimming and insertions. The sleeves are square and very stylish, partly cut up and richly trimmed to match the rest of the cloak. The shape, style and finish are all exceedingly perfect, and we pronounce it one of the chef d'œuvres of the season.

MY JOKE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Bob Nellson and I were college chums, and it would have been difficult to find two more unchristian fellows than we were at the time. If any trick was played off upon unoffending ushers—if a neighboring farmer complained of his henroost being robbed, we were sure to be accused—and in the end we found it as well always to be guilty, since we were sure to suffer the consequences just the same, even when innocent.

Firm and fast friends we were, but bound more closely by the ties of mischief than real affection—if the thing ever existed in the nature of a boy of seventeen. We shared our clean shirts and our quarterly allowance in common, and never seriously quarrelled but once, and then I felt myself a peculiarly injured individual, for Bob had unfeelingly laughed at a poetical effusion, which, in a moment of confidence, I was deluded into reading to him, and, what was worse, vowed persistently that the object of it had red hair! However, I am bound to say that he apologised handsomely, softening the whole down into a bright auburn, and the quarrel came to a happy termination. But I think in my heart I did not forgive the young gentleman quite so easily as I had fancied I should do, and when a few days after, accident put it in my power to pay him off with interest, I did not hesitate from any scruples of friendship.

Bob entered the room one evening and flung himself unceremoniously down upon the bed, crushing my best hat without the slightest compunction. He heaved a deep sigh and rolled uneasily against the wall. I saw that there was something the matter, but not feeling in a particularly sympathising mood, awaited in silence the revelation, which I knew was certain to come, if I only had a little patience.

"Why don't you ask a fellow what ails him?" he grumbled at length; "don't make such a heathen of yourself."

"I knew well enough you would tell me without my taking so much trouble—trust you for keeping a secret, master Bob."

"And that's all because I didn't tell you that last sonnet of yours was equal to Leigh Hunt's. Well, you are the vainest fellow—but no matter. The truth is—now don't laugh—I'm in love!"

"You! Why, Bob, it was only yesterday that you vowed the thing was impossible, and laughed at me for indulging in the tender passion twice in the same week."

"I know it-the Lord forgive me—I acknowledge all my sins—but I'm convinced I'm in for it myself now."

"Let's hear the whole story," I said, lighting a cigar, and tilting my chair back so as to deposit my feet comfortably on the table, prepared to listen.

"I was coming up the street to-night, and just as I passed Madame Modiste's shop—the French milliner—I happened to

look up at one of the upper windows; it was open, the curtain

thrown partially back, and I saw——''
"What kind of a face? It might have been the head of

Medusa, from the effect it has had on you."

"Medusa, indeed! Only mention that old female again in the same breath with my charmer, and there will be a difficulty in this united family. It was a young girl, dressed in white, dark hair falling in ringlets about her neck—and yes—oh! those eyes! I only saw her a moment, and that by the moonlight, for the old woman came up to the window and closed it with a bang."

"But what are you going to do?"

"That's just what I wish to know, and I want you to help me—you can easily think of some plan by which I can see her. What's the use of being a poet, if you won't invent for a friend? You are so clever—I always said it—by Jove, I did."

I took two or three turns across the room and returned to Bob, with my plan of operations already formed.

"I have thought of a way to help you, my dear fellow," I said, taking up my hat. "Wait for me here; I will return shortly. Keep a good heart, Bob, I'll manage it for you."

"What are you going to do?" gasped Bob, astounded by my

"No matter—you know you can trust me? One thing I promise you—this very night you shall see your beautiful unknown—not from the distance, but you shall actually be in the same room with her."

He would have detained me for further explanations, but I hurried out of the room, and left him to his unwonted dreams of sentiment and first love.

I was somewhat acquainted with the little French milliner, and felt convinced that I should find her ready for any frolic, no matter how wild it might be.

I found her in, and very few words served to make us understand each other. An hour had not elapsed when I again entered our chamber. Bob sprang eagerly forward to meet me.

"On with your hat," was the only answer I made to his hurried inquiries. "Everything is arranged."

"How shall I ever thank you," he began, but I checked his effusion of gratitude and hurried him away.

I conducted him to the house, led him up a darkened staircase, and on a sudden flung open a door in the upper passage.

"Go in," I whispered, giving him a vigorous push and closing the door behind him.

I hurried round to the post of observation, from whence I knew Madame Modiste and her nymphs were watching the movements of Master Bob.

The chamber was studiously darkened, and at the farther end sat a female form in flowing robes of spotless white. Bob approached her with faltering step, and pausing in the middle of the room, stammered out:

"Madam—Miss—excuse this intrusion—I did not mean to force myself so unceremoniously into your presence—"

Here he broke down, but there was no answer.

"Perhaps she doesn't understand English." I heard him mutter; "I'll try a little French." Then he added aloud in the most execrable dialect that lips ever perpetrated, and deemed it the Gallic tongue:

"Mademoiselle, je prie-vous moi pardonnez-"

That was decidedly a failure, and he paused again, but the lady sat motionless as before. Desperation gave Bob courage, and he dashed rapidly forward, determined to dare everything. The unknown did not move, and Bob, who, truth to say, did not, as a general thing, rank bashfulness among his failings, threw himself upon one knee before her, whispering some pasionate words in a hurried undertone. He probably thought the silence which ensued a favorable response, for he raised himself suddenly and flung his arms around the lady's waist, exclaiming, "Oh! speak—one word—and I am frantic!"

Still no answer. Bob pressed the waist closer, and began to search for the hand which lay obstinately in her lap.

Before his spirit of investigation could proceed further, or he had time to think, the door was violently flung open—a stream of light broke into the chamber—a perfect shout of laughter rang upon the ear—and Bob springing to his feet, gazed into the face of his charmer, discovering that his inamorata was no less than a milliner's block, freshly arranged for "that occasion only."

I hesitated about encountering Bob after that, but there was no difficulty, for when I reached my room, he had gone—actually fled the place, nor did he ever return, even to claim his bargage.

Years passed before we met again.

I made one of about a hundred passengers on a steamer, during a certain trip it took—you needn't consult the books to find out more particularly.

I was with no acquaintance, and being a bashful man, the first day or two seemed very dull. But the third morning, while going on deck for a promenade, I met, face to face, Bob Neilson, who had got on board at ——, during the night. Of

course, I appeared delighted; one always must when one meets a former chum.

We took several turns up and down the deck, discoursing of old times, old flames, and other old memories, which it is seldom wise to call up, and had begun to make a move towards the cabin, when I felt my companion's hand tighten on my arm, and I saw him bow to the prettiest piece of book muslin it was ever my good fortune to behold.

"Isn't she a wonder?" said he, in reply to my eager inquiries. "She came from F---. She's young to be left a widow, eh? There's a chance for you, old fellow! I remember your former penchants in that line!"

"Probably you wouldn't feel at liberty to present an old friend?" I said faintly, growing wondrously affectionate.

"All right, old fellow," said Neilson, grasping my arm, "come along!"

In an hour I was intimate with the enchanting relict, and when my friend left us, he congratulated Mrs. Smythe on having found some one who was going the whole route. I pressed his hand at parting, and even hinted something like sorrow for the trick I played him, of persuading him to make love to a milliner's block. But Neilson, good easy soul, was not revengeful.

"Only a college joke!" exclaimed he. "Go your length, my boy. Rather more yielding than Madame Modiste's shape, which you made me think was a figurante grisette, eh? Good bye!" and he left me to make myself happy with the widow. I couldn't swear I missed him, though he was an old friend.

Ah, that was happy time for me, though we were detained several hours for three successive days by dense fogs. I was grateful to the fogs, and inhaled them vigorously; they were more welcome to me than the winds of Araby.

"I fear that you are very susceptible," said the widow, with a wicked glance, one evening, after I had been talking love at her by the light of the stars; "I fear you are very susceptible," and she shook her head.

In a moment more those laughing waters and twinkling stars would have listened to a declaration, but the widow wouldn't stay. The mischievous creature vowed it was cold -she felt it sensibly—and she coughed in proof, tying a laced handkerchief coquettishly about her neck, very well aware that it only made her the handsomer.

She always managed to turn the conversation when it grew to be personally tender, and was evidently nearing a certain point; for women are like fishermen—when they are sure the bait has taken, and the flounder fast, they like to dally with the line before pulling it in. Caught I certainly was-fast at the end of the widow's line, and only waiting for her to draw me up.

The lady was all affability. She would walk on deck with me for hours, while I carried her fan and trembled beneath her black eyes; but every day for a certain time she was invisible. shut up in her cabin, and what she was about I could not discover; at least, I didn't then, but came to the conclusion she was offering sacrifice to appease the manes of old Smythe.

We were nearing port, and still that pent-up secret burdened my sensitive bosom, for the relict had so artfully eluded the topic when I felt my chance had come, that I had found no opportunity of revealing my passion.

It was the sunset of the last day; the beautiful city spread out before us in the distance; we should reach it in an hour. Could I go from that lovely being ignorant of my fate? No: useless to think of it. I drew her to a seat apart from the confusion that reigned supreme above and below, and while the engine throbbed a heavy bass accompaniment to my full heart's song, I told her all.

How eloquently I talked! I threw timidity aside—I gave her no time to speak, though once or twice she raised her hand, as if about to interrupt me. At last she desisted, and sat quietly by my side, her glorious eyes cast down, her slender hand resting passively in the one which had taken it prisoner, and the crimson of sunset tinging her pale cheeks with its delicate finsh.

words are needed; I understand all you would say! Heaven teach me to prize aright the priceless treasure of your love." The widow drew her hand from mine, and raised those dark eyes with a look of wondering astonishment.

"I fear you have strangely misunderstood my situation." she said, quietly—her sang froid never deserted her for a moment.

"No, no," I exclaimed, passionately; "Neilson told me all. I know that your husband did not leave you wealthy, but do you think I am base enough to care for money? No, dearest

"Stop! stop!" said the widow, as I was about to burst forth in a more eloquent strain than before—and I stopped, as in duty bound. "Neilson did not tell you quite all, my friend: he talked as you have been doing, like a poet. There's a sori-

ous impediment in the way of my marrying you."
"What do you mean?" I gasped; "what do you mean? Is it because we have known each other such a little time? O believe-

She beckoned to a woman who stood a little way off, holding a beautiful child of two years. They approached, and I recognised Mrs. Smythe's maid. Mrs. Smythe held out her arms.

"Mamma!" cried the little imp, and leaped into them, crowing gaily, and surveying me with a look of easy impudence.

"I mean," said the lady, "that it is an obstacle more serious than short acquaintance—I am married already!" I was dumb. "When my husband comes from Glasgow, do call—thanks for your kind attentions—you have made the journey very pleasant."

When I recovered my powers of speech, the supposed relict was gone. The maid gave me a note; it was from Bob, and I hastily tore it open.

"Old Chum-Before this meets your eye you will have congratulated my fair cousin on her expected meeting with her spouse. My friend, you once bade me beware of milliners' blocks-I return the warning ; ' Beware of Glasgow Widows !' '

THE EYES.—Amongst the ancients, the eye commanded admiration and respect; and with us, as with them, a large pupil is generally considered a mark of beauty. Thus, the "oxeyed," is an epithet applied by Homer, as a distinguished feature in the beauty of the goddess Juno. It is, however, rarely connected with robust or general health, and is in some instances a decided indication of bodily weakness. It is of vast importance to preserve the eyes from injury, especially in youth; light blue eyes are strongest, and can bear the longest continuance of exertion. Eyes of a gray color are also strong; but an excess of light and intense gazing is sure to injure the iris. This important portion of the organ is placed for protection behind a horn-like covering called the cornea, upon which specks are sometimes visible. The iris is of different colorsfrom which circumstance it derives its name-and the lighter it is, the greater degree of exertion the eye is capable of sustaining. There are many mischievous practices indulged in, with reference to the eyes, which should be carefully avoided, as they never fail, sooner or later, to bring their own punishmen: with them. Using eye-glasses, accustoming the eyes to look intensely on very minute objects, using one eye more than another, reading in a glare of light, and wearing very small bonnets, are certain to be followed by disastrous consequences. Even wearing a veil has proved injurious, from its exposing the organ of sight to too sudden transitions; and though veils are by no means to be dispensed with, yet ladies who wear them should counteract their evil tendencies by frequently bathing their eyes in some astringent solution. That of strong tea is often found very beneficial.

Among the novelties of the present day is silk for sailing vessels. M. Rodanet, captain of the Franklin, of La Rochelle, reports that "silk sails possess strength, flexibility and firmness; they absorb less water than other sails, and dry quicker; when wet, they lose none of their flexibility; and in the roughest of weather are so easily handled that sailors would "You need not speak, angel woman," I whispered, "no | rather reof one of them several times than any other once."

KNOCKING OUT TRETH, FOR BEAUTY .- All the Batoka tribes follow the curious custom of knocking out the upper front teeth at the age of puberty. This is done by both sexes; and though the under teeth, being relieved from the attrition of the upper, grow long and somewhat bent out, and thereby cause the under lip to protrude in a most unsightly way, no young woman thinks herself accomplished until she has got rid of the upper incisors. This custom gives all the Batoka an uncouth, old-man-like appearance. Their laugh is hideous, yet they are so attached to it, that even Sebituane was unable to eradicate the practice. He issued orders that none of the children living under him should be subjected to the custom by their parents, and disobedience to his mandates was usually punished with severity; but, notwithstanding this, the children would appear in the streets without their incisors, and no one would confess to the deed. When questioned respecting the origin of this practice, the Batoka reply that their object is to

be like oxen, and those who retain their teeth they consider to resemble zebras. Whether this is the true reason or not, it is difficult to say : but it is noticeable that the veneration for oxen which prevails in many tribes, should here be associated with hatred to the zebra as among the Bakwains; that this operation is performed at the same age that circumcision is in other tribes; and that here the ceremony is unknown. The custom is so universal that a person who has his teeth is considered ugly, and occasionally when the Batoka borrowed my lookingglass, the disparaging remark would be made respecting boys or girls who still retained their teeth, "Look at the great teeth!" Some of the Makololo give a more facetious explanation of the custom; they say that the wife of a chief having in a quarrel bitten her husband's hand, he, in revenge,

ordered her front teeth to be knocked out, and all the men in the tribe followed his example; but this does not explain why they afterwards knocked out their own. The women here are in the habit of piercing the upper lip, and gradually enlarging the orifice until they can insert a shell. The lip then appears drawn out beyond the perpendicular of the nose, and gives them a most ungainly aspect. Sekwebu remarked, "These women want to make their mouths like those of ducks." This custom prevails throughout the country of the Maravi, and no one could see it without confessing that fashion had never led women to a freak more mad.—Livingstone.

THE FALLS OF THE RHINE AT SCHAFFHAUSEN.—A gentleman, a professional artist and teacher of drawing, has cleverly built his house in such a position as to monopolise all the good near views of the fall. Accordingly, every visitor must pass through his rooms and into his private galleries, within doors and without, to see the sight, and must pay toll in the transit. In the

gallery within the house we are placed close to the fall, but raised considerably above it; in the outer or lower gallery we stand quite close to the fall, indeed over a portion of it-about its mid descent. The former view is the finest, or at least the the most pleasing, as from it you can look down and see the whole extent and process of the fall in tranquillity and comfort. The latter view, however, is, by much, the most striking and awful, as here you seem almost to be involved and to take part in the mighty work that is going forward. The roar is quite deafening, and gusts of wind from the concussion of the water shake the gallery on which you stand, and wet you with a continued shower of spray. The enormous mass of water shoots over the precipice almost above your head, and is dashed and tortured into whirls and globes of foam close to your feet. The eyes and the cars become, in a short time, in some manner fascinated by the objects before them, and the mind seems to imbibe the impressions conveyed to it as if it were stunned or



DULPIN'S CLOAK PAGE 874.

sibility of that mental state which is said to have led to voluntary death under circumstances of terrible danger, or in positions offering means of instantaneous and facile destruction. In regard to the general effect of these falls on the mind, I think I might say that they impressed the intellect much less than the feelings. The first view was somewhat disappointing, particularly as to the dimensions of the falls both in breadth and height; and as I gazed I felt a sort of critical calculating spirit rising within me; but this was speedily subdued by something in the inner mind beyond reasoning, and there only remained behind such ideas and emotions as I have vainly attempted to describe. Milton makes his Adam and Eve tell us that they "feel that

stupified.

Standing,

and gazing, and listen-

ing here, one seems

to un !erstand the pos-

they are happier than they know:" the spectator of the Rhine-falls feels that they are grander than he thinks.

"TAKE US TO THE SEASIDE, PAPA."—Apart from the advantages of bathing in salt water, the inhalation of sea air has a salubrious and beneficial effect, which is most apparent upon those who resort to the coast from towns or from inland districts. It has been shown by Professor Faraday and other chemists that oxygen, in the particular condition known under the name of "ozone," exists in large proportion in sea air. Though air, impregnated with the saline of the sea, is frequently found too strong for some persons, yet, in the great majority of cases, an occasional visit to the coast is a capital restorative of vital power to those whose nerves are exhausted by long sojourn in inland towns.

PEACH JAM.—To twelve pounds of peaches take four pounds of sugar; boil the fruit tender, press them through a sieve, and boil them three hours, stirring them constantly.

·



THE FALCONER'S DAUGHTER. BY FREDERICK TAYLER.



Vol. III.-No. 5.

NOVEMBER, 1858.

PRICE 25 CENTS

OKEFENOKEE-WITHIN AND WITHOUT;

OR, SKETCHES OF INCIDENT AND ADVENTURE IN THE SURVEY AND EXPLORATION OF THE SWAMP IN 1856-'57.

By Paul Transit Civil Engineer.

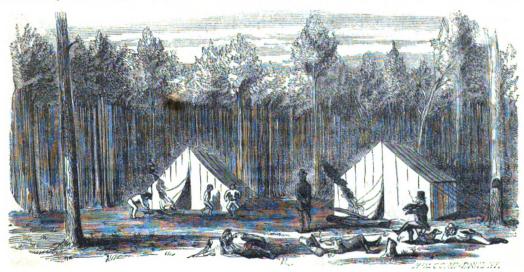
INTRODUCTION.

Knowing the interest manifested by the public generally in regard to the Okefenokee Swamp, that land incognito hitherto to all but the aborigines of the country, who were known to have occupied some parts of it, and supposed to have been thoroughly acquainted with it, and in pursuit of whom the troops under General Floyd traversed it partially in 1837—I propose giving, with illustrations drawn by myself from actual observation, a brief account of the operations, incidents and adventures that occurred during the survey and exploration of the said swamp in the winter of 1856—'57.

Pursuant to an Act passed by the Legislature of the State of Georgia, of the year 1856, ordering that a survey and exploration of the swamp should be made, with a view to obtaining an accurate knowledge of its extent, outlines, precise locality,

and the quality and condition of the immense body of land contained within its precincts, to ascertain the practicability and utility of the drainage of the same, for the benefit of the State and her citizens, his Excellency Governor Herschell V. Johnson, having appointed an efficient engineer to undertake this arduous task, and a corps having been organized to carry into effect the provisions of this act, of which I had the honor to be a member, and in consequence had the opportunity, I may say the most delightful privilege, of bogging through its tortuous ways and visiting its places of note, as well as of becoming acquainted with its most distinguished inhabitants, the bears and alligators, owls and rattlesnakes, and the opportunity by contiguity and close observation of studying their habits and customs, residences and manner of receiving visitors-I wish to enlighten the public with just and clear views of this dreaded spot, and disabuse their minds of any erroneous impressions they may have received of it from less veracious authority.

I deem it necessary to the elucidation of my sketches and the ability intelligibly to follow our meanderings, and to the appreciation of character and incident, that a general introduction of the *dramatis personæ* who acted during this survey, white, colored and canine, be made. Equine friends, aiders or



OUR CAMP.

abettors to our comfort and rest, we had not; for the horses and mules that hauled our invaluable valuables to camp, were not permitted, by our scrupulously conscientious colonel and head to bear the additional burden of our weary limbs. No, we had to foot it relentlessly and reluctantly.

So here they come, depicted faithfully as each exhibited himself, mayhap unconsciously and all unwittingly, on that expedition. In honor due permit me first to present our leader, our most worthy commandant, Colonel Watchoverall. The colonel, our valued guide and gallant leader, green and fresh in each heart is cherished the remembrance of his courteous deportment, gentlemanly forbearance, fatherly interest in, and earnest endeavors for the benefit of the whole party; in our journey through life, in all our moments of trial and temptation will his kindly voice ring in our ears, as it often did then, cheering us on encouragingly or warning us tenderly; and in our most cherished pleasurable emotions, in our happiest hours hereafter will his image with his violin arise before us, recalling the past when its enlivening tones after many a weary tramp have filled our hearts with glad emotions, revived our jaded spirits, and restrung to right tone for life and duty our jarred nerves, as at nightfall around the camp fire, or in the pale moonlight, we carelessly lounged, or within the camp we threw our weary limbs in position or attitude as best suited furniture and feeling.

Modesty forbids Paul Transit's portrait, except his bodily presence in the sketch before you. The likeness of his inner man, his moral and mental transcript, the reader must obtain from what may be displayed by him in the discharge of his duty as compass-man, or the development of his character when thrown in concert of action with the others.

Beau Level, our worthy leveller, friend of the crinoline, acknowledged worshipper, confessed adorer of the fair sex, whose songs upon all occasions—for he had a store of them laid up from which he could draw ad libitum to suit all moods and notions—were our unfailing recreation and delight, as also the fine notes he could at will evoke from his violin, an excellent Cremona, and well played; with his cheerful and contented disposition, which enabled him, notwithstanding that his tastes natural and cultivated inclined him to a very high appreciation of the luxuries and refinements of life, to bear without murmuring discomforts and annoyances that would have proved torture to another, but his way of taking which had a happy effect on the rest of the party.

Kildare Langhorne, Esq., our rodman, lawyer by profession, rolman for his health, who never lost an opportunity of improving his future expectancy legally and politically, by trying the strength of his lungs, regularly and deliberately mounting on every convenient stump, and declaiming vehemently on some grave or gracious question to the sapient auditors of woods, bushes and stumps.

Ned Lucknow, rodman number two, the most independent fellow in existence, who liked engineering, but despised driving pegs, who never lost an opportunity to have a rabbit hunt, go after squirrels, scare a 'coon, or attack other small game successfully—'twas always a hunt with him—smoke a pipe, take or give a jest, tell a good story, or join in any merriment; his genial disposition, social qualities and independent character won from all who knew him hearty esteem and admiration.

And there was Roderick Rover, who took the position of chain-bearer on this expedition, that he might explore the swamps and indulge his passion for hunting and field sports.

Notwithstanding our apprehension of exhausting the reader's patience by the introduction of so numerous a company, it is impossible to omit honorable mention of the "darkey members" of the surveying party. On all occasions of this kind, where by open intercourse with their superiors there are opportunities of displaying the finer characteristics of their race and how many others attest all Southern hearts), the negroes employed are, if of the right stamp, the ablest coadjutors and friends in their proper position, yielding with hearty good will, and in every way exhibiting those peculiarities which, as a race, enable them to be the happiest portion of laborers on

earth; they possess humor and a ready appreciation or wit and talent. We were fortunate in the variety and capability of those who accompanied our party.

Jeff, the cook—he did cook well, and was clean in his culinary operations—deserved the highest praise; but how he did despise, abhor and elude the swamp, and managed artfully, as so many of them can do, without its appearing to compass their own ends, massa or boss to the contrary notwithstanding; one scarcely understands how, but feels 'tis so and so. Jeff, for a long while, evaded his part of this duty; trowserless, pantless, lame-legged, aching head, and all manner of excuses succeeded for a time; but ere the completion of the survey, finding it inevitable, he yielded cheerfully and bore his share of the explorating hardships.

Orange, faithful to his duty, so quiet, little to say, but ever ready to do, and do well.

Brahma, who liked the cook's tent better than his work, potatoes better than his wife; but ah! how inexpressibly dear became those absent objects of his affections, "wife, children and friends," when the dismal projects of plodding through the swamp was proposed. The dread of leaving them helpless orphans enabled him, like Jeff, for some time to be successful in devices to escape this onerous duty.

Old Adam, teamster, attentive to his duty, devoted to his cattle, but bitter enemy to hogs that came around his horses. Several very savory dishes of pork, produced in various forms by Jeff's ingenuity, mysteriously appeared in times of our direst need on our mess-table; with what joy greeted by us may be imagined, except our conscientious colonel, who, therefore, had his participation in the gracious boon sadly interfered with, until he could account for its unexpected appearance on the board. Now, old Adam was of the quiet sort, and rarely proffered news unless interrogated; when questioned, thus then it appeared that he had in his own right, without "by your leave," valiantly done unto death an occasional hog, that had unknowingly trespassed on his bounds—that is, the wide space where he chose to tie up his horses—and generously shared his spoils with his betters.

Last but not least, Stepney, in his own estimation, except the colonel, by all odds the greatest man of the party, and really in ours a first-rate fellow, "of infinite jest" and admirable conceit, than whom "we could well have spared a better man." No one could see him without being amused and amazed, if not, as he expected them to be, lost in admiration at the peculiar style of dressing his hair; it was combed out in all directions, seven or eight inches from his head, thereon upholding jauntily his distant hat. A mania for speculations had this fellow, he was always ready for a trade, and equally so for an argument, at which he was surprisingly clever, often causing no little exercise of ingenuity in confuting him.

CHAPTER I.

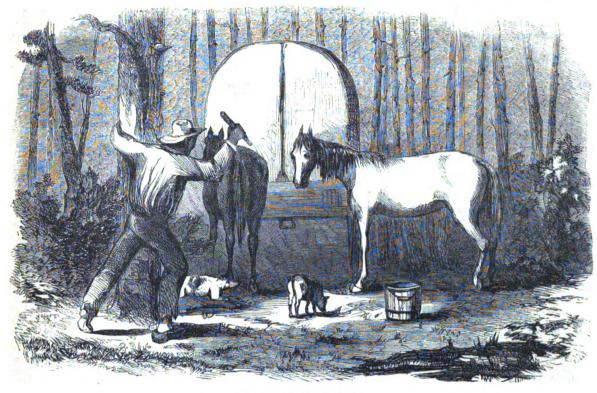
Our arrangements having been completed on the 3d of Pecember, we prepared to leave Milledgeville, amid the encouragements, forebodings and prognostications of good and evil of our numerous friends.

In anticipation of expected rencontres with bears, alligators, and unnumbered other "varmints," as conjectured by many, as well as meeting with Indians, as some supposed we might do, we were strengly urged to call upon the governor for a requisition of arms for our defence; but as each member of the corps had provided himself with a revolver and bowie-knife, besides several fine rifles among us, we resolved to consider ourselves fully armed and equipped.

A novel spectacle we must have presented as we marched through the town, between the colonel mounted and the wagons loaded, arrayed in our exploring uniform, which our vanity induced us to display in its freshness, as we had reason to suppose it might be brought back from the swamp unfit for exhibition; it consisted of red flannel shirts, with a leather belt, into which our revolvers and bowie-knives were thrust, heavy boots drawn over our pants, and a motley display of odd-looking head gear—caps with lappets, intended for ear and neck protection—hats of all styles.

Adieux made, farewells over, our journey commenced, all

Digitized by Google



THE WAY WE GOT OUR PORK.

being present except Stepney, for whom we nad arranged to ! stop, as his house was just without the town on our route. Arrived at his door, we beheld him ready, standing beside a huge trunk or "chist," as he called it, whose mammoth dimensions startled the colonel into dismounting, and all of us gathering around it. There stood Stepney arrayed in gala costume, his hat on one side of his distended hair, with an air of the most entire self-complacency and satisfaction.

"Whew! whew!" exclaimed the colonel, "what is that, my man ?"

"My chist, sir," with a low bow.

"For what."

"To carry in the swamp, sir," most deferentially replied Stepney, begining to evince a slight surprise at these unlookedfor interrogations.

"To the swamp, eh! why none of the young gentlemen have more than a knapsack, with another suit of clothes and a few changes of linen; 'tis impossible for you to take that. See, the wagons are now heavily laden."



THE ORATOR STUMPED

"Lord, sir, what! leave my chist!"

"Can't be, can't be, it must, right away, take only what you require, about it-we cannot delay."

Stepney, finding ere was no alternative, reluctantly unlocked and opened his huge receptacle—of what? To the quick explosion of our visible faculties, out poured, in extraordinary confusion and juxtaposition, all imaginable varieties of garments and notions, hats, caps, cloaks,

of past splendor, cravats superb, second-hand coats, combs, beads, trinkets, veils-in short, a very fine collection of pedlary, which he had diligently set himself out to gather together, as soon as he knew he was to accompany us, confidently anticipating, as we pursued our slow way through unknown countries, to realise a fortune by their sale—and at our very outset he must leave them! His complete discomfiture of countenance and manner, on being fully aware of the disappointment of his cherished plans, excited our sympathy in the midst of our laughter, and we all endeavored to reconcile him to his loss, but a gloom overspread his face and continued for some hours. Poor Stepney! but he, like most other negroes, could not be sad long; his disappointment was soon forgotten, his merry heart, good sense and abilities, and the new scenes he forthwith encountered; soon made him as jovial as ever.

Stepney's traps being disposed of, we actually took up our line of march, stopping on our way at the residence of Mr. B---, who gave us two bottles of wine of domestic manufacture, to bury in the swamp as he laughingly said; but which stood us in good stead in after days of camp life, as our readers shall be duly informed.

Having proceeded eighteen miles, at sunset we halted to encamp. Well do I recollect that first night, and how early Stepney's originality and cleverness as valet de place, "groom of the chambers," "captain of the waiters," "looker-on in

Vienna" (that he would be always), and several other professions embraced in his calling of "general camp attendant," began to display itself.

To the colonel, Beau Level and myself it was but a recurrence of old scenes, a return to camp life; but to our tyros, our unfledged braves, Langhorne, Lucknow and Rover all was new, bonnets, shirts, vests | and Stepney knew it.



A large fire having been made, Jeff, under orders, commenced his preparations for supper, and being like the rest of us slightly anxious for refreshment, he did what upon occasions of necessity, when there is alternative, negroes of both sexes will condescend to do—but only then—make the best of circumstances, and put up with a few inconveniences. Doubtless, he needed some essentials to his culinary arrangements, but he exercised his ingenuity and ability in availing himself of such substitutes as could be provided, and accordingly soon sent steaming on our rude table, quite neatly arranged by Stepney, an excellent supper, to which our day's pedestrian efforts enabled us to do such signal justice or injustice as Jeff might construe it, as he had to cook another for his colored brethren.

With our pipes, then, around the fire we whiled away the hours till bedtime, with converse of the past and future, our plans and prospects, hopes and fears.

"Stepney, are the oilcloths and blankets down?" inquired the colonel, advising at the same time it were best to retire.

"Yes, sir," said Stepney. "Mas Ned, when you git in bed look out, dar's a puddle of water at de hed ob it, so when you git up in de morning you kin wash your face bi-lout de trouble ob leabin de tent. And mas Kildare, dar's a putty sizable stump under your bed, but if you be pubtiklar when you git in, and a sort a scrouge yourself round, you'll miss it. 'Tain't berry sharp on de pint, dough it mout do some damage.'

"Why, Stepney, is it possible you could not find smooth ground enough to spread the gentlemen's beds on this first

night? I am ashamed of you!"

"Why, mas colonel, trute ob it is, I mout a done it, sir, but den dey mout as well git seasoned to it from de fust, for by all accounts dey is got to rough it, and de sooner de better, sir, for dem new hands at de surbeying business. I kin 'sure you, sir, I did it 'tirely out ob a complimentum kindness."

Of course this occasioned a good laugh, but glancing at the countenances of our young friends, who could not forbear smiling with us at Stepney's philanthropy, I plainly saw a struggle there, and knew that images of home, cozy rooms, soft beds, and other pleasant fancies were dancing through memory's halls, as they prepared to lay themselves down on these rough pallets.

It would be needless to relate each day's trave. en rouse or the swamp; they followed each other with their nights of camp rest, and passed off without incident or event of importance enough occurring to distinguish one from another, except the memorable one on which for the sum of one dollar, hard cash, we added to our company our canine copartner the dog yelept Boots. We bought him with the name, and no dog of St. Bernard, Newfoundland, shepherd's, Blenheim, terrier, setter, hound, or whatever best blood or breed he might boast, could have stood us in such good dog stend, as our poor, foolish, affectionate, good-natured Boots. We brag not on him, bear in mind, reader, for his courage, sagacity, scent or descent, or any other boasted dog quality.

Boots, old fellow! it was neither thy training nor thy pedigree, thy bravery nor mettle, that under thy grizly, tawny skin, did our jaded spirits such signal service; it was thy immaculate folly, infinite simplicity, untractable indiscreetness and uncontrollable impetuosity in rushing into uncomprehended dangers, and brought thee through so many inimitable scrapes, that made thee dear to our very hearts. Had he in his dog folly less resembled mankind in theirs, he might have learned wisdom enough from his bitter experience to have saved himself from many a scratch and bite, and lost us many and many a good laugh.

In seven days we reached Waresboro (the county which means the court-house town of Ware county), one of the chief of the wire grass counties near the northern confine of the Okefenokee, our destination. Another day's travel brought us to the plantation and residence of Dr. McDonald, a Scotch gentleman of genial disposition, high intelligence and great experience, whose refined courtesy, hospitality and bountiful entertainment refreshed and gladdonel us. More than thirty years he has been a resident of this section of country, and has now the hoppiness of seeing a numerous pregeny settled comfortably around him.

Here we met a corps of engineers employed on the Brunswick and Florida railroad, with whom we had a grand rejoicing, a real jollification, such as only engineers, when they meet far from home, in a desolate country, can enjoy or appreciate.

On the following day; the ninth of our travel, we arrived at the upper edge of the swamp, the veritable Okefenokee, of horror and disgust to our childish ears, not only from its un pronounceable and hard-to-spell name, but the pictures and descriptions in our geographies, that instilled into our minds the frightful images of its dark woods and slimy denizens, toads, frogs, serpents, alligators; all seemed to slip and slide about to our young imaginations, with their noisome abodes and habits, and we seemed to hear their fearful hisses, croakings and splutterings, as they moved about in the thick ooze, and covenanting with, in league of friendship and habitation, the equally fearful bears, wolves, cougars and boars, with the prowling Indian stealthily skulking through its murky mazes. I fancy not one of us but had such crude, childish images and sounds traversing head and ears as on its very borders we sat us down to our frugal evening meal; and then with blest cigar, as its curling smoke ascended, busy thoughts crowded our brains, brightly loomed up our happy past, faith, hope, success peered in smilingly over doubt and anxious expectancy, and dispelled the clouds of despondency ere they had time to gather form or substance. Hitherto we had sped well for the to-come! Stepney's consolatory ejaculations echoed in my cars, as my eyes closed in heavy slumber:

"Well, mas Pol, yah we is at last, outside de Okfinoky! and is we to go inside? De dear Lord, if it's wurser an dis, massiful Moses, any wus, how den? Yer is notin under de libin sun but lightwood knots, sand and gopher, and what kin be in dar's de questin?"

CHAPTER II.

Ir would seem scarcely credible in this enlightened age, that there should exist a class of people whose manner of life is so simple as almost to illustrate the tales of patriarchal times, and who are so indifferent to more than the merest necessaries for existence. A mere hut, log or otherwise, with one similar near by in most instances, ordinarily used as a cooking and cating room—these suffice for their simple views of comfort. once saw a man and his wife with seventeen children herded together, without thought of change, in one of these shanties. Many of them depend for subsistence, several months of the year, on the spoils of hunting, wild fruits and berries in a great measure, so few acres of land do they choose to plant. If they have cattle (and many of them own and pride themselves in the fact of large herds of cattle), to milk or make butter from them would be as wild a theory to them as to bid us to get cheese from the moon, so entirely out of their calculations is such a mode of proceeding. They assign, when questioned, as a reason for inhabitating that section of country, that there are lots of lightwood knots, and water "is powerful handy."

Assuredly in this section there are many exceptions of fine spirited and intelligent men, of ambitious views and aims, and as a race, there does not exist—for their means and style of life -a more open-hearted or hospitable set of people in the world. The country around is now in progress of development by railroads and their accom anying improvements, and ere long this people will be arou to the exercise of the energies they possess, and the desire for improvement and cultivation. No part of the country surpasses this section in its adaptation of soil for cotton growing, cane and other productions, and many years will not elapse before, I doubt not, it will rival in productiveness and enlightenment and civilization the more vaunted pertions of our glorious Empire State-old Georgia, God bless her! Meanwhile I shall introduce my readers to the inhabitants and their entertainments as exhibited in their present mode of

The day following our night of arrival on the confines of the swamp, we moved into what is called the Upper Cow-house, a point of pine land almost surrounded by an arm of the swamp, some eight miles long and three wide, having only one entrance

about two hundred yards across at its junction with the main land; it derives its name from the fact of the Indians, during the late war, being in the habit of stealing cattle from the white settlements around, driving them into this natural enclosure through the only entrance, and thus securing them from occane

In this secluded spot, after our camping arrangements were completed, we formed the acquaintance of a gentleman of the region and class above described, a Mr. Short, at whose place we camped previous to the commencement of operations.

This gentleman was of the genus Creeker, and a rare specimen of a man not to be outwitted, standing six feet in his wide brogans, stockingless; and the homespun pants might seem to have clung to his lower limbs since boyhood, to judge from their length and circumference, unless they gave evidence of Mrs. Short's practical, illustration of her name in the way of saving labor at the loom. All of them ordinarily wear cloth of their own weaving; in some parts of the country a brownish yellow is the prevailing color, as I was told they liked it "to favor the soil." I did not inquire the reason. Mr. Short's were blue; and it is therefore by way of high distinction that they use the term "store clothes," articles of purchase which are only reserved for great occasions. On his approach, with a slouched hat, inexpressive eyes, shaggy brows and black unkempt hair, Langhorne incontinently exclaimed:

"What hempen homespun have we swaggering here?"

He extended to us his hospitality by inviting us to come up and spend the evening; in accordance with which invitation, after supper we youngsters of the corps, without much ado at the toilet or change of apparel, which would have been both troublesome and inexpedient, considering we had none—and doubtless each was vain enough to feel assured of the power of making a pleasing impression on the Cracker "gals"—departed for the domicile, to make our first acquaintance with the belles of the swamp surroundings; Mr. Level taking his large horn.

Mr. Short greeted us on reaching the house with a kindly—"Walk in, strangers, make yourselves at hum—take seats. Look you, old woman, stan' around; while you're a cleanin' up, let us have your pipe?"

This request was acceded to, and Mr. Short commenced smoking.

"Strangers, you mus'n't mind the gals, they'll be in arter a while, they jist gone in the kitchen to put on their store clothes; it 'taint often they see strangers, so they're kinder shy. But I reckon they'll git used to you in a little. Shew 'em you ain't afraid, and they'll sort a cum round. I say, you mister, with the brass thing, give us a tute while you're a waitin'."

With courteous grace Mr. Level struck up Yankee Doodle. During the performance the three daughters entered, dressed in yellow calico, wholly innocent of crinoline, and of no wider or longer dimensions than their father's inexpressibles; no more than he, had they on stockings or store-shoes, and a considerable space intervened between their yellow brogans and skirts, with their arms akimbo, looking at us as if we were wild beasts. What an effort for us to keep our countenances! we dared not look at each other; to restrain our merriment at their uncouth appearance was a severe trial; a dead silence ensued on their entrance, as we bore their gaze. At length I gathered courage or despair to say:

"A pleasant evening this."

"I reckon it'll rain afore morning," and ered one of the graces, who, though twenty-eight or thirty, had never been twenty miles from home, and then straightway addressed her father with,

"Old man, you better go see about givin' the critter sumthin' to eat."

Which hint he followed with, "Well, gals, talk to the men while I go out."

"I reckon they better talk to theirselves. I don't like them ere knives no how," alluding to our bowie-knives, which improvement to our personal adornment we had forgotten, wearing them in our belts as we did. It was tough work entertaining the graces. Mr. Lunghorne politely asked:

How do you like living in this country?'

"I reckon it's as good as whar you come from. I don't s'pose you're no great shakes, no how!"

Thus repulsed he retreated, and Ned Lucknow felicitously inquired, "How they liked the music?"

"When I hearn it in the kitchen, I thought the old man's critter had got the colic and squeaking with pain." What expressive glances we gave Level! Here was a poser. The damsel continued, "Et you call that ere music, I don't like no sich! I ruther hear old Stag Morris play on his fiddle, than any of your brass fixin's."

"Where does Mr. Morris live?" inquired Beau, a little cut no doubt.

"Well, I reckon he lives at home with the old 'oman, jist whar he oughter; an' ef you want to hear enny more you better ax him. An' I reckon he kills more bars, makes more bitters and drinks more whiskey, nor erea man round here, unless it's the old man."

Who entering, asked, "Well, strangers, how do you cum on with the gals? I reckon they 'haint so shy; they haint see no-body since Mr. Brown's log-rolling last year."

"Well, old man," indignantly interrupted the daughter, "I recken it's no sich. Stag and his old woman was here yisterday, when you was splittin rails."

"Strangers, can't you give us a tute," said the old man.

Which Level forthwith commenced, aided by the discord of our united voices, right glad to throw our repressed guffaws into any voice—but to our discomfiture we quickly had to forego this exercise of our lungs, for one of the gals interrupted us, saying politely, "I reckon it's about time for 'em to leave, anyhow." Forced into the same conclusion ourselves, we abruptly, but with the supreme elegance insulted dignity supplied us, departed, to make the woods echo with those merry shouts of laughter civility had heretofore restrained. On departing the old man renewed his special invitation "to cum agin," and as we left before our merriment commenced, we heard him lecturing them thus:

"Well, gals, next time them ere strangers come, ef you don't 'have better I'll make you jig around worse an you did to the last log-rollin', I tell ye."

On our return to camp we related to the colonel our rough reception and strange visit—mused over it ourselves—an! hoped when next we honored the Misses Shorts with a call we might be more politely received.

The next morning we started for the swamp to make our first entrance, accompanied by Mr. Short, who volunteered his services, as he said, "to keep us from bogging." He said he knew of two or three men who had gone in over their heads, and that we should do so, unless we had some one to show us what places to avoid. An agreeable prospect!

All the party went, except Jeff and Adam, who were left in charge of the tents and horses. We proceeded from our camb ground a half mile, which brought us to the very edge of the swamp-consisting of a very thick growth-through which we penetrated half a mile, and opened upon the prairies; so called because of their peculiar growth and appearance, and general exemption from the dense growth of thicket that elsewhere throughout its confines covers the swamp, except where its fine islands appear. The prairies are covered with grass, growing over the mud in tussocks, and interspersed all through them rise little islands from one to four or five acres in extent, more or less covered with the same dense growth of almost impenetrable forest, draperied in the closest manner with chinging and intertwining vines of hemleaf, ti-ti and bamboo briers, and all the varieties of peculiar creepers that in a less degree infect other southern low grounds. These prairies, this thicket growth, vine-clad, and the islands of high land, with their mo t gorgeous and magnificent growth hereafter to be described, scattered within its borders, forming the only variations co scenery, if so changes of growth can be termed, within the Bring walls of this secluded spot.

It is needless to say we were surprised, so different did we find its real aspect from our fancied picturings of it. And what were they? We scarce could describe. They were chiefly derived from acquaintance with the river swamps of the south.

The prairies occupy the whole length of the eastern of local

the swamp, extending three miles inward, and varying in length from half to a mile or more; interspersed within them, as the larger islands are in the swamp, are small islands from one to



GOPHER AND HOLE.

five acres in extent, covered with "loblolly boys," with the usual dense undergrowth and creepers that literally rise above and below and around all things in the swamp. Those clinging, interweaving, intertwisting, intertwining creepers of rich green and thorny briers that the bears bore down into lairs for themselves, and cut passage ways through, but wholly impervious to all other movement except the cleaving axe in a strong man's hand. Hemleaf, ti-ti and bamboo repeated and renewed throughout the length, breadth and depth of the swamp, except in the prairies and on the islands, whose clear growth was superb.

This prairie part of the swamp presented a pretty appearance on entering; but need I say every thought of beauty and idea of admiration vanished as soon as our struggles with the mud commenced. And that was at once. Right into it we were. Bog, bog, for each and all of us, without intermission, without relief or change, except the height or depth which either or both legs, as the case might be, became submerged. Now it was over our ankles, then up to the



MR. SHORT AND HIS DOG.

knees; now in to our waists - struggle strive—out again only to be down againand again, and but for the friendly warning of Mr. Short in pointing out to us those places covered with a growth of waterlilies, whereon, of course unconsciously, we should have trodden, and been over our heads, as he had forewarned us. So it was to tramp and struggle through this bog, on all sides, and avoid the spots covered with water-Poor Boots, lilies. who by not compre-

hending Mr. Short's kindly admonition went in souse, ears, tail and all, to his own appalled amazement and our uncontrollable laughter at the distressing cries, wailing and efforts he made to extricate himself, which only buried him deeper. However we succeeded in rescuing him, and it became a new source of amusement to us then to observe the care with which he would avoid what he supposed dangerous localities; jump over every little puddle of water; and, like the shepherd boy, set up a cry of wolf without cause. So often were we one and all deceived by him, that, strange as it may appear, I must set Mr. Boots down as the most egregious liar of our acquaintance. A dog a liar! Reader, yes, if acting lies entitles any one to the appellation, Boots richly earned it. Boots did enact superbly, and too often, the most egregious lies; frequently causing us to look out for a bear or tiger by his hideous howls of alarm, when after being awakened at night, jumping up, making the needed preparations for defence, priming and standing ready, we would find that the deceiving fellow had been baying the moon or barking at his own shadow seen across a log. But we found him out after a few deceptions, for when danger was really near his dogship became confidingly affec-

tionate, in quietly drawing close up to some of us, as if to sue for protection, wagging his tail.

"An dis is de swamp at las', Ok-fin-oky," said Stepney.
"Well, Lord knows, but my humble 'pinion is we better nebber had a cum, yah! bog! bog! bog! no place for stand and rest you foot, you in for it, an' you must fight troo; but ef you keep a boggin' dis way two days longer, you'll hab for lef' me for a breakfas' for de alligators when dey wak' up out der winter nap. I wonder whar dey all is now—down in de mud, flat down in the cane brake, sure enuff—whar I'll be too I'se 'fraid fore long."

fore long."
"Bog!" said Mr. Short, equally indignant at Stepney's professed pushlanimity and evil forebodings. "If you calls this bad, well, I recken you'll see lots worser, wait till we gits to



INDIAN MOUND

Double Branches to give us your gab. I reckon we'll cum across a bar or two. We haint seen none yit, but strangers, take my word for it, you will meet 'em, an' you mout jist as well be prepared, an' next time you try the swamp, leave them ere populate o' yourn in camp. They wouldn't raise the hair on a bar's back. Bring double-barrel guns like mine, twenty-four buck shots to a load—them's the sort!'

"Hold on, colonel," exclaimed Mr. Lucknow, "hold on, I've lost one boot in the mud, and if you don't wait till I find it, I'm afraid I'll lose myself." The boot was soon extricated, and we renewed our onward struggle.

"Why, mas Kildare," halloed Orange, gasping for breath.
"dis beats cotton hoein" all hollow, day's task's notin' to dis.
Why you look a'ready like de las' of pea-pickin', and as for mas Transit ebery now and den I don't see him at all, and wonders whar he is. Don't you tink we better res' now? ef we don't, we'll neber git back in dis world." Stepney and Orange both had epportunities enough afterwards, like the old woman's eels to the skinning, to get used to it, and consequently make less ado about it.

"Where are we to rest?" answered Kildare. "For heaven's sake, show us and we'll thank you."

"Patience, patience, good friends," said Level. "We'll all get used to it after a while, and I dare say think it a very pleasant way of passing the time."

"Ugh! ugh! mas Beau, you kin bear tings putty well; but when you mak' us all tink we likes stannin' up in dis mud like so much posts—else striking troo it wid all our might like so much debbils, den I'll gib up," said Stepney.



THE HUNTSMAN WINDS HIS BORN.



SUWANNEE RIVER.

Reader, I can scarce hope to convey you to an idea of this plodding work; can you imagine what it is for hours together not to walk, or run, or leap, or even hop, but only to bog-to insert one's lower limbs in the soft oozy mud and muck, and pulling one out and sticking it off as far as possible, push it down again -to renew this performance continuously for three miles? After a halt and short discussion, standing knee-deep in mud, we concluded to proceed onward to the Double Branches, a stream (so called from rising in two branches without the swamp) of which Mr. Short had informed us; the crossing of which we found a poor relief to our previous footing in the mud, as several of the party sunk to the waist. About two o'clock we turned to retrace our steps, and after dark, exhausted, wet and weary, we hailed our camp fires with glee-and such sleep! Oh never, never can we sleep again as we did that night!

After this first attempt at exploration, we began to run our lines around the swamp, both level and compass, the object in running these lines being to ascertain the level of the swamp at different points; as also to obtain accurate information of its location, outlines and size. These being, from absence of undoubted authority on the subject, necessarily imperfectly defined, and also variously assigned in the maps and geographies in ordinary use; the portion it occupies in Florida, and each of contiguous counties in Georgia, not unfrequently changing size, shape and position in every new edition.

Having discovered an Indian mound some twenty feet in diameter, and six in height, we took this for our zero point, from whence to commence operations. We purposed opening this mound for examination of its contents and composition; but our daily work so fully occupied our time that we were obliged to relinquish the intention.

We continued runing our line regularly. rising and going forth, early in the morning and steadily working till sunset, after which our walk back to camp would make our return at night late; we usually accomplished four miles a day, and at distances of six or eight miles would enter and explore the swamp a few miles in, chiefly doing this for the purpose of ascertaining the variations of level, and securing positive knowledge of the varieties of soil in all parts of it. We found very little difference of level; in different places the surface of the swamp being uniform, declining a little towards the

So little did our philosophy induce us to be willing practically to exhibit the truth of the old woman's and eels' adage-"of getting used to it after awhile," that after our experience in our first day's exploration, we were abundantly willing to escape this troublesome toil of bogging, if means could be devised for our doing so, consistent with the purposes of our undertaking, and this we hoped to accomplish by continuing our explorations in boats down the stream above named, or others we might find coursing through the swamp; but on examination this plan was found impracticable, principally for want of a sufficient depth of water and the many obstructions of the stream, fallen trees, decaying branches, mud flats, and other obstacles choking up its whole

CHAPTER III.

THE continuation of the line occupied our whole time-leaving camp every morning arly, and returning late at night. ncidents that occurred to vary or break

the monotony of our daily routine of duty were not of importance enough to deserve record.

By the 24th of December we had run our line twenty miles, and were encamped near the residence of Mr. Brown.

Christmas Eve! that night! how busy were our memories recalling the days of yore, as we lay in the wild woods, around our camp fire, cogitating and proposing to each other plans for for passing merrily, or as best we might, the sacred day ap-

Home, mothers, brothers, sisters, stockings, fireside, Santa Claus!-were not these with us-visibly present, their merry voices in our ears?

Our dilemma as to plans was relieved by Mr. Brown's entrance, to propose our taking a bear-hunt with him on the morrow, and attend a hop at his house in the evening; forthwith weariness was forgotten, sentiment and ennui discarded, and energy and interest aroused and put into action, in the cleaning up and polishing of our guns, pistols and other accoutrements. A bear hunt! well enough! something new and stirring!

By early dawn Mr. Brown aroused us with his dogs and horn, and right heartily we responded, despatched our breakfast and were off. The colonel, like Mr. Brown, on horseback, we had no alternative but to walk, which induced two of our party, Mr. Lang) rne and Beau Level, to prefer rest and quiet in



ADAM AND THE SKELETON.

camp. So only Rover, Lucknow and myself were off for the hunt, Stepney by his own request accompanying us.

After receiving our instructions from Mr. Brown as to our method of proceeding in this, to us, new field-sport, giving us certain signals to be used in certain contingencies; after putting in the dogs, we followed his instructions as well as we could, starting to intercept the bear, meet, head or kill him as fortune might determine; and such a tearing, scratching, bogging scramble as we had of it, until three o'clock, without sign or symptom of Bruin, to our regret and mortification! That part of the swamp being too much filled with water was the reason assigned for our disappointment.

On our way, Stepney, ever anxious to distinguish himself, requested for himself special orders, inquiring of Mr. Brown:

"Well, boss, if you start a bear, what must I do?"

"Well, I reckon you kin do as the rest, follow the dogs, and try an' git a shot."

"But, boss, 'spose the bear comes at me?"

"Shoot him, if you've got any sense, of course."

"But, boss, 'spose the gun snaps?"

- "Well, I recken you better see arter your primin', less you want that 'ere wool o' yourn tore mightily, and them 'ere store-clothes pulled off o' you in a hurry; if you do miss him he'll put them 'ere teeth into you without any charge."
 - "But, boss, 'spose I shoot and miss him, what then?"

"Well, any fool could take a tree."

"Why, I nebber climb a tree in my life."

- "Well, nigger, don't trouble yourself, for if you don't know how, I reckon he'll larn you quick enuff by takin' you along with him, without askin', and lettin' you drop from de top, kinder like beeswax, arter the honey's sucked out."
- "Well, mas colonel." said Stepney, "if dis is der manners, I reckon I better go back to camp."
- "Never mind, Stepney, come along. Perhaps you mayn't meet the bear at all."

Dropping behind, Stepney followed, muttering to nimself: "Climb a tree! climb a tree! hair torn—clothes dragged off—hum! Mas Ned, lend me some more primin'."

Being disappointed in our hopes of encountering and capturing a bear—as the shadows were lengthening, rather dispirited, we turned camp-ward; but fortune had not wholly deserted us, a fine buck was started and brought down by the colonel's unerring aim, slung across his horse and taken to camp, where, in a trice, he was slung at a tree, and with Adam and Jeff's swift proceedings, skinned, and a noble haunch of venison, well roasted, with smoking potatoes, some of Adam's bread, and the two bottles of wine Mr. B. had bestowed upon us on our leaving Milledgeville, furnished us a glorious Christmas diner. Right merrily we did full justice to our good cheer; then talk and songs, toasts and jests succeeded, with floating fumes of smoke enveloping us, until the colonel reminded us of our promise to attend the hop at Mr. Brown's.

After brushing up ourselves as well as we could in our rusty attire—that began to be no little the worse for all our bush scrambling and bog swamping—we proceeded to fulfil our engagement at Mr. Brown's house, with Stepney; he always liked to be permitted to make one of any plan for amusement, and as he was always ready to do his duty, we were glad to be able to gratify him.

Upon arriving we found some twenty men and women assembled, a bright fire blazing in the chimney, throwing a muddy glare around; of course this was the only light.

We took the seats provided for us, and with wondering interest looked on so new a scene. The first dance after our entrance being a saltatory exhibition entirely novel to all our past experience.

The violinist, who seemed to be the "first fiddle of the company," in more ways than one, as he was evidently the beau pur excellence, and arbiter of good manuers, as well as wit and jester, kept up a sort of ding-dong tune, that can be far better imagined then described; "a ring-dong-diddle, a ring-dang-do, a ring-dong-diddle, a ring-dang-do" it sounded to us, and "nothing more;" but it apparently inspired those in whose ears, I doubt not, it was sweet music.

The first couples having completed their dance, took their seats, and handed their pipes to the others, who were about to take their places, with arms akimbo, the smoking having been as sedulously kept up as the shuffling.

They now insisted upon our joining the dance; I got off on the plea of a lame foot. My companions, not being so ready or so fortunate with an excuse, were forced upon the floor, and most ludicrous to me were their unaccustomed efforts to accommodate themselves to this new style of dance; but I must do them the justice to say, that they acquitted themselves admirably; previous to this the women had been quite shy, but now "the fun began to grow fast and furious," and one old lady, appearing only just to have observed my being sitting, accosted me as follows:

"Stranger, why haint you a dancing?"

"I have a lame foot, ma'am"—a pretty bold assertion, too, as they all knew I had walked there.

"I reckon so Nobody with a lame foot has got any business here; so you better git up and dance."

"Well, ma'am, I would do so with pleasure; but you see I don't understand your dance exactly."

"No; I 'spose whar you comes from, they dance by note?" Glad of some excuse, I told her "I had left my notes at home." By this time the dance was ended; but seeing an old lady coming towards me, holding a lighted pipe in her hand, a new horror possessed me. I had seen them passing the pipes around as common property, and knowing it was my turn to smoke, I took a pipe from my pocket, put it in my mouth, and looked in another direction.

"I say, stranger, won't you take a smoke?"

"Thank you, ma'am, I have a pipe of my own."

"Well, I reckon it haint lighted; so you better try this one—that 'ere putty gal's been a smoking with——" While she was thus addressing me, I managed to light my pipe, and so avoided the atrocity of smoking hers. Just then the fiddler cried, "Men, stand back; let the strangers have a showin'—let 'em dance their dance." This was a worse proposition than joining theirs.

I felt a slap on the back, which, on turning around, I found proceeded from the old lady who had first addressed me, who seemed determined to make me prove the lameness of my foot, on my excuse; for, pointing to a girl across the room, leaning against the wall, with a child in her arms, she said—

"Stranger, see that ar gal youder? don't she dance up to the notch? That's my darter; won't you trot a reel with her?"

Finding myself fairly cornered, I yielded with the best grace I could. Approaching the damsel while the mother vociferated across the room, "Look yer, Sal, take this stranger a round or two."

I then walked up to the lady with—

"May I have the pleasure of dancing with you, ma'am?"

"Well, I reckon it 'll do me just as much good as it will you; and I tell you what, ef you expeck to dance with me, you'll have to cure that ar lame leg mighty quick." The baby was quickly disposed of, and at it we went. Oh, reader, what a dance it was! I led; the lame leg was cured in a trice; pellmell into the shuffling was I, and I thought I had made some progress towards the discovery of perpetual motion; my legs went in every direction seemingly without guidance or volition of my own, as a parently with little exertion. After it was over, I gladly mak my seat on a bench and looked round for my companions, who had been dancing at the same time as myself. Done up were they all—each leaning against something for support.

"Well," said my old lady friend, who had forced me into dancing, "stranger, I reckon you'll larn how to dance arter a while. I tell you what, it's them ar gals can't be beat no wher, and no how! They jist kin roll as many logs, dig as many taters, and dance as long as ere a man in this country."

Here it goes, in the swamps and backwoods of Georgia. "The gals" are rivalling the men in more ways then one, without ever having heard of strong-minded women and their rights.

"Folks, walk in and try some taters and middling," said our host; "look here, strangers, of you kin cat that, you're wel-

come; ef you can't, it don't hurt me enny." With this queer proffer of hospitality, kindly meant, the whole party adjourned to the eating apartment, these people generally having one log house for their sleeping apartment; another of like dimensions, contiguous, being the cooking and eating-room.

At the door, in passing, we met Stepney, of whom we had lost sight, but who had been a spectator from without. He accosted us—"Well, mas Beau, I 'spose we'll git two holidays. I don't 'spose you'll do any work to-morrow; for judging from your looks, I reckon you've all danced twenty miles, and that's a pretty good day's work for any man—ef this here dancing don't beat de debbil, den I duh know—I nebber see any sich."

After partaking of the repast that had been provided, we returned to the dancing-hall, which had been transmogrified into a dormitory.

"Well, strangers," said the host, "you haint let this ere colored gentleman have a showin'; walk in, mister."

Stepney, nothing loth, marched in, dressed now much better than his betters—in blue dress coat with brass buttons, brilliant vest, black pants, patent leather shoes, and cravat of hue and tie astounding!—all which articles he had managed to secrete from his mammoth chest.

He was at home; shuffling was and had been one of his super-eminent accomplishments. He completely took the shine off of us all after his entry—we were all thrown in the shade. He became the lion of the evening. Yielding to him the glory, we took a cordial farewell of our host and his guests, and strode forward towards camp and rest, beguiling the way with comparing notes of the several ludicrous incidents that had occurred to each, our opinions of the company, &c., &c., and enlivening the colonel, who, as kind as usual, we found awaiting us, with our account of the extraordinary manners and proceedings, on festive occasions, of the natives of these parts. Shortly after Stepney made his appearance to increase our merriment by his account.

"Ah, Stepney! how have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Much, mas colonel, berry much, sir—am certainly de most obstropalous people ebber I had de pleasure of seeing dance, only I'm sort a tired, and I reckon, sar, you'll have to let us all rest to-morrow, sar; dem Cracker gals danced de young gentlemen most off der legs."

"What, two holidays in succession? I don't think I can afford you that, so we had better all go to bed. Good night."

Which we did, and thus ended our Christmas in the swamp, with such heavy honey-dew of slumber after our Terpsichorean efforts, that I don't think any of us dreamed of the strange crackers and fireworks that had terminated the day.

CHAPTER IV.

THE day after Christmas our holiday expired, and regularly to work we went again, continuing our line daily. Up to this time we had been favored with most propitious weather, which, besides giving us buoyancy of spirit, had rendered our labors less disagreeable; but it now began to rain very frequently, two or three days of every week almost were dark, sloppy and unpleasant, with clouds, and more or less rain falling. Colonel Watchoverall dreading a continuance of such weather, which would render our projected exploration both more difficult and uncomfortable, resolved to run the line only some fifteen or twenty miles further, on the outer part of this term side where we now were, and then remove around to the term side, there at once to commence our explorations of the interior of the swamp.

The reasons operating to influence us to make the decision to enter from the western instead of eastern side of the swamp were these. The whole western side of the swamp consists of of irregular indentations, or points of land jutting into it, of several miles depth, and the interstices of swamp between being correspondingly deep, in making a starting point therefore for entrance from the eastern side, we might have forced our way to one of these extending points of swamp, and unnecessarily prolonged our tedious and laborious work of forcing a passage through; whereas by entering from the western side, from a point of high land between these protruding points of swamp, we

should be assured of a shorter route; these portions of the swamp generally extended out four or five miles, which would have been no inconsiderable addition to men obliged to hack, hew and bog their way before them through the swamp. Another cause for rendering us most anxious by every means to select the shortest course was, the prospect now pending of continuously sloppy weather; every rain over such ground as we expected to traverse, would but render our mucky way softer and more disagreeable. Another inducement for selecting the the western side for our starting point was, that there lay "The Pocket," a point of high land jutting inwards six miles and a half, which would by so far shorten our exploration and permit our enjoying our camp comforts a few days longer; beyond that onwards, when once launched upon our muddy expedition, our faces once turned eastward there was no return. no more camp fire or resting-place until we had reached the eastern confine and retraced our own pathway back; this was our last point of camp rest, and loth were we to leave it. But I must not anticipate events.

This Pocket is a singular place, deriving its designation from its peculiar form, being from six miles and a half long and from a half to three quarters of a mile in width, the swamp surrounding it up to the junction of its neck with the main land. We ran our line around the eastern side as far as Fort Tomkins, still thus designated, being the site of one of the old forts or garrisons constructed during the Indian war, but now consisting only of an open space of a few acres, grown over with palmettos, a decaying well and the remains of the old picket; these constitute the sole evidence of its having been once a place of defence.

Here we struck camp and prepared for removal, but ere a final leave-taking of this side, permit me to describe the visit of an original character during our tent life at Fort Tomkins. He visited camp for the purpose of being employed as guide during our projected exploration, of which he had heard report. He introduced himself to the colonel with a grand flourish of recommendations, the principal of which, however, was that he knew all about the swamp, as he had been through it with Gen. Floyd in his campaign, but there were good reasons for doubting the validity of this statement.

At the time he came to the camp he was under the influence of liquor; having made known to the colonel the object of his visit, viz., the wish to accompany us as guide, he asked him for a drink. The colonel thinking he might need one after his long walk of some miles, which he was aware he had taken, gave him one from a single bottle, kept in case of sickness or accident, which he quaffed with infinite gusto; the fine relish of this, I suppose, encouraged him to renew his proposition.

"Well, stranger," he commenced, addressing the colonel, "you had better tek me along. I kin show you enny whar in the swamp, and no mistake, and at the same time keep you in game!"

"Well, sir," replied the colonel, "it was not my intention to have taken a guide; one could be of very little service to us, as our survey and exploration will be in altogether different directions from General Floyd's war route, and our compass is our best guide; but I should like to employ you to hunt for us; for how much could you afford to go?"

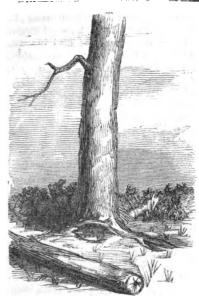
"Well, stranger, gi' me another drink and I'll tell you."
The colonel astonished: "But Mr. Shelton, I do not think
t right you should have another drink; you have already taken
too much!"

"Well, I reckon I'll conclude to go for one dollar a day, found, and four drinks a day, and to be sent to fill the jug whenever it's empty; but I wish you'd gi' me another drink before we strike the bargain."

"I have told you, sir, I do not think it right you should have another; we never take it except from necessity."

"Well, it's your'n, you kin do as you like, but do for God's sake gi' me a drink!"

"I do not think, Mr. Shelton, you would suit us, you are too fond of liquor; it would keep a wagon going all the time to furnish you with your quantum sufficit. No. sir, you will not suit us; I do not think, sir we can come to an agreement."



ORANGE SPRING.

"You had better have some, sir!"
"Not a bit; but do for God's sake gi' me a drink."

While we were at dinner he took his departure, saying, as he indignantly strode off, "No liquor, nothin' to drink; wouldn't stay with 'em for a hundred dollars a month, not I!"

"What a rare specimen that fellow is," said the colonel; "he has a perfect mania for liquor. I never saw anything quite so barefaced as his begging."

"You may well say so, sar," said Stepney, "and would you b'leive, mas colonel, the whole time he been begging you so for a drink, he had a jug full, under de tree, by de roadside; he went off a drinking, and I reckon he'll keep a-drinking till he fall asleep, and will sleep out all night."

The day succeeding Mr. Shelton's liquid visitation we moved our tents, and started on our southern tour around the swamp. In the afternoon we arrived at the river Styx, or Sticks, as

translated in the matter-of-fact manner of the natives, in consequence of its being filled up with sticks and brush, but it came up so sombrely to our ideas of the classic river of the ancients, that we concluded it better deserved the former than the latter name.

The stream of black muddy water may be sixty feet across, overhung with the interlocking branches of lugubrious, funereal-looking trees, amid whose dark foliage, in striking contrast, appeared multitudes of white cranes; while others of their stately comrades, in sad show, stalked along its banks, doubtless only according to the law of nature, seeking to appease their appetite by watching for the forthcoming of toad or fish; but to us, shudderingly, they seemed the spirits of departed mortals, mournfully awaiting transport across the dark stream. Most sad and soul-subduing was the aspect of river and birds—dark, gloomy and silent. No! what a hideous howl issues from the deep-tangled dark woods; hark to the hooting of those owls! the dismal sounds are echoed-repeated-they increased the gloom; instinctively we hurried our movements, urging our steps forward from a scene so repugnant to our feelings and daylight.

It is seven or eight miles in length, this luguirious water, that rising in the pine woods, finds an outlet in the swamp, from which it would seem to have borrowed the dark impenetrable growth of over a half mile of swamp land, that borders both sides of its whole

"Well, strangers, good-bye; "God bless you all; but for the Lord's sake gi' me a drink."

"Perhaps, Mr. ihelton, if you come some other time when you are sober we can agree?"

"Well, I will; good-bye, strangers, God bless you all; but for marcy's sake gi' me a drink before I go."

Stepney came up with, "Dinner's ready, sar!"

"Won't you walk in and take some dinner, Mr. Shelton?"

"Not a bit; wouldn't have enny!"

length, accompanied by its murky denizens, owls, alligators, teads, &c. Well may this river of sticks be named the Styx hereafter, for has there ever, in older lands, been one that could have been more suited to be the dark ferry of Death—the crossing-place of shades?

Having proceeded beyond this river about ten miles, we encamped near the head waters of the St. Mary's river, where it issues from the Okefenokee. It occupied two days more before we reached the Pocket, on the western side, where we purposed for some length of time to pitch our tents. From the western extremity of the Pocket rises the Suwance River, from theme it flows into Florida, and onward to the Gulf of Mexico.

We pitched our tent at the entrance of the Pocket, where we found a Mr. Hatch living; he had removed from the upper part of the State, and selected this location for the purpose of gratifying his inordinate passion for hunting and fishing. He also had a great fancy for robbing bees, and had himself some fifty flourishing hives; and during our stay in his neighborhood, we lacked not an abundant supply of one of the promised blessings of Canaan to the Israelites. Literally this land flowed with honey, but its scriptural adjunct, milk, owing to the strange supineness of the inhabitants, did not abound; that nor butter, although flocks and herds ranged the forests and fields, made no part of the necessities or luxuries of life of these peculiar people; but honey did, for they nevertheless loved succetening, and condescended to plant and grind cane, and boil and make syrup and sugar, in small quantities; and honey they supplied themselves with, ad libitum, from the wild bees.

Mr. Hatch was said to know more about the swamp and its dreaded interior than any person we had heretofore met; from him, therefore, we obtained all the information we could; but to what did it amount? even he—the boasted man of swamp-knowledge—what was his experience? He had never been in farther than Billy's Island, which lies three miles in, that is, three miles in beyond the extremity of the Pocket, near the head of which Mr. Hatch resided. He agreed to accompany us on the following day to this island, but to attempt farther ingress he pronounced the wildest folly; he assured us it was his firm conviction that no man could bog through more than fifty yards a-day; "and if he did, 'twould only be to be devoured by bears or panthers." If we weat in, he said he'd bid us good-bye, for he'd never expect to see us again.



NIGHT-HALT ON FLOYD'S ISLAND.



REAR AFTER THE HONEY.

'Tis strange the fear the people in the neighborhood have of the Okefenokee, never venturing within it over half a mile. Mr. Hatch statel, that he had often heard guns fired and dogs barking in the swamp; so assured did he seem to be of its occupancy by Indians; and this man lived on the borders of it.

After his visit to camp, on his return home, about a quarter of a mile distant, he sent us an abundant supply of honey and a fine saddle of venison; a veritable treat to us, on which we feasted to surfeiting; and, consequently, in our heavy sleep succeeding we were haunted by antiered deer and stinging bees.

Bright and early the next morning the colonel and Mr. Hatch, with two of the boys, started for the swamp, leaving the rest of us to move camp to the extreme end of the Pocket, there to make a comparatively permanent location of tents, mules, horses and baggage, during our absence on the exploration, that being the farthest point inwards where we could find camping-ground, or rather where we could transport our camp equipage.

About one o'clock we arrived at the appointed place, which we found to be the site of another old fort, "Tataall," in the same desolate and decaying condition as Fort Tomkins; having pitched our tents in the open space, we proceeded to look for water, which was always our first consideration on selecting a new camping ground; but on this occasion, the fact of its having been once occupied, induced us to suppose, without dcubt, water must be abundant, and therefore, without delay for a search, we had set up the tents. Judge then of our dismay, when we could discover none. This required consideration, and on consultation we agreed to disperse in every direction for a closer search; except Mr. Lucknow and Beau Level, who bravely undertook to dig a well, and set themselves diligently to work in the edge of the swamp—new work for them; how it did amuse us to see these two ordinarily sate indulgent fel-Mindulgent fellows earnestly delving. However, we left them to their selfimposed task, and departed on our hunt for nature's best gift. We all returned from our divers routes about four o'clock, with the same disastrous result. No success; not one had discovered water. Almost incredible as this statement may appear, in the Okefenokee and without water! Notwithstanding, it was a fact, and to us no joke, a very distressing fact, for wearied with our walk, which had been dusty over the Pocket, our troubled search among briers and bushes for the er, and our troubled search among briers and bushes for fears united, we were literally parching up with thirst—the dread of not finding it, I suppose, increased our desire. Almost hopeless we then turned our desponding steps to the spot where Beau and Lucknow were still doing valorous service with the spade; but it was "love's labor lost" very nearly, for from inexperience in such matters, instead of commencing to dig on a high piece of ground, they had most wisely at they supposed, but in reality most unwisely, selected the very edge of the swamp. In consequence, the result of all their labor only reached a little very muddy water, undrinkable; but verily, "necessity has no law," which adage is equally applicable to their unwonted energy, and we wetted our parched broats.

Finding that, in consequence of the position of their attempted .

well, there was not the remotest probability of the water ever settling or becoming clear and fit for drink, I proposed digging anew the old well of the garrison, which was filled up with trash and filth of all kinds to within six feet of the surface; this proposition was hailed by acclamation, and we hastened to the spot, having agreed that Stepney and Adam should commence the digging, and when they were tired, we would each take turns to continue it. With his usual readiness and alacrity to aid, Stepney jumped into the well and began to dig with zealous good will, and his pleasant voice, ever and anon, would send up a mirthful sally to us who anxiously surrounded it. Ned leaning over, inquired:

"How are you getting on now, Stepney?"

"Putty well, sar, but no water yet; I jist a tinking, mas Ned, now 'spose we find some gold or jewels, or sometin' of dat sort, hide here by de soldiers. Lord, now, wouldn't dat be good! how quick we would cut dis country, and will a lemoncholy chorus, say 'farewell, Okfinoky.'"

"Dig on, Stepney; stop your speculations until you come out; we want water, man! not gold just now!"

"Well, if ebber time cum for true, when buckra or nigger eider ain't ready for find gold—hurrah!"

"Dig away, Stepney," impatiently interrupted Rover, "dig away."

"Lord, boss, does you tink a man got a tousand arms, and notin' else; I'se got to tink as well as dig."

All laughed, but Rover mischievously responded:

"Thousand devils, man! think and be hung. We want water; so dig!"

"'Spose I git kill-how den? whar's de water?"

"'Spose the devil! dig I say!"

"Aha! heave ahead—dig away."

"Your turn now, Uncle Adam."

"Well, git out de hole, den, and gib me de spade; you nebber dig a hundred well in your life. I dig many a one in old Calliny."

"South?" out of mischief, asked Langhorne.

"South be swamp! old Nort State, old Nort for ebber!"

Peering over into the well eagerly, we saw, to our great joy, the moistening earth thrown up by spadefuls—blessed fruition to our hopes and efforts; it was becoming more and more moist—joy!

"What dis here, dear Lord!" excitedly cried Adam.

"'Spec dat's our gold now, mas Paul," said Stepney.

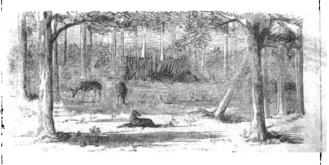
"Oh, dig on," impatiently cried Level, "I never was so thirsty in my life."

"De Lord hab massy!" shrieked Adam, and with one bound in the next instant he sprang out of the well, pushing Stepney aside, as he ¢ried, "Git out ob de way, boy! let me go! I gwine lebe dis place!"

"What is the matter?" in surprise, asked more than one, while Rover said, "Go back, go back in the well, Adam."

"Me! nebber! Git back in dat hole, whar a man's diggin' for water, when he half dead for some; diggin' for water and find skeleton! de Lord ha-ave marcy! Yes, sar, yes, sar! dead man bones! Don't tell me, I nebber did see such a country; I gwine tell de colonel for quit, yah! Lod! lod! lod! to lib to cum yah! No water—and nothin' but dead men's bones whar de water oughter be. De Lord ha-ave marcy!"

Sure enough, Adam was right; on looking into the well, we



REMAINS OF PICKET, BILLY'S ISLAND.

saw a skeleton—perhaps some poor unfortunate therein hastily buried by the soldiers upon the evacuation of the fort—perhaps some one who had fallen in—Heaven knows! it was there! a startling discovery; and another damper to our feelings, if not to our throats, which were so dry, that now we were almost frantic for water, and had no time for speculating on the skeleton in the well; by this time it was sunset.

"Orange," said I, "you know you are generally lucky, see if you can't find some water." Off he darted, and in ten minutes our ears were greeted with his welcome shout:

"Water! water! mas Transit, I fine 'em!"

Enough! how we all started, scrambled, pushed, jostled and rushed over the bushes and logs; following the sound of his voice, we reached the spot, where we found Orange full length on the ground, his head under the huge root of a cypress, swilling to his heart's content; which upon examination we found to be a cool, delicious spring, beneath the outspreading roots of this grand tree, that abundantly supplied, for three weeks, all our wants for cooking, ablutions, horses. &c. I cannot pass on without presenting you with a sketch of this spring, to me the prettiest I ever saw. We named it "Orange Spring," and were happy when the colonel returned to us that night, from his toilsome day's travel with Mr. Hatch, to give him a draught, as, like ourselves, he too had been without water all day, and then vied with each other in relating to him our well adventures. Bubbling around our heads came dancing waves and sparkling rills, leaf sprays all glittering with dew drops crowded our sleeping visions, for we laid our weary limbs down that night with such a blessed conviction of having water, and enough of it-how could we escape visitations from Undines or

The next day being Sunday, according to his usual custom, our honored commandant held service for us and read a sermon. After dinner he proposed our joining him in a walk to Billy's Island, which was gladly acceded to by all, for to do our best, most dreary and monotonous were these camp Sundays of four months' continuance, and it was quite a relief to have a walk wherein we might hope for variety, if not excitement.

From the extremity of the Pocket to Billy's Island the trail is open, and fair walking for foot passengers—being the cordurory road (called so from the round logs which compose it being laid side by side in the mud), constructed by General Floyd for the passage of his troops to the island—and is still in a good state of preservation, though twenty years have passed since it was built of cypress, which is a wood remarkable for its enduring qualities. The growth on our way was most dense, consisting of cypress, bay, gum, interspersed with occasional pines, overrun with the same impervious undergrowth of hemleaf, ti-ti and bamboo that pervades the whole swamp, and is inaccessible except to the axe-man or strength of Bruin's paws.

The gloominess of this impenetrable thicket, making light and air almost inadmissible, is indescribable. Thousands of bears inhabit this swamp. Moreover a more formidable foe to dread in the comparatively helpless condition in which a man must traverse this swamp—not being able to bear, without great difficulty the weight, in addition to an axe, and the constant effort to advance, of any other weapon than a revolver—is the American cougar, a ferocious animal of the feline species, generally by the inhabitants about here called simply tigers; they are known to be numerous and dangerous.

After a walk of three hours we arrived at Billy's Island—open pine land—a pleasing relief to our vision from the dark walls of close and tangled growth through which we had passed in threading our way over the old corduroy road.

This island is about five miles long and from two to three in breadth, being narrowest at the ends; the growth on it lofty pines, exempt from underbrush, except occasional clumps of the scrub palmetto. It derived its appellation from the fact that an old Indian called Billy inhabited and planted a few acres of it; a friendly old fellow, whose chief support was obtained from the venison which he killed, and sold to the inhabitants settled in the neighborhood of the swamp; but he was basely murdered by some inhuman white men, for the little property he possessed, or was supposed to have secreted.

The corn beds formed for his planting were still distinctly visible, and we found arrow heads, pieces of simple pottery and other vestiges of his abode here, and the remains of part of his picket.

This island abounds in deer. We saw the graceful creatures grazing by dozens whenever we came to it; and they had either outlived the recollection of old Billy's death-dealing musket, or were a younger generation who had no ken of man, for they exhibited no symptoms of fear at our approach, and rarely ran, unless for loud noises, apparently having no consciousness of danger.

It must be understood that the term islands in the swamp, is applied to such portions of wooded and solid land as in the general quagmire surrounding them are elevated and habitable, being only surrounded with water when continuous rains or other causes produce an overflow over the entire swamp.

We enjoyed a loitering ramble around and about old Billy's deserted home, and by the pale light of stars threaded our way back to camp, with the pleasant consciousness that so far our exploration was accomplished.

The ensuing morning we commenced in earnest our preparations for the real campaign by making knapsacks. We had brought cloth with us for this purpose, having bread and biscuit cooked and other necessary articles prepared for our projected mud cruise.

CHAPTER V.

ALL our arrangements being completed, at dawn we prepared to leave, in high spirits, having very little idea of the perilous task we were about to undertake.

"Well, mas colonel," asked Stepney, "wha' you gwine to do with Boots? peor fellow!"

"I think we had better take him, although we shall in that case have to share our scanty fare with him; but perhaps he may be called on to repay us, for if we should get out of food we might be glad to have him killed to save us from starving," jestingly replied the colonel.

"Merciful Peter! mas colonel, is we gwine to cum to dat, to hab to eat dog?"

"Here, Boots," said the colonel. "Come, gentlemen, let's be off. Good-bye, Adam."

"Good-bye, massa. I hope you'll all git back safe, do I hab my doubts. I don't like dem owls and bars, no how, no more dem nasty alligator. Dey say dar's lots ob dem, and I don't like you all leabing, but I'll be faitful, massa, and ef you don't cum back I'll tek de mules and hosses back safe to old Milledgeville, and tell de ladies you all died like gentiemen. Good-bye all, mas Paul, mas Beau, mas Kildare, mas Ned, mas Rover, de Lord be wid you all."

A rather doleful farewell, but through which we could perceive the sense of his own security prevented Adam from indulging the full vent of his sorrowful dread about our danger.

"Come, gentlemen," said Stepney, "let's be off, and stop this lemoncholy chorius," a favorite quotation of his acquired from Vilikins and his Dinah, and equally felicitously he applied it to suitable occasions or the contrary; like some other young gentlemen of my acquaintance, with a high appreciation of their own abilities, to Stepney a poetical quotation was a poetical quotation.

As there no authentic map of the swamp from reliable authority, after we had passed through Billy's Island, we commenced to cut our way in a north-east direction, supposing Floyd's Island must lie in that direction from the scraps of information we had collected; and being desirous of an exact knowledge of this island, its size and position.

After the line was started the colonel and Mr. Rover went to kill a deer, the rest of us chopping our way with our hatchets through briers, bushes and trees; chop, chop, chop! the sound for so many uneventful days resounding in those woods still lingers in my ears. Being very much wearied by our new work, about four o'clock we ceased chopping, of course supposing we had gone two miles. Imagine our feelings when upon examination we found we had only cut and come through half a mile!

It would be well to describe the dense thicket into which with our hatchets we had carved this rude opening. If words can convey a correct idea of it, the varieties of growth composing it being those already described, growing over a very unequal surface, tussocks rising over two, three or four feet above it, composed of mud, vegetable mould and dried leaves. The mode of travelling here must be imagined; every now and then one of us would come down on the flat of our backs, from some limb caught in our clothing and the slippery footing beneath us, the slightest obstacle or unexpected impetus being sufficient to upset us; then up to our hips in some unseen hole, and during all these ups and downs still forcing ourselves onward with a constant chopping and pressure through the bushes that were like a thickset hedge; here and there observing them matted down by constant pressure, as though they might be the sleeping places of bears.

The colonel and Rover returning from their hunt, greeted us with:

- "Well, how are you getting on. We've killed a deer, and as we can get no water, we shall have to return to the island and spend the night there; as we have made so little progress with all the day's hard work, it would be as well to return and enjoy our venison, and make a fresh start to-morrow."
- "Mas colonel, how far you tink we come?" in a dolorous tone asked Stepney.
 - "Nearly three-quarters of a mile."
- "Oh, mussiful Moses! no fudder! An' we ben a cuttin' and pushin' an' stribin' de blessed day, an' arter to-night we got to sleep in dis yah place. Well ef dat don't be a lemoncholy chorius, sure cnuff."
- "Let us be off, it is past five, and will be too dark for pleasant walking in this thicket ere long."

Right gladly we obeyed, and reached the island about seven o'clock, it having occupied a half hour to walk back the three-quarters of a mile we had out through during the day.

Beneath those noble pines we threw ourselves to rest for awhile, when we first arrived at old Billy's clearing; and then to work again to make a fire, dress and cook our venison—the last we dared indulge a hope to enjoy.

Their strength being reinforced by rest and a glorious supper, some of the party proposed a fire-hunt, in which all joined except Beau Level and myself, who openly acknowledged a preference for rest and proximity to the fire, after our abominable day's work.

I must now relate the adventure that befell us, after the adventurous party had left us and proceeded on their fire-hunt some considerable distance, and which prevented our enjoying that repese, the hope of which had induced our refusal to accompany them.

No sooner had they left us, than after building up a rousing fire, Beau said—"Transit, I don't know what you intend doing, but I am going to sleep."

"All right," replied I, and forthwith he threw himself into one of those incomprehensible knotty sort of postures that he had a knack of tying himself up in, that to lookers-on appeared the climax of discomfort, but must have been the reverse to him, as they invariably had a sedative effect upon him, and very shortly I had conclusive evidence of his being asleep.

While I, resolving upon nothing, was overcome by drowsiness, and sat nodding near the fire, in that dreamy state of half unconsciousness—that is, neither asleep nor anake, musing languidly over the past and present—I was startled by Level's terrified awakening, saying—"How far are we from the swamp? Transit, did you hear that tiger?"

- "I heard an owl."
- "I tell you what, I heard a tiger!" Just then I distinctly beard a stir in the bushes, and that whining, child-like crying noise, peculiar only to tigers.
 - "By Heavens, Beau, you are right, it is one."
- "Well, look here, keep the fire going; look out for your pistol."
- "Yes, I'll attend to that"—both of us listening as if we were all ears.
 - "Pile on some wood." I did it.

- "Curse the devil, I want to sleep." Here another cry startled us anew.
- "Paul, pile on some more wood, can't you? I wish the colonel and the others would come back. Here I am on a root." Saying this he got up and stealthily moved around to my right, on the off side of the swamp and tiger, which I silently observed, and moved on the other side of him.
- "Look here, Paul, you stay on that side—your pistol's the best."
- "I don't think so; and if it is, you are the best shot, you know you are."
 - "You know better."
 - "Any how, you're the largest."
- "I don't care if I am. Look here, the fire is going out—by Heavens, he'll have us! No wood—the devil!" Another cry. "The idea of a man's leaving a comfortable home, good bed, fine girls, and every comfort, to bog and stumble through mud and bushes, and be worried to death by a d——d tiger when he's sleepy. This is too much; I'll throw this overcoat on the fire; that will soon make a blaze."
- "Don't do that. Come, Beau, let us go and get some more wood."
- "The devil you say; you go and get it. Paul, old fellow (very affectionately), I'll mind the fire, he'll be watching that. You know they say the fire 'll keep 'em off; so you can get the wood and be back quick."
- "Heavens, Beau, here are his eyes; look here!" In absolute terror, "I swear it is; let us fire!"
- "No, Paul, no; not yet! we might miss him, and he'd be on us then sure. Oh! the devil—no wood—party not come—tiger at us—away from home—the Lord deliver us! If I get out of this scrape, catch me in Okefenokee again! Oh, dear! sweet, lovely Lilian! never see her again. I swear it's too bad!"
- "Beau, I'll wait no longer; see those eyes; I will fire!" So off I banged, one barrel.
- "Bow, wow, wow, wow, bow, wow, wow!" and running towards us, came our incomparable Boots, wagging his tail.

How quickly was terror changed to rage—"Boots, you infernal fool you," exclaimed Beau; "you scoundrel, you scamp—
It's you, is it;" seizing him by the neck and laying it on to him
with a junk—"fool me again when I'm sleepy, will you? Scare
a fellow to death, you dog you!" And such a whipping as
Boots did get might have been a lesson of manners to him for
the future; but Boots, unfortunately, was of that uncommon
class of individuals who are not wise enough to let their past
misdemeanors and misfortunes act as incentives for future
amendment.

- "Well, Beau, I hope you are satisfied?"
- "Yes, and Boots, too, confound him; and weren't we the two best scared fellows that ever were?"
- "I acknowledge frankly that I was," and was about addressing him with some other remarks relative to our terror and its cause, when I observed he was fast asleep.

In a few moments after the conclusion of this scene the party returned, and I heard their exploits recounted, and related to them our startling adventure, over which they laughed heartily.

We had actually heard a tiger, as we often did afterwards, so as to become perfectly familiar with their peculiar cry (they abound about the swamp, and their ferocity is great); but, unfortunately, Boots, as usual, became the victim of his own indiscretion. Preceding the party on their return, and the light of our fire reflected from his eyes, naturally made us suppose him the enemy of our dread—the tiger we heard.

The next morning we again started on our explorations, no more to see open land, palmettos, or enjoy a rest under such grand old pines, until we reached the other side of Okefenokee, which should we ever do!

After several days of this plodding life, we came upon some trees with the initials of names of men of Floyd's corps cut upon them, twenty years previously; the heart-cheering that this simple incident gave us, dwellers at ease can scarce conceive. Under other circumstances, scarcely should we have given a passing thought to this rude carving of the names of persons unknown; but in our dejected state of mind, as yet having come



ADAM AND BOOTS

across no sign of high land, our spirits sinking lower day by day, what at another time would \mathbf{not} have elicited a passing remark, or a moment's notice, these rudely carved names sent pleasurable such thrills through us, revived such hopes within us, and made us loiter and linger around the trees on which thev were marked, and dwell lovingly on the names of men, our fellowmen, who, under other circumstances, had stood upon this very spot. Human

hearts had beat around these trees—human hopes and fears struggled here. I felt that here we had met with a literal illustration of Longfellow's psalm, for here were "hand-prints on the bark of trees, that some forforn and mind-wrecked brothers, seeing, had taken heart again."

Night after night succeeding this break into our monotonous mode of life, we made our preparations with few words; the merriest of us had become inclined to silence, and yet in this quietude one could not but smile to observe each one numbering over the remaining biscuits and slices of bacon, and wondering how many more days we should have to pass here, and for how many of these the provender would suffice.

"Here, Boots," said Stepney, on one of these calculation nights, throwing him a small piece of meat, "here dog, take 'em; it's night he last, but I reckon I'll hab 'em back when its time to eat you; and judgin' from present 'pearance of tings, I tink dat 'll be 'fore long."

"What's that you're saying," asked the colonel.

"I tink, sir, Boots is in purty good order, and we ought to all try to keep him so, 'fore we eat him."

"Oh, I hope we'll have no necessity for that—poor fellow! Long may he live; he's foolish but faithful—poor Boots! I think we must be near Floyd's Island, and if so, it cannot take us more than three days to get out. We must keep up our spirits, gentlemen; it will never do to yield now, after having accomplished so much. Oh! no—on and through—must be our motto. How many days provision have we all?"

"About three," replied all.

We plodded on for three days more, without any change in scenery, with no relaxation of effort, the same steady work of chopping down and opening, and pushing through, on and over the bushes and briers. Now was shown the pluck and stamina of each man; here were we, disappointed in the distance, as well as the amount of labor necessary to clear it. Ten miles of our cut down pathway between us and the camp we knew; how many divided us from the high land on the other side we did not know; with only enough left in our knapsacks for two days' sustenance on short allowance, we were sure.

Fortune favored us; that evening we arrived at Floyd's Island about dusk; as we neared it the last rays of the setting sun were gloriously gilding the tops of the superb groves of magnificent live oaks and magnolias and noble pines, that were scattered over its clear level, and burnishing brightly the water, that, from the recent rains, covered the prairie on its eastern side. So exhilarating was the effect of this vision upon us, by contrast to what we had endured, that weariness and despondency were forgotten, and we stood gazing, lost in admiration of the beauty and grandeur of this woodland scene, until the "oh-whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo, who-hoo whoo," of a hateful owl, started us into a recollection of ourselves and our circumstances. But to these there was one glorious relief, a rest for the night beneath those noble oaks, through which

we might catch glimpses of the sky, and on the solid earth! By contrast, what a luxurious couch this made us, earth, earth, earth—our mother earth—sound, solid, not slippery, oozy mud, or rough branches and leaves; and then a fire—a real bright, blazing fire. By Heaven! the prospect was almost costacy; to have known the delight the thought of these enjoyments gave us, as we cast our knapsacks from us and threw ourselves for an anticipatory loll under these trees, one must have passed through our previous hardships; we forgot even to think of hunger and lack of food, or our future; there was luxury in that present dry rest, decent repose; that first, follow what might afterwards; fate do her worst; we were here, around a bright fire and on the dry earth; come what might, Floyd's Island was glorious.

"Gentlemen," said the colonel, "we must determine on our course; we have one day's provision remaining—carefully used, it may sustain us two. Shall we give up and return to camp or go ahead? I say, go ahead! for myself, I would not yield; but as it involves some risk, I leave it with you now to resolve upon our best course. To go back under our circumstances is bad, it would delay us three or four days. If we go forward, we may push through, and I think must in two days; while if we return there are ten miles to scramble through; half famishing as we are."

All cried, "go ahead! go ahead—never return till we have once been through."

"Gentlemen, I think you have decided wisely, and I trust a merciful Providence will guide us safely through—hitherto, though we have encountered difficulty, we have met with no disaster, and even our alarm at wild beasts has only once been a little ludicrously excited (here Level and myself felt a slight sense of the possibility of diminishing). "Let us now cook our supper, make a fair division of our remaining provisions—try and get a good night's rest, and rise resolved under any circumstances to see the outside by the third evening; 'twere better to laugh than be sighing. Hope on, hope ever."

"Dat's so, mas colonel, best sort of adwice; but I only got two biscuit and dish yah, one piece o' middlen, and dat goes down dis very night, the Lord willin', and den Boots, old fellow, look out for de mornin'. Come yah, Boots, old boy, I tink I'll tie you, you mought git off and then our last chance is gone; so saying, Stepney attempted to catch him, which the colonel observing, prevented with "Never mind, Stepney, we'll get out in three days, and then we'll make way with the first man's corn-crib we come to, in a way to astonish him—let Boots alone. How is it with you, Orange?"

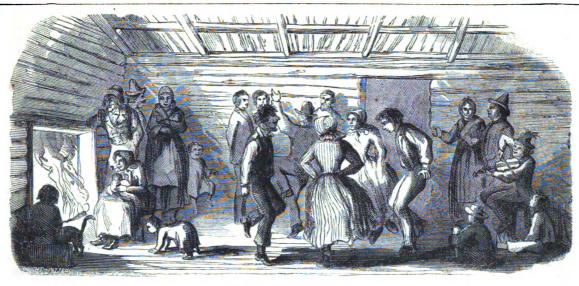
"I'm bery satisflouxed and stoflisticated, sar; I know I kin last as long as enny, and I most sure I kin hold out widout eatin' for tree days, I sure ob it; ennyrate, noting like trying when you're blige to."

"Well, Orange," said Stepney, "I tell you what it is now, talk about niggers and work—whar's de use? Yah! is all dese real gentlemen stanin' more and takin' more, an' enny runway nigger eber I see; let alone talk about gentlemen ob color livin' comfortable at home."

"Colonel," said Beau Level, "I hope we shall get into the prairies to-morrow evening (they, as I before said, lay lined along the eastern side of the swamp for three miles inward), and then we shall not have the bushes to contend with, which will be a great relief; besides, look at me, we should come out



WOLVES CHASING A CALF.



GRAND "CRACKER" BALL

entirely denuded if we have to tear through many more. See, one pant leg is gone totally, one boot-top off, one sleeve of my shirt too, my hat crownless—and two biscuits, two more!"

"Don't talk," said Rover, "behold me, will you?" And sure enough his plight was even worse, both legs of the pantaloons torn from top to bottom and pinned together with wooden pins; his shirt hung loosely around his waist in shreds, cap minus its front piece, and the rest of us in not much better fix.

"Stepney," said I, "you're worse off than any."

"How so, boss?"

"Well, you've lost half your wool."

Snatching his hat from his head and feeling it all over, he found it was actually the fact; the bushes had robbed him of a part of, to him, his most inestimable possession, his precious hair. His countenance, after being convinced of the loss of this snmmum bonum of his existence, can be imagined but not described, most tragically ludicrous; we could not help laughing, that was impossible, but we sympathised with his positive distress—his gravity—ah! his grief found vent in words.

"I kin stan' all but dis! de bery hair pull off a pusson head! tored off widout eber knowing it! to trim de bushes in a swamp. When I git out I kin fill my belly, git new clothes and ebery ting else wantin', but dis I wouldn't have had it happened for de world. I bin takin' so much care ob'em for six years, carding and combing 'em all dat time for dis. Lord, Lord! old Okfinoky, ef I neber see you again, I cus for dis; now de hair is gone you kin hab de cussed old hat (dashing it down and stamping on it). Lord, Lord, Lord! well ef eber."

Early in the morning after a refreshing rest, we left the Sweet Island to take the mud and bushes again, with a terribly diminished stock of provisions, but with brighter hopes in our hearts since we had been once more cradled on mother earth.

I neglected to mention that on this island, besides broken utensils, stone arrow heads and other Indian vestiges, similar to those seen on Billy's Island, we also observed what we concluded must have been signals used among themselves, representations of arrows cut upon the trees, some vertically, others transversed; besides the stem of a large branchless tree, the top evidently having been broken off in some gale, with notches for climbing, regularly cut in it all the way up. As it overlooked You III., No. 5—26

the prairie, we supposed it must have been their look-out post.

During the next day we struggled on, uncheered by any sign of high land, but ere the close of the second we came within sight of the prairies, which convinced us we could not be far from the outer boundary of the swamp.

Our spirits began sensibly to droop, which the colonel perceived with evident uneasiness; but for which there was no remedy he could provide.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I know you are all worn down, but try and bear up; powerfully the will can rule the frame. We must be out to-night. I do not think it possible that we are far from the termination of the swamp; we must be near its borders—only a little more endurance—bear up!"

"Colonel," exclaimed Lucknow, "that I can do no longer without rest. Let us rest awhile; we may then be more able to renew our efforts."

"I, too, colonel, must rest," said I; and Rover, Level and Langhorne all joined in this—"We must rest." The colonel consented, being as glad to rest as any of us; but feeling it to



BOOTS ATTACKING THE OWL.

It was near three o'clock P.M., when in an encouraging voice the colonel called out, "Gentlemen, rouse up, we are near high land; our troubles are nearly over; deliverance is at hand. The appearance of the prairies convinces me we are near the edge of the swamp."

And we did. We arese and slowly, according to our strength, pursued our way, each member of the party hargard-looking, pule and emaciated; fatigue, exposure and hunger had set their marks upon us; we were scarcely recognizable to each other, and to lock upon the weakened struggles of all saddened each. Even Stepney had given in; his buoyancy had at last failed him; he had given us no cheering word, made no untimely jest all the morning, but looked as if he had been bereft of a bagfull, instead of a pound, of his precious wool.

"Yonder is high land," said the colonel.

"Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" echoed from all sides. Oh, joy! had the wedding-day of each of us arrived, could we have experienced more joy than did the certainty of seeing high land.

"Oh, gentlemen, we'll have the lemoncholy chorious," cried Stepnny.

"Ti, butter to hugh than be sighing," sang out Beau.

"We are out! we are out!" shouted all.

We could accreely realise that we were out safely through the swamp, but at what point? After some consideration and consultation, we hild our plans, and soon found that we were near one of our own stations, made while running the line on this eastern side, and, from its number, knew we were not far from the house of Mr. Hattocks.

Thither, then, we directed our steps, and arrived at eight o'cleck at night. Refore we reached it, however, the little strength we had remaining was brought in requisition for defence against the dogs, who made a fierce and furious attack

When our worthy host, Mr. Hattocks, was convinced that we were the same men who had been running the line near his house some weeks before, he did justice to himself and our hungry selves by the noblest hospitality to our whole party for

two or three days.

My first exclamation was-"Do I look like you?" and each, I suppose, hoped he was not as bad as the specimens before his eyes-himself to himself invisible; for a wondrous change had our terrible swamp traverse effected in the most elegant of our number. Could it be otherwise? We had little water in the swamp to drink; our ablutions were necessarily very simple; the pouring rains, by soaking in the mud and dust that our da ap clothing had absorbed, had begrimed us all over; our hair and beards were of the roughest, and, with our ragged habiliments, might have induced others besides Mr. Hattocks's dogs to believe us demons let loose from-a bad place!

"Indeed, indeed," sail Mr. Hattocks, "since it is you gentlemen, I am glad to see you back-all of you-but I assure you, it is more than I expected after I heard that you had actually gone in to explore the swamp through; I never dreamed of your coming out; but here you are! Well, I rejoice at your success and your salety; but you must have had powerful tough times--your looks show it. As long as I've been living here, I have never been in more than two miles; nor I don't suppose if I were to live here a hundred more, I should go in any farther. I know you are all dry; come and take a drink; it will do you good." And we did. The most temperate among us ghally availed himself of the quick relief a stimulant would affird our jided powers. I confess, with some shame, not being in the habit of it, I nearly half filled a tumbler with brandy and drank it off, and very soon was conscious of its exhibitanting effects.

"Mr. Hattocks," said the colonel, "we must beg you to give us semetiding to cat, unseasonable as the hour is; for we have had secreely any food for two days and a half."

"You don't say so! Old lady"-addressing his wife, who with the children had been looking on and listening with interest-"stir around and get a big supper ready as fast as you can; these gentlemen are starving, and you know you're

be his duty to encourage and cheer us on, and prevent us from | tation. Mrs. Hattocks and her daughters most heartily set to work for our benefit. How levely and interesting they looked, while thus engage I, to our brandy-brightened eyes! and when they returned with "supper is ready," hardly could even our wolfishly hungry selves believe it, so quickly had it been prepared, and all the better for the haste. With little ceremony or courtesy, we set to and devoured no less the good cheer provided-coffee, corn bread and bacon. Again and again we cleared the table, which, by magic, Mrs. Hattocks seemed able to replenish: for as often as calle I for, by our famishing wants. abundance came for us all; and then we laid us down on comfortable leds, in comfortable rooms, within the walls and under the roof of a house, and slept as well as if we had been Robin Hood's merry men of the good greenwood so long-slept soundly till morning.

> We rested three days, recruiting our strength and spirits under Mr. Hattocks' hospitable roof, who abund mily supplied our whole party with proofs of the most lavish kindness and good-will in every way. Never can we forget his noble entertainment of us. Long may he live, flourish, and be blessed.

> In the account of our struggle through the swamp, I neglected to state that every day the regular courses, distances and topography of the swamp were taken, and at different points samples of the soil were also obtained, for the purpose of being analysed.

> Reinvigorated, physically and mentally, we bade adieu to our courteous and hospitable entertainers, and began to retrace our steps to our longed-for camp, through the passage we had cut in the swamp, being supplied with provisions by Mrs. Hattocks' bounty. No incidents or remarkable events occurred; but we had leisure and opportunity to examine and note, along the route, places of interest or peculiarities previously unobserved. One thing particularly struck us. Some of the notches we had cut upon the trees, as guide-marks, had been gnawed since our exit by some animal. This could only have been done by bears. which we were conscious were all around us, but had never exhibited themselves to us; nor could we conjecture why they had followed our retreating steps, and for what purpose gnawed these cuttings into the trees? Evidently they had some design; but so shy had Bruin been of us that we were in profound ignorance of their habits and manners. We afterwards learned from the natives, who are better informed in these matters, that they did this to cause the gum from the trees to extrude more freely, in which they rub themselves to keep off bees when they go after honey. Mr. Bruin is known from books to be a honeylover.

> Arrived at Billy's Island, the happy conviction that we had done our duty-the consciousness that we had passed through the Okefenokee-more than repaid us for the trials and privations of the way; and now that they were over and we safe, treaders upon earth again, appeared comparatively trivial.

> At Billy's Island we observed several matters unnoticed on our preceding visit. Here, with little effort, a deer was slain. and carried with us to camp, to which we were hastening with some anxiety as to the fate of those left behind, and anticipating some pleasure from their congratulations.

Stepney, whose loquacity had received some check since the loss of his capillary attraction, broke out in his old vein as we approached the Pocket-"Well, Lord! Yah we is all back safe, and I sure I tought we nebber would a lib to see dis day when we bin Floyd's Island! And Boots, too, poor fellow! you is yah, too, widstandin' contrary expectorations on de part ob some eb us, which need en be mention; but you look like you bin stewed on a gridiron! I rocken you bin nigh it; well, well, de lemoncholy chorious is eber for you as well as us; so gib a shout, dog!"

Just then Boots, with his usual impetuosity, left the party and charged up to camp; perhaps he didn't altogether like Stepney's reasting allusions. At any rate, he rushed up to the surprise of Adam and Jeff.

 $\Delta \mathrm{dam}$ took him up in his arms and caressed him as he would have done a child. "You yah, Boots! Well, deg. whar's de rest? whar you cum from? whar's de oders? tell me-mas colonel, mas Transit, mas Langhorne-all on dem! Whar is 'some' on feading the hungry." It required no second exhor- | dey? how is dey all-ch, dog?" Here we entered upon the

express.

"De Lord, de Lord! you all back; is you all back, is you all safe, for true, mas colonel-for true, is you all back safe? Glad, glad, too glad. I nebber did spec for see wunno no more! Stepney, boy! Orange, all, yah! Well, well, well, blessed be de Lord-ilis mussy--His mussy. I bin miserable since you bin gone. Only two, yah, lone mens-two in dis wild woods; but is you all back, all safe is you? Mr. Hatch bin yah twice. He tell me, 'Gle man, you better go back; you'll nebber see non ob dem no more-nebber, nebber, you may be sure;' but me, I could'nt gib up. I say, de Lord will hab mussy, and he did and vali you is, all safe and sound, safe and sound. I know you all hungry, I know you is. Jeff, git supper, boy. Lots a honey I got for you; rob four trees since you bin gone, an' a little pork, mas colonel—desperation bad hog, sar—had to kill him." Colonel had no heart to find fault. "Lord, Lord, Lord, well ef ebber!"

"We have brought a deer, too, Adam; so we'll live high."

"Is you; well, well, de Lord, de Lord;" thus ejaculating, on hospitable thoughts intent, Adam, without waiting to hear any of our adventures, content that we were here, went off to assist Jeff in getting supper-in fact Adam was as good a cook as the other, and prided himself on the bread he could bake.

CHAPTER VI.

After we should have enjoyed a rest of two or three days, it was determined to run a line from our present encampment on the Pocket around the southern part of the swamp, to connect with the line we had run from the Cow-house to Fort Tomkins; but before our daily work recommenced regularly, Adam proposed by way of amusement—it was the height of his felicity, and he paid us the compliment of supposing us capable of enjoying it also-that we should take a bee-gum, as it is termed, that is by storm, a tree of wild honey. We readily consented to do so, and enrolled ourselves as bee-hunters under his efficient captaincy. He said he had found a splendid tree-accordingly a few nights previous to our removal, headed by old Adam, with torchlights we proceeded to the tree, aforesaid. Orange and himself soon cut it down, and it fell with a heavy crash, old Adam screaming "Look out for de bees!" This command we obeyed, by tying our handkerchief over our beads and faces, and piling pine tops upon them. While, according to instructions, we were making these defences, Adam, apparently to us miraculously, was cutting away at the hollow near the entrance of the hive, as coolly and unmoved as if there was not a bee in existence, they, strange to tell, being all around him, their inveterate destroyer, without molesting him-yes, unscathed, he worked away in their very midst-actually swarming around him; while those of us keeping a respectful distance caught many a sting that made us suffer for days.

Having reached the honey, Adam gave the alarm, all of us rushing to the tree, and leaving it faster than we went, the bees forcing upon us convincing proof of their dislike to our proceedings. This was the signal for us to storm the fortress—we had done so at command-witness our repulse.

"How is this, captain Adam," we began to murmur, "lead your men into danger while you are safe." But we were under orders and had no time to parley.

"Tek a torch! tek a torch," halloed the bee-captain, "don't be 'fraid, cum git more honey, fine, fust-rate; best gum I tek yet."

Guided by his orders and experience, we again approached the tree with torches in one hand, while with the other we helped ourselves to the honey, eating now without molestation, or with few scruples of conscience regarding the cruel robbery and devastation we were committing upon a harmless and i :dustrious community. The honey was fine, and we were much enjoying it when we were startled by a most piteous screeching yell from Boots-poor Boots, was it not possible for him to escape once? did his evil fate follow him everywhere? We found him suffering agony; indiscreet as usual, and ever ready to be foremost in action, without the prudence of first learning how to do a thing, he had gone shead, helped him-

seene in proprix persona, and Adam's joy was beyond words to self, and attempted to eat the honey, comb and all. A bec. enclosed in one of the cells, had, with little ceremony, inserted his sting into Boots' tongue. And so there he was, not "leting concealment feed upon his cheek," for by howls and yells he blazoned forth the torture he was enduring; tongue out and furiously rubbing both sides of his head with his paws. As soon as we released him from his tormentors, without "thank you gentlemen," or so much as "by your leave," he pushed off for camp, nor did we see him again until the next day.

> We returned to camp laden with our spoils, having enjoyed a good laugh. Why did not the bees assault their active foe, Adam, while his comparatively innocent coadjutors were so mercilessly persecuted? A solution to this doubt we could only obtain by questioning our captain; when we did so, he replied:

> "Ha, ha, ha! tink dem fool? bees! No, sar! dey doesn't trouble tar; rub a pint on my head, keeps tar for dat."

Really if Adam had informed us of the remedy, I am afraid we should have preferred the onslaught from the bees, and endured the stings rather than have applied it.

Another good laugh we had at Adam's expense, with Boots' unwitting aid. He, Adam, had a preference for enveloping his head and shoulders loosely in his blanket at night, and loiling against a tree or bench, instead of throwing it over him and lying down. One night, happening to see him thus leaning, enveloped and asleep, Boots, without permission, proposed to himself enjoying a warm snooze, and so pushed his head and fore-paws snugly in under Adam's blanket-meaning no harm, not a bit!-poor old Adam, when in his sleep he felt this cold embrace, he bounced up and started round blindly, and groping with his hands, worse than he did out of the well. Boots ensconced snugly and holding on, while Adam danced and capered about in awful terror, and yet nobody had a spite at Boots; Adam took it so good-naturedly; when he and Boots were liberated, he just rolled over with laughter.

The day following, we commenced running the line, followng the sinuosities of the swamp; in two days we completed it to the mouth of the Pocket, from which, as a camping place, we now took our final leave. Here we found Mr. Hatch, who said he had been anxiously awaiting the news of our deathnever having doubted that result.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you have done what I never expected you to accomplish; 'twas a great undertaking, one I could never have gone on, though I have been through many a tough turn, but the worst about that is, it must have been such a long pull. So many days together; why it's nigh on to three weeks, ain't it? Well, I rejoice you are out, and all safe; it's something to tell on, I tell ye; an' if you oughtn't to be well paid-well then who ought? I have plenty of honey to welcome you back with, and nothing else."

Steadily at this work we continued running the line, accomplishing about four miles a day; uneventful were the days; at night we returned to camp and its comforts, which had become magnificent in our eyes, since our loss of them in our swamp tramp, our only enlivenment. But, oh! how great a one was that "sound from home," in the shape of letters-a jubilee that put us in contact with civilization and the world, from which we seemed so cut off; but at rare intervals occurred theso advents of joy, for post offices were few and far between, and it was only when the colonel, on his horse, could go off to Grader's Hill or Centre Village, that we received the mail; then were we happy, and yet in our happiness there was some alloy. Yes, ah! we could not help being envious of the bri liant accounts therein received of conventions, races, fancy balls and all manner of other gay doings that some of our young friends, well dressed, were enjoying in the cities of our homes with the ladies of our loves. Crinoline, tarletane and jewels, gems, flowers and perfumes floated before us, and glittered around, sent us in kindness by their graphic pens; and our real-while we-ha! Red flannel shirts! boots over pants, and the Misses Shorts! Heigh ho! patience! our turn must come yet.

It was while we were engaged on this southern part of our route that we had several opportunities of observing the wolves-that are one of the many kinds of animals rife about the swamp. It was generally at early dawn that they prowled



A TRAVELLING PARTY.

about to make their depredations, and it was truly wonderful and most amusing, the sagacity and daring with which, by much manœuvering, they accomplished their purpose. They lived principally on the young calves they adroitly seized from their distressed mothers; their mode of attack was evidently regularly planned, two or three of them acting in concert, by watching for some detached cows with their calves, feeding apart from the general herd—one or more of these wolves would approach the cow in front, she would have her ire roused and be led off in rage after them, while one or more wolves in concert would sneak up behind and snatch off the calf-and the poor cow, after her successless battle with the deluders, would return to seek in vain for her lost calf. We frequently saw these marauders acting thus in concert, they were usually the size of a large dog, of slimmer make and with bushy tails, in color varying gray or black.

After continuing our lines to the head waters of the St. Mary's river, where it issues from the swamp, we followed its course to its extreme source, in order to obtain a correct knowledge of its exact position and bearings, that our map of the swamp might in all respects be accurate and reliable. We also visited Ellicott's Mound, a famed spot in the annals of this section of country, named after Mr. Ellicott, who ran the division line between Georgia and Florida.

From description we had imagined a mound of considerable size and elevation; we found it six feet in diameter and two feet high, with a stake driven into its centre, but it answered the purpose for which it was raised thoroughly: a permanent point from which the dividing line between the two States could be commenced.

In this neighborhood, we attended several cane-grindings, or rather syrup and sugar makings—events of importance to these primitive mannered people. One or more of the more wealthy in "a settlement," as the scattered dwellings within a circuit of a few miles who have some interest in common is called, possessing a mill of the simplest construction (as the representation in the sketch will convince you), any neighbor who plants a few acres of cane hauls it to one of these mills for the grinding, the owner of the cane becoming master of ceremonies, and providing the whiskey. Thereon a gathering and merry-making ensues, "bald face" making always one of the most conspicuous guests, without whose presence few of the others would assemble; a general shuffling or hop—as they persist in designating it—concludes the entertainment. As one of the very highest class of these brilliant assemblages has been described,

and the manners and arrangements at all assimilate, I will but state that at some of these, besides shuffling, we were enforced to a new duty—"chawing eane"—and had new opportunities of observing the habits and mode of life of these people.

To facilitate our operations, Colonel Watchoverall employed the services of a Mr. Macklina, to accompany him in a second exploration of the swamp from Ellicott's Mound in a north-eastwardly direction, designing to come out at Fort Tomkins, and leaving the residue of the party to continue the line round to connect at that point, a distance of fifteen miles.

In this part of the swamp the thicket not being of so dense a character in its growth, the colonel was enabled to accomplish the exploration with less difficulty and in a shorter time; he got through in three days, and met us as had been determined at Fort Tomkins, where we on our part had accomplished our work, and arrived. During this exploring survey he met with several islands, similar in character of soil, size and growth of trees to Billy's Island; their names and positions can be seen on the map of the swamp.

On our re-union it was determined to move back to the Cow-house, that the northern and north-western parts of the swamp might be surveyed and explored; all the other portions of it having been accomplished, accordingly in due course of time this was done. Before I relate further business proceedings, for the benefit of all naturalists I deem it proper to describe the manner in which Boots attacked owls and 'coons. his modus operands being so peculiar as not only to afford us amusement, but cause us to doubt if any dog ever before had such encounters with wild birds or beasts. Some of the party having shot at and wounded a large owl, brought him near camp and set him on the ground with the mischievous intent of finding out what



BRENTFORD BLOOP RISING.



LOBLOLLY BAYS.

We soon saw that he was inclined to make fight, though a little doubtful; a slight "hie on'' WAS encouragement enough, and with furious barking, most valorously he made a charge upon the owl, but we soon saw that the brilliant eyes of the owl; which turn as he would, and however rapidly, followed him in every direction, had a very cooling effect on his courage, which induced a very peculiar mode of warfare. He would rush up to the owl furiously, encounter his gaze, and then, instead of taking held of him, would turn suddenly and make a backward sally, attempting to crush him by sitting on him; but he was well punished for this dastardly mode of attack, which the owl seemed at once to comprehend, and resolve to resist to the death.

After several unsuccessful stern foremost assaults, Boots at length succeeded, and seated himself on him, when the owl seized him instanter on each side of his tail with both

talons, sticking them well in; the pain of this grip forced Boots into a sudden uprising and rush, scraping along the ground towards the woods. He jumped, he struggled and yelled, he rushed on and looked behind, and there was his enemy—the eyes glared at him, he tried forwards and backwards, sideways, and otherwise jumps, scrapes and twists to lose the hold of his adversary, to no purpose; the owl held on like grim death, with his eyes staring at Boots, whose terror at this gaze increasing every time he turned his head to look around, this would increase his

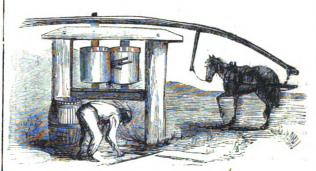
speed—on, on he rushed—turn and look and run the faster, for there were those eyes; he ran, he rushed, he tore on and through all obstacles, and look behind and there was the owl and his

eyes. On he flew, looking round, darting on—and the owl acted well his part, he flinched not, yielded not, but stuck to it, seeming actually to enjoy the sport of the change he had made, from tormented to tormentor.



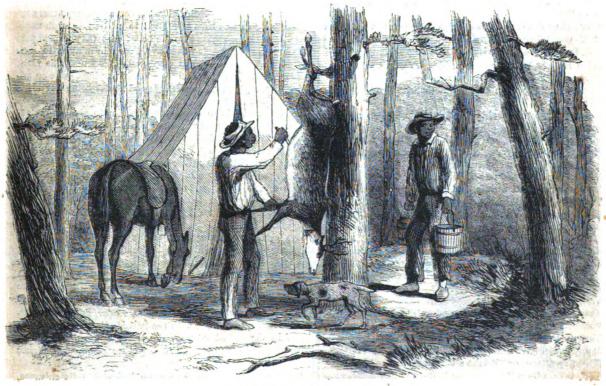
ELLICOTT'S MOUND.

At length, poor Boots, fairly exhausted, drew near and threw himself at our feet, resigned, but moaning; the owl still holding on—this was the first opportunity we had of releasing him, and we gladly did so, from this martyrdom, feeling conscious in our hearts that this time it was not altogether his own folly; for we had led him into temptation, and ought to have been ashamed of it, and should have been, if Boots, strange to tell, had not learned more wisdom from it than any of his other scrapes. Incredible as it may seem,



GRINDING CANE.

it is nevertheless true that we never afterwards said Owl, in his presence, that he did not stick his tail between his legs and turn round to see! He had frequent encounters with 'coons, squirrels, &c., in which I grieve to say, but I must do it to be



STEPNEY PREPARING THE VENISON.

veracious, that Boots always came off second best, and seemed to know it—although also, veracity oblig is me to record, except in memory of owl and eyes, these repeated defeats did not cure him of his desire for landatory exhibitions; he was always rushing into difficulties, and the more he failed, the more resolved he seemed to be to shine in some way. Boots, with a surname, Excelsior!

We struck camp and took up our line of march from Fort Tomkins for the Cow-house. On our way we stopped at a village near the St. Mary's river, hoping there to be able to replenish some of our exhausted stores; especially anxious were we to by in a stock of good cigars.

Accordingly on our entrance into the village, Mr. Rover, Beau Level and myself, with Stopney accompanying us, entered the most promising-looking store. Behind the esunter sat a smilling gentleman, whom on his rising to address us, by speech and looks we recognized as a countryman of Rothechild's, all is a Dutch Jew, bearing the caphonious common of Mr. Vonderwitenheimtt. Rover proposed a drink. All agreeing, he asked for some brundy.

" Vat ith dat you calsh vor?"

"Bran 'v."

"Don't resp none or dat; ver feine vghishkee Girty-sheven shentz a gallon; ventz sharv shom."

"What the devil do you keep to sell?" asked Rover.

"Evereshesting az—piposh, tolacco, ready-made closhin", Jewsh-sharpsh, evereshesting in elsin you vanish, bedout brandy."

"H:ve you any good boots?"

"No bootsh—very voine brogansh, sheventy-five shoutsh a pair—got everesheshtingh elsh you can chooshe."

" Well, let us see some shirts!"

- "Had shome sairtsh lasht year—zole all! Got shome very foine closth to make zem. Shometimes I make zem myself."
- "Yes." said Rover with considerable asperity, "I see you've got everything else except what we want."

" Vel all elshe now-vat you have?"

"Got any hams? We are about out, aren't we, Stepney."

"Yes sar."

- " Vell, I got no hamsh; very foine middlingh, shtry shome, $\mathfrak L h$?"
- "No; you haven't get one thing we do want, and expect us to buy what we don't. I nover did see such an infernal store——"
- "Don't shay dat (very intreatingly). Vy you not shent me vord? I vould have shent to New York and got everesheshtingsh for you you could vish. Vot more you have, zhay?"
- "What more? Why the devil a thing we've got yet. Have you any sigars?" in a thundering tone.

Still more mildly than before, Rothschild's countryman replied:

"Zits ze very zing at lasht—ver foine—sjusht impoot from Havana—ver foine!"

Saying which he handed us each one, Stepney included, which we took without remark, but which elicited from Stepney, after cocking his hat on one side,

"What a cigar to hand to a white man!"

After smoking them awhile, and thinking they were quite good, really needing them, we concluded to take some. Rover, therefore, who had hitherto been spokesman, inquired the price.

"Fifty doll ir a toushand; ver foine, besht."

"Fifty devils," furiously answered Rover. Are you mad?"

"Vell, as it's you, I vill let you have zem for forty."

"For(y! What, you fool, we can get fine cigars for that! How much did these cost you?"

"Vell, twenty-five."

"Twenty-five? Stuff. Say ten, and we'll take a box."

"Coul in't sin't of it."

"Very well, we'll not take any."

"Z'y, you can have zon for twenty!"

"No. Say fine, or I'll take a box anyhow."

"Vell, then, for n."

"That's too much I know; ten, and no more."

"Vell, vell, az itz you, and itz ze lasht five hundred, take zem for five."

Whereupon we made this sole grand purchase and continued on our journey, accomplishing ten miles that day.

After supper we produced the cigars, offering the colonel and the rest of the company some; all accepting and enjoyingly preparing for a pleasant smoke and chat. "Tialloo! what's this?" exclaimed Beau, spitting and spluttering. Behold! inside of his cigar a bit of tarred rope! And so we soon found had several others, and we, not having bellows in our necks, were forced to abandon our dearly-bargained-for purchase. We acknowledged ourselves sold, the colonel enjoying a hearty laugh at our expense, as well as at the recital of the haggling and trafficking with Mr. Vondervitenheimtt. May he thrive! but if we do ever meet him anywhere out of his own store we'll shorten his name a little—perhaps.

! he day succeeding this laughable discomfiture we arrived at the Cow-house, again set up our tents near our old acquaintance Mr. Short, who greeted us very graciously, and whose daughters were so much more polite and anable towards us than on our former visit, that we thought the "old man" must have "made 'em dance around powerful" as he had threatened, or else lectured them to some purpose.

They inquired eagerly for "the man with the brass thing," who happened not to be with us then; and Mr. Short added: "Yes, what sounds like a horse with the colle," which caused us to laugh heartily, and that caused him to imagine he had made a very witty and amusing remark, and in consequence he frequently repeated it.

CHAPTER VII.

To recruit from this last tramp we spent one day in camp in comparative idleness; yet had we much to occupy us, writing home and to other friends, as well as, sailor-like, trying to repair the ronts in our tattered garments. Rude mending, ours, but we could scarce hope to get new ones in these diggings. We again took the Indian mound for our starting point, but in the exposite direction, our line progressing as before at the rate of four miles a day.

The colonel found it necessary to procure a new chainman, and also, to save loss of time and labor, that we required some one in our company who was thoroughly cognizant of all the ranifications that border the swamp, and therefore engaged the services of Mr. Hacket, who knew all these windings, there being large bays about here calculated to mislead a person unacquainted with the region into the belief that they formed part of the main swamp. It was to avoid error in relation to such matters that Mr. Hacket was employed. We found this man, by his originality, oddity and many quaint sayings, quite an addition to our party, his exceeding good humor being one of his best qualities.

The colonel made an agreement with him to give us his assistance, provided, as he said, "his old 'oman could spare him;" and "I should also like you to make one of our number in our next thorough exploration of the smanp."

"Ah, well, that's according to circumstances. Weit till that ere time comes. I agree to go with you now, runnin' the line, as you say, to the Pocket; and I can show you, for I know them, every turn and twist in the neighborhood, and every man hereabouts; but we'll see about t'other business when the time comes."

The heidents and adventures of our camp life on this side of the swamp were tame and inconsiderable, the inhabitants being of a decidedly more elevated stamp and position, from a greater preximity to divilization; and, therefore, there was not much cold and strange about them to attract our attention, or cause consequent; still our acquaintance with one of these families I aboud like to extend to my employs reader, as in numbers, appearance and manners, with the being let the effect of themselves in the recital of many flows talks of provess or terror, they were gained as original as any other of our Okefenokee acquaintances.

On the north-west of the switter, just will last entrance, I've the highest Humauch, a such had also make in extent,

so called from the stupendous hickory trees on it—being covered with a surprisingly large growth of these superb trees, interspersed only with equally fine specimens of ash and chinquipin, several of the latter measuring six feet in diameter at the base; but I will not venture to state how tail were the hickories in their stately beauty—stately and grand their clean barked trunks and branches made them, though, like the ash and chinquapin, leadess at that season—lest my veracity should be questioned. The ash trees of this hummock are so noted that a general gathering of the country people occurs on this hummock at stated seasons for the purpose of burning the wood into ashes for soap; the soap of their make we had occasion to use, and can certify to its excellence.

Mr. Brentford, the gentleman to whose knowledge I wish to bring the reader, resided near this Hickory Hummock, and we were encamped near his place, and a very wet spell of weather followed our location here; continuous and pouring rains by night and day almost preventing work; the whole country was inundated. We were driven from camp and gladly took refuge in his barn, which kindly he offered us, and were therein detained some several days in this deluge. An escape from our ark we occasionally made by repairing in the evenings to Mr. Brentford's house, where we had the opportunity of listening to his renowned tales of wonder-not world, only swamp renowned stories. Now, Mr. Brentford was a genileman of uncommon pretensions and dignity for this region; in fact, the nabob of that part of the country; and his recital of his adventures and encounters with Lears and other monsters abounding around here, was to be received with all faith and due honor accordingly.

Having entered the house on our first evening's visitation, Stepney, of course, accompanying us, we were very graciously received and introduced to his six unmarried daughters and the old lady, and invited to be seated at a table, whereon for our benefit was placed an enormous pile of split sugar-cane. With very little urging we commenced "chawing cane" as we were expected to do, and during this elegant employment on our part, our host began relating to us his encounter with his last bear. The old lady, his wife, by all odds was the most interested and delighted of his auditors; her renewed interest at the recital of his oft-told tales, no doubt in part arising from the additional embellishments with which he adorned them on every repetition. Be the cause what it might, his wife was undoubtelly one of his best listeners, laughing always in the right place, which we, unfortunately, being stringers and having no prompter, did not do. His recital commenced as follows.

"Ole 'oman, poke in a let o' knots to make a fresh blaze." This was done. "Ahom! Well, strangers, does you see well? Is lightwood bright enuff!"

"Oh! quite, sir; the fire is brillient."

"Ahem! Well, strangers, I'll tell you now jist how it was. Ahem! Well, ole 'oman; well, strangers, sometime last winter I seen the tracks of a powerful bear for two or three mornings; thinks I to myself, ole chap, sex I, ole boy, I'll get ye; so one merning I louded my double barrel with twenty-four buck-shot in e'ra barrel, and took my dogs and went arter him. I put the degs on the trail and kept alongside with my gun. It were'nt long afore they storted him; out he come, and sure enus, a powerful lig one he was. Why, strangers, I'se most asraid to tell you how big he was, fearly you'll think I'm stretching. Ea! cle 'oman? Arter runnin' him awhile I hear'n one o' my dogs fetch a powerful spuil; thinks I, that's nigh on to killin', so I ran on to help 'em. That he was, the powerful critter, a grinding my does up like powder; now, sez I, I'll jist at you! Strangers, who could stan that' a man of any grit, ceul! you? Well, I rec'ton I couldn't!"

*And what did you do, hoss?" exclaimed Stepney, too much excited to bear the prolonging of the tile without interruption.

"Well, I tell you as how. I was in a powerful fix, kinder all over. There was my degrangiting tore up, and I dar'nt to shoot fear o' killin' them, so I leaved the gun up agin a tree and made at lim! He was a powerful one, now, I tell ye; I went right at him!"

"What!" said Ned, "without enything to kill him with; didn't he bite you?"

"Why, do you s'pose I was sich a tarnal fool as to take hold? No sir! I stood side o' the tree, and kep a hollerin' at the dogs, but he soon made away with them. How many was it he ate up that time, ole 'oman?"

"Well, I reckon seven."

"Yes, seven—seven of my best dogs tore up out an' out—and arter finishin' them he cum arter me like the very devil. Then was the time the Brentford blood showed!" (Shades of Percys and Howards arise! Douglas and De Courci to the rescue! Brentford blood! birth, blood and pedigree in the swamps of Georgia!) "Every hair on my head stannin' on an end, and strangers, it's few would a dene as I done."

"How?" asked Rover; "what did you do?"

Well, now, I tell you and no mistake; he jist cum at me all he knew, his teeth a grindin' and stam in' on his hind legs, shaking out his fore paws at me like; it was an awful time! you see the gun was t'other side the tree and ther I was, and thar was the beer a grinnin' and stannin' on his hind legs."

"Well, what the devil did you do?" exclaimed several, roused out of all courtesy by our impatience for the crisis.

"Why, I tak the nearest tree, an ef I didn't clime to the top faster an ere a coon you ever seed, it's no tellin'; haint another man could ha' done it."

"I guess not, no how!" exclaimed the admiring old dame, her eyes moistening. "And the ole man had to roest thar all night in the cold, that's more." (The combat, if the indulgent reader will recollect, began early in the morning). "Nair a thing to eat, an next mornin' he cum home mighty pale and fainty like, an you may believe it, strangers, he haint been at no more bears since that ar—"

"Hurrah for the Brentford blood!" we cried at the conclusion of this powerful story, and yielding to an irrepressible burst of laughter, Stepney ahead of us, "Tek a tree, tek a tree, ha! ha!" The old man looked glum, the old lady continuing to laud his astonishing climbing powers, while one of the daughters interrupted us all with, "Tek some more cane, strangers, don't be bashful, chaw ahead;" which we did for some time, listening to other tales of wonder and courage, the old man's self-complacency soon being restored until the "powerful rain" ceased, when we took our departure and retired to our rest in the old man's barn.

When the excessive rains abated we continued running our line, finding little variation in the level of the swamp at different points. Our days passed in wearying monotony, our evenings were a little enlivened by the simplicity, curiosity and cleverness of our new employe, Mr. Hacket, though I must confess we were, as I fear you are, reader, beginning to tire of Crackerdom-their greenness and coarseness. In three weeks time we had nearly arrived at the Pocket, the point determined on for the connection of our line, and were rejoicingly congratulating ourselves on the speedy termination of our tiresome work. The last day, as we supposed, came, and at its conclusion, in glessome mood merrily singing, we all returned to camp elated. Even Brahma, who hitherto had kept profoundly quiet, and managed somehow to escape the hardships, thinking himself safe, began quite boldly to braz of hit exploits. I suppose he thus intended to make up a heard for home telling on our return, forgetting the truth of the old adage, "Never halloo till you're out of the wood." Dashed were our bright prespects, when, after supper, the colonel informed us that he did not consider our work by any means thoroughly or faithfully accomplished until he had made an exploration of the upper part of the swamp.

So we gulped down our disappointment as best we might, and prepared to do our duty. In the indulgence of our hopes we had forgotten that the colonel had before discussed this plan of a third exploring expedition.

But Buthma, poor Brahma! much as we contemned his soliishness and cowardice, we could not but jity his consternation and dismay when the colonel informed blut lowes to make one of the party, and he forced there was no way of one pe.

"Woll, Brobing, all have been in the swamp except you; it's your turn now!"

"Me, sar? Oh! mas colenel, I'd rader not, ser!"

"Is it possible, Brahma? I am ashamed of you. Why if you return home without going in you'll be laughed at."

"I dar say, sar, but I willin' for dat. I rader work hard a whole year 'an go in!"

"Ah, Brahma! but it's only fair; I require two of the boys this time, Orange shall be one, and you the other."

"Oh, sar, you know Stepney is so clebber, can't he go in my place?"

"By no means, each man must do his duty. When I go you are to go, so be prepared."

"Well, sar, if I mus I mus, but I doubt if I lib for cum out."

"Oh don't despond, Brahma, I had a better time the second time than the first, and we all know so much about it now, you know that we can never have as hard a time again. How shall we arrange it, gentlemen? I propose entering from the Hickory Hummock and cutting through directly east a distance of seventeen miles."

Several of the party, suffering from indisposition, were unable to join it. Mr. Hacket having heard the discussion and had his pride aroused on the subject, volunteered to accompany us, saying:

"If I die for it, I'll go. No man shall ever have it to say I backed out from hard work and danger. Colonel, I'm your man!"

"Mr. Hacket, I really thank you. Your strength and good spirits will be of great service to us."

The exploring party was then organized; it consisted of the colonel, myself and Mr. Hacket, with Orange and Brahma; and we took our departure for Hickory Hummock, the colonel having left orders with the rest of the party to move round to the neighborhood of Mr. Brown's, from whence he proposed that we should make our exit from the Okefenokee.

CHAPTER VIII.

HAVING become somewhat accustomed to bogging through mud, tearing, pushing and climbing through and over bushes, bogs and holes, in fact, having acquired quite an art in these exercises, enabled us to proceed at a more rapid rate, and with less annoyance to ourselves. Early on the morning succeeding the arrangement of the party we left camp for the Hickory Hummock, which with its superb growth of ash, chinquapin and hickory trees I have already described; the chinquapins on this hummock equalled the finest chesnut trees of the mountainous parts of the State, and many of the hickories rose to the height of ninety or a hundred feet.

From this hummock the swamp was more accessible, as it lay within its entrance a quarter of a mile; on leaving it, however, we were at once shrouded as heretofore in the dense thicket so often mentioned, rendered more disagreeable just here from the fact that a few years previous a fire had passed through it and charred all the old logs, which of course blackened us well as we passed through.

We continued steadily on from day to day after leaving the hummook, chopping a passage-way, through which we pushed ourselves, the bushes closing together as we passed, without meeting with accident or incident to cause alarm or interest. On one of these the colonel inquired of Brahma how he was getting on, and if he found it as bad as he expected.

"Oh! wus, sar, wus; I don't tink I kin stan it!"

"Ah, yes you will, as the rest of us do. Why, I have become quite accustomed to it now; but what is this?" pulling out from Brahma's pocket the largest sized dragoon pistol, which he had not before observed; it was loaded so that the wad stuck partially out of the muzzle.

"You tink, sar, I coming bidout sometin to 'fend myself?
no, sar! Now I know what coming at me; hear too much 'bout bears and toder varmints for trust."

"But where did you get this formidable weapon?"

"Out o' Stepney's chest, 'fore we left, sar."

"Well," said Mr. Hacket, "boy, when you're a going to shoot let me know, for I'll move to some distance in that case; for hang my old coat if it don't send you and some of the rest of us to kingdom come, then I never seen a gun, nor hear'n a shot!"

We trudged on as formerly, cutting our way before us, except once, when the colonel proposed our entering one of the bear's trails, which usually run north and south; but this had a bend east. Our object in entering was to facilitate our progress without the incessant use of the hatchet, it being worn on the sides and top as smooth as a wall by the constant friction of the hears rubbing through them, but filled with unimaginable filth and noisome odors by them, as well as other animals passing through them. On our hands and knees, then, we entered one of these bush-tunnels so neatly prepared, to try what kind of a passage way it would make; but it was more than we could endure. From the constrained position in which we were in, of course we were unable to rise to our height, the passage not being over two and a half feet high. I laughed aloud once as I turned and saw the top of the colonel's hat in advance. pointed right at me. On all fours, crawling over logs when they obstructed the way, was no slight effort, and the stench was intolerable; so we managed to turn round and retrace our quadrupedital steps; and never do I wish to act the part of Nebuchadnezzar again, so long as it pleases Heaven to grant me strength to stand upright.

Somewhere about two o'clock the first day we opened upon a clump of the most majestic trees I ever beheld-loblolly bays, Gordoniæ Lasyanthus; they were magnificent, clear of all undergrowth, a bed of decaying and dried leaves beneath them, as was necessarily over every part of the swamp-these, several feet in thickness-masses of fallen foliage, the yearly tribute to the earth from her children of the forest, for their clothing. These trees sent up their stately shafts, with a rich brown bark. some sixty feet, throwing out their brilliant ever-green tops, which rose above them on an average of twenty or thirty more -in diameter, averaging five or six feet. During this last exploration we had already come unexpectedly upon several similar clumps of these Gordonias, but none comparable in size and beauty to this particular group. We halted beneath this noble canopy of green to take our simple dinner, regretting that so much of nature's magnificence and beauty was wasted where no eye could enjoy it. Nowhere have I ever seen in a body a group of trees that could compare with these. We continued our course till nightfall, when we managed better than it was our usual luck at night in the swamp to do; for we had managed to secure dry wood enough to light us a bright fire. The next day passed unvaried, except by the relief every now and then of passing through clumps of these magnificent bays, which on this whole route we had repeatedly seen; so that I have little more to relate than our alligator show and our last night in the swamp.

On the last day but one, in the very densest part of the thicket, we suddenly cut out upon the Double Branches-the stream mentioned as pointed out to us by Mr. Short on our first day's attempt at exploring the swamp. It is so called because without the swamp it is in two streams; but they converge into one just at its entrance into the swamp, through the whole length of which it runs a tortuous course. Where we entered upon it the stream was much wider, and the water dark and turbid, and filled—yes, filled, they were so numerous—with fit denizens of its thick liquid—with numbers of alligators of every size, swimming in all directions; their winter torpor was over -this was late in March, and needing, I suppose, fresh aliment, they seemed in lively mood. They did not exhibit fear at our presence, but approached the shore very nearly, and made as though, with little ado, they might slap us over with those tails that do them so much service with deer or other animals coming to the river's edge to drink, and who, it is not surprising, should not observe the sly enemy that stilly watches their approach; for, even when moving, they resemble floating logs so much that in perfect quiet even a man might almost be deceived. Twenty-two of them we counted as they neared and receded from the place on which we were standing, exhibiting no fear, doubtless mistaking us for animals sent for their benefit.

"Well," said Mr. Hacket, "I know now whar bears and alligators are made;" thus saying, he fired and wounded one of the largest. It turned on its back, writhing in agony, and disappeared mysteriously in the whirlpool of commotion made

by the others swimming right up to it, either for sympathy—to convey it to a place of safety—or to feast on it themselves, we could not tell which; we only saw that immediately they turned from all directions and swam towards the wounded one, and the first two or three that seized hold dived down with it. The further mysteries connected with wounded alligators, the dark waters closing over them prevented our seeing; the outsiders, as in matters in our world, very soon contented themselves and swam about on their own affairs. We cut down a very large cypress on the river's edge, and made it fall across the stream as a bridge for our crossing to escape these monsters, who, while we were in the act, fearlessly swam up towards us on either side of the log as if daring us. We succeeded in killing one—not of the largest we saw—and he measured eleven feet and two inches.

On the afternoon of this last day, having struck the prairies. of course we concluded that naturally we must be very near the confines of the swamp, and therefore kept on our way, deluded by every fresh clump of trees we arrived at into the confident hope that each in turn must be the high land. Tempted on in this way after sunset until dark night suddenly closed around us, as we stood half frozen and knee deep in water; there we were-in the dark, in the water; not a dry foot of ground near us, nor a dry spot or stump upon which to build a fire if we had had the materials, which we had not. Worn down, tired and hungry, having searched and researched around us in vain for clump, stump or dry spot-there we five forlorn ones, almost benumbed, stood in a circle together, the pale light of the stars only faintly gleaming on us after their rising, and the accursed owls—our worst tormentors—literally making night hideous around us! Oh! the being obliged to hear their horrible "Oh, whoo, whoo! oh, whoo, whoo-whoo!"-no escape from it; around about us, in the dim darkness, and close, closing thicket! They had their homes, and we were there among them, and must endure their doleful cry-that deafening din of variations in owl-music-for all varieties of them were thereevincing it in tone if not to light; all united in base concord to make that already hideous night more so. We endured this dreary state of things for two mortal hours, and then desperation nerved us to manage to cut down a large tree and to divide it into pieces some eight feet long. We piled up these logs with much labor, in order to afford us some means of sitting down, and to avoid being compelled to stand all night up to our knees in water. The tree was fortunately a dry tree, so by breaking off some of the smaller branches, we managed to build a fire upon its stump, and, at some cost of patience and labor, to maintain a cheering blaze during the remainder of that most wretched night. Thus was spent what, thank Heaven, proved our last night in the swamp. Brahma became almost frantic; Mr. Hacket cursing every thing; poor Orange, as usual, quiet; the colonel, uncomplaining. We had some coffee along, and succeeded in warming a little, which strengthened us; and on those logs, in a sitting position, with soaking limbs, and the owls whooping around, I fell asleep and dreamed I was in a scene of fairy-like enchantment and delight, the most exquisite music filling my soul with ecstacy, and the fairest of the fair whirling in the mazy dance.

From this sweet delusion too soon I was aroused by some abominable owl, more obstreperous than the rest, and startled from this vision of beauty and delight, rubbed and opened my eyes upon the diversified scene I have vainly attempted to portray: the colonel, seated on the log next to me, with his hands over his face; Mr. Hacket still cursing; Brahma in an attitude of prayer; Orange, knee-deep in water, trying to dry his shirt by the feeble fire; as this picture burst upon my dream-startled vision, and scared away my happy trance, and the hootings of those demoniac owls resounded on all sides, can you wonder that despair was driven into every limb of my body, and desolation of soul seemed my portion? It ended, this miserable night of trial, and seldom has the dewy-scented morn ever received a more rejoicing welcome than when she banished this dismal night, and by noon of that day we emerged from the swamp near Mr. Brown's house; soon rejoined our expectant party in camp, all equally pleased at the termination of our surveying and exploring exploits.

After some hours rest, that night we celebrated the break-up by a grand jollification, each in his own way and yet in unison, Brahma dancing a jig for us. Stepney gave us out and out "The Lemoncholy Chorious," with all its pathetic touches. Mr. Hacket got tight. The colonel excelled himself on the violin, playing all our favorite airs, and concluding, by request, with the "Arkansas Traveller." Beau Level revelled in the glories of his anticipated re-union with the fair—ah! which did not prevent his making reiterated vows of his determination to indulge, to a great extent, several of his tastes slightly alluded to in this narrative. He vowed to sleep on the softest bed that could be found, six months, only allowing waking time enough for the enjoyment of splendid dinners, glorious suppers and champagne

Mr. Hacket made us a farewell address, intended to be the sublime, not only of his affection and interest in and for us, and ultimatum of good wishes, but of his eloquence. The muddled state of his brain did not however add to its brilliancy, though one of his feathery allusions startled and amused us.

Taking example by these allusions to our fair ones, anticipated re-unions, &c., it was amusing how very soon to an extreme far beyond ours the dormant affections of our colored fraternity began to blow out vehemently. Adam we knew to be a confirmed old bachelor, but Stepney and Orange we had every reason to suppose were like ourselves, "gallant gay Lotharios"—at least that they were free as air. But as our return approximated, Stepney's only son and heir loomed up into very boyish reality to us, as he dilated on the tales of wonder with which he purposed to delight him. When our preparations for pulling up stakes were completed, the colonel and myself returned to our homes by way of Brunswick. While the rest of the party, with old Adam, Stepney and Boots, accompanied the wagons back to Milledgeville the way they came.

If the patience of the reader has been tried by the literalness and simplicity of the incidents and adventures of these sketches, he must be lenient enough to bear in mind that no work of fiction or romance has been presented to him, but a plain statement of facts as they occurred, recorded to afford him a correct and graphic idea of that hitherto comparatively unexplored and unknown region, the Okefenokee Swamp, with its surroundings of men and beasts. If this has been done, the author's object has been accomplished. And I would but state in conclusion, that the able report of the colonel, accompanied by the analysis of the varieties of soils, made by a distinguished professor, has been submitted to the governor of the State, and awaits that action from the legislature which, in its wisdom, it may see fit to exercise in relation to the utility of the appropriation necessary for the drainage of the swamp.

HEROIC DEVOTION TO HIS ART .- Mrs. Mathews, in her "Anecdotes of Actors," gives an amusing instance of this. In that scene in the play of the "Committee," where Obadiah has to swallow, with feigned reluctance, the contents of a black quart bottle administered to him by Teague, Munden was observed one night to throw an extra amount of comicality and vigor into his resistance, so much so that Johnstone ("Irish Johnstone") the Teague of the occasion, fired with a natural enthusiasm, forced him to drain the bottle to the last drop. The effect was tremendous. The audience absolutely screamed with laughter, and Obadiah was borne off half dead, and no wonder. The bottle, which should have contained sherry and water, was by some mistake filled with the rankest lamp-oil. We will let Mrs. Mathews tell the rest:-When the sufferer had in some degree recovered from the nausca the accident caused, Mr. Johnstone marvelled why Munden should have allowed him, after his first taste, to pour the whole of the disgusting liquid down his throat. "It would," Johnstone said, "have been easy to have rejected, or opposed a repetition of it, by hinting the mistake to him." Mr. Munden's reply—by gasps—was as follows: "My dear boy, I was about to do so, but there was such a glorious roar at the first face I made upon swallowing it, that I hadn't the heart to spoil the scene by interrupting the effect, though I thought I should die every time you poured the accursed stuff down my throat."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by FRANK LIBERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern Pitrict of New York.

MYRA, THE GIPSY PROPHETESS.

AN ORIGINAL TALE.

Written expressly for Frank Leslie's New Family Migazine.
BY JANUARY SEARLE.

CHAPTER XIX.—BIG TOON, AND "EVIL ABROAD"—REVOLUTIONS FROM THE SLEEP MADE BY THE HEALING HAND.

As I jumped over the hedge into the magic circle of the terts, my descent alarmed the dogs, and they be an to bark furiously, but my voice soon quieted them; and my own bound was speedily at my side, welcoming me back with unmistakable demonstrations of love. I stooped down on to the grass and fondled him in return; for I loved him as well as he loved me.

At Granny Malel's camp fire, big Toon was smoking his short black pipe—the moon was rolling in the cloudy sky above him; the sea becoming below him; the calm, still night around him. In a few moments I was before him. "Brother," I said, "you watch late to-night; did you expect me?"

"You promised to come, brother," he replied; "I expected you. The bushnie never lied to his puls."

"And he isn't going to now—child Toon! You see I'm here, redeeming my word."

"It's no more nor I expected, Master Geordie," said he, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and filling it again; then lighting it, and smoking away like one very busy with his own thoughts.

"And how is our sister Myra, brother?" said I. "You seem very dull and miseral le to night! I hope there's no harm inside the tent, more than you warned me of to-day."

"No, Master Geordie! none that I knows of i' that quarter; though we're all bad enough about the beauty of the tribe."

"Well, brother, what's to be done?"

"Walk inside, Master Geordie, and hear what granny says; as for me, I've no heart to do anythin'. There's evil abroad, as well as danger at home."

"What do you mean, big Toon? what do you mean by evil abroad—and you no heart to meet it? Who ever heard tell of the like of that? who dare say it of Ishmael Toon, beside himself, I should like to know?"

"Brother," said he, rising and speaking hoarsely, between his teeth, "I've fund out a secret as is no pleasant thin"; an' I don't want to rile you with it, just now, when you're wanted inside the darlin's tentic. Go in there first, and come back to me arterwards; I ain't a going for to sleep this night—not no how."

"But what's the matter, big un? I wish to get inside granny's tarpaulin, and hear how sister Myra fares—but I know you, big Toon, better nor you thinks I do; and I know you wouldn't take on i' that ways if there wasn't somethin' more nor ordinary i' the wind. So out with it, brother! and tell me what disturbs you so."

"Not till you've been inside, brother; and then mayhaps I shall; for I wants a clear head to talk to."

"As you please, brother. You tawnies have your own wills and ways, and it ain't for a sojourner like me to gainsay them. Is granny clive?"

"Yes, Master Geordie."

"Then I shall go to her straight away. You will remain here till I come back?"

"So I shall, Master Geordie," sail he, quiefly lighting his pipe, and spreading bimself before the fire, whilst I turned round and entered cld Mabel's tent door.

"The blessings of the last day on you, granny," said I, greeting the eld mother, who sat in the middle of her hours, amongst the strew, with a tallow candle burning on a three-legged stead before her.

"And the blessings of the best day and night on you, Marthal mine could a prosect Goordie," she roulied, without rising or showing any concilent os when I left her; of surprise at my appearance. "This ere's a thing The best." her in any respect.

myself about, and can't read the lines on any ways, i' heavennor i' all my past knowins."

"The long sleep is near granny, I suppose—don't you?" said I.

"Yes, Master Geordie; the long, long sleep! in the signs and wonders that I'se seed and heered thereby; the warnin' voices of the blessed angelers, and the words o' sorrer that hes broke't the old woman's heart, and made her long for death, an' the peace that lies under the green grass."

"Dear granny, don't talk i' that fashion. You irighten the poor bushnie chap, who loves you end the dark-eye i girl, his

sister, and comes to do what he can to serve her."

"You needn't fash, Mister Geordie, and let what the old Toon woman says scare away your wits; and I needn't tell you all I knows and have here I through these, long, mortal hours of my beauty's sleep. Think I doesn't know that you loves h r, Master Geordie? Small need o' words to tell the old grandam that. And what if she loves pos, Mister Geordie! and what if all this love must come to inought? What if the angelers forbids it, as well as the gipsy har? what if they doesns one to somebody e'se, and 'to their to mirely which eats out the life from the body, and grows the bloom from the young check, and makes a ceffin full o' dust o' the dear young heart? Oh, Mister Geordie! what if all this is the truth of the good God?"

"It is hard to bear, granny," said I, very deeply affected. "But how did you find it out "

"What matters that to you or me, young man? You are a stranger, and we welcomed you to our tents—as isn't used to welcome strangers—and you brings us this minery!" cried the oll woman bitterly; wringing her hands and weeping aloud; sobbing and weeping aloud.

"But dear granny, I didn't mean to do it; and if I've done it I couldn't help it. I wouldn't bring misery upon the Toons, man nor woman of them, as you all know; for I love you all; and this that has come to pass was not of my seeking. Ask my sister if I ever said or did a dismonorable thing to her. You, granny, know I never did nor could do such—and your reproach of me wounds me very deeply. As if I could put a respent into the generous hand that does me a kindness! Granny Mabel! you know me better. Comiess now that you wrong me! and that what the ampelors have told you is true! and that fate is greater than I."

"I knows it, good Master Geordie! Think I doesn't knows it?" said the old down, in a subdood, not seelling voice. "Come here, Master Geordie, an' let the ancient 'coman o' the Toon tribe feel your hand that is so doints ou' true to her race I knows it. Ma ter Geordie," said she, as I give her my hand; "the likes o' you couldn't stan' amin them! Nor could all the powers o' airth! for they plays wi' the powers o' airth, as big Toon plays wi' the four plus when he flings the bowl at their nobs. But the nateral 'fections gets the letter o' a body nows an thems, e'en amin the knowin iniad, as knows how things is; and you mun excuse me, Master Cecudie—for misry is misry—whether it be's trace by a chap as knows what he's a doin', or one that cams like the wind, an' is irmorant. I doesn't blame you, Master Geordie!" she added, stocking my lead, as if I had been a great, black, Newfoundland dog.

"I'm glad of it, granny dear!" said I, "and your words have taken a load off my heart which I couldn't very well bear there. And now what is to be done about my sleter?"

"True, Master Geordie, what's to be done about her? Ch, I'se a fine grundsm, I is! wi' my own soil her. The rices her and him. An' she a lyin' there in a shop, like the shep of death! Wo's me, wo's me! that can for at not do lin', I' may own sorrer," she cried, rislog and spitian the con'!. • Cha this way, Master Geordie, an' the Creat Name put his tover on un."

Once egain I passed through the characteristics, it readiling, my heart beating, and my class of set. In mother in fact I was in Myre's tent. There has the beautiful risk was price brawith an easietic emprecion up in 1, or for which no words of mine could appropriate to the risk. If a positive word the second switch I left her; nor was there the least dign of charge in her in any respect.

quit the apartment, and leave me and Myra alone. You will punish me for his own deed? No, it is not a crime to love out understand what that means, I've no doubt, and not think the bushnie a rude chap for speaking of it.'

"Not I as will, Master Geordie," she replied; "I knows the blessed angelers better nor that; an' so I leaves you to the good

that is to come." So saying, she vanished.

I gazed at Myra for a few moments, and felt that she was conscious of my presence. I took her hand in mine, and bending over her, ki-sed her beautiful forchead.

"Myra," said I, "do you know who has hold of your hand?"

"Yes," she replied, without the least hesitation; "it is you, Geordie."

"And why have you slept so long, dearest?"

"I have not slept at all," she said, "I have been visiting the land of spirits.'

"And what did you see there, dearest, that made you stay so long from your friends, causing them so much anxiety about love; but I alone can and will fit her to be your bride." you?"

"Such things, Master Geordie, as words cannot represent : nor any signs nor symbols known to man in this mortal sphere. World after world of wonders, unspeakable beauty; landscapes, cities, palaces, gardens, rivers and seas of light and splendor, all populous, with happy spirits whose loveliness has no similitude in human forms and features, no archetype in the human mind or imagination. And yet everything appeared to me so natural; so like what is best and most beautiful-what is grandest and sublimest in the physical portraiture of earth, in man, in art, and all that belongs to art and man's doings; and yet again so unlike, that whilst the picture of it is as vivid as fire in my own brain I cannot describe it, through lack of words to convey the form, the coloring and meaning of it. It was not material, there was nothing material in those strange and marvellous worlds, there were all the attributes of matter without the grossness of matter-a perpetual sunshine, but no material sun everything was ideal, spiritual, but so real that I felt quite at home, and ate and talked with the spirits and helped them in their labors and avocations as if they were of my own tribe and kin-and walked with them over the immeasurable longitudes of fruitful and floral plains, over which cities and palaces were thickly strown. And I felt so happy that but for my love for you, Geordie, I could have remained there for ever. This drew me back again to earth and, alas! to sorrow; for I now know better than I knew before that there is no hope for me here, although death itself cannot destroy the love which burns and sustains the will pulse; of my heart."

'Dearest Myra, do not talk so sadly. I shall ever love you as I now do. Nothing shall tear me from you; for I feel that you have become a part of my very being. But tell me, what can I do to restore you to yourself, and that I may once again behold my beloved in her own natural health and beauty?"

"Yes, you love me, Geordie," she replied heedless of the question as if she had heard it not; "you love me, I know it well-and if there were no fate and no spirit world, and nothing higher than the poor gipsy girl, I should be yours and you mine for ever. But I am not deceived. I know you, and myself and my own doom, and I am satisfied. But then again, I am a woman, and I am not satisfied. My heart is full of infinite yearnings and longings for a requited love—a love equal to mine—an only, sole, undivided love, and you, Geordie, have not that to give me! I do not blame you. I know it cannot be so; and this is why I am sorrowful. Oh, that I should live to love and not be loved again! Oh, that my heart must burn out in its own ashes—perish in its own fires—utterly, hopelessly his right to make me thus, and doom me tisus? What evil had I done before my birth that this sentence should be written against me? or what since, that it should come to pass? Is it indeed, a crime to love one not of my race? Then why make the stranger so beautiful to tempt mo? I cother flowers by the wavelete, those which are awastest and brightest; I do not even for the woods and darnels-I know not why, I at I do not care for them; I love only the bountiful states downer. Who that love into my heart? who gave me the eyes to see, I things."

"Something tells me, granny," said I, "that you had better and the ears to hear, and the heart to feel? And shall he of my own race! But the flowers love you not again, Myra, however much you may love them-shall that then make you love them the less? shall that make you weep and wail, and be sorrowful till you die? Oh, no! it is so sweet to love that I had rather love till I die, and dying, love on through death and immortality, than live without loving, even though no answering lips kissed away my passionate kisses, nor surging heart heaved tempestuously with all its infinite tides, mingling with mine. Geordie," she added suddenly starting as if from a reverie, "it is all well, and as it should and must be. I am selfish to think and speakas I do. I know you love me dearest, for I can read your heart, and am conccious of your inmost thoughts; you will continue to love me as you can, and I will love both you and Violet. I know what passed between you on the heath to-day; for my spirit was with you. She is your

> As she spoke these words, a sudden convulsion shock her from head to foot; the blood rushed back to her fice; her eyes gradually opened, dawning upon mine, whilst surprise, inquiry, wonder, mingled with their dark, lustrous and magnetic beauty, and I knew that the sleep had passed away from her.

> CHAPTER XX.-HYRA AWAKES FROM THE SLEEP-WHAT DIG TOOM HEARS BEHIND THE BANK OF RED MARL-PLOT FOR ROBBING THE RECTORY-COUNTER-PLOT-GEORDIE'S STRUGGLE WITH THE BUR-GLARS IN VIOLET'S CHAMBER-THE GAGGED PARSON-ARREST OF THE BURGLARS-EXIT BIG TOON AND HIS PALS.

> 'Well, dearest," said I, folding her to my heart as soon as she was wide awake, and rapturously kissing her; "are you glad that I am here to welcome you back once more to this profane earth? And are you quite well?"

> "Oh, yes, dearest Geordie," she replied, returning warmly my embraces, and half covering my shoulders with her glorious black hair. "I am quite well now, and very, very happy that you are here. Have I slept long?"

> "Rather longer than is usual for a pretty gipsy chi, whose feet ought to be wet with the dews of the morning every day in the year, if she means to keep her good looks. Had you slept much longer I should have gone into my tent and written a supplement to the story of the "Seven Sleepers," making you the eighth; and I've no doubt I should have turned a pretty penny by it with the booksellers.'

> "Why don't you do so, Geordie, dear? I should like to have seen what you would have written about the tawny girl; many hard things I dare say, for she must have given you a great deal of trouble. But tell me now, how long have I slept? It is still night."

> "Yes, it is still night, dearest; but not the same night as it was yesternight when you first went to sleep."

> "Then I have slept through one whole day and nearly two nights—is it so?"

> "Precisely, if the sun has made no mistake in going his rounds, and he is a tolerably practical fellow, notwithstanding his amorous disposition, and the temptations which do continually beset him on his way."

> "It is very curious; I never slept so long before in my

"And what have you been dreaming about, darling? Tell me some of the fine things you have seen and heard."

"Oh, I do not remember anything. I must have been in a dend, blank sleep all the while."

"Not remember anything! why it is not Loff an hour ago perish! Shall I not question the justice of the Great Names slace you told me you had seen such Leantif 1 Chings-such duces, cities, gardens, fruit-plains on I glerious spirits-that I wished I could have stept myself into the same dream, and persefforting with you through those induce urable plains of Leaven.

"What do you mean, Georgie, dear? What do you speak proprate

"Thre'ly what I say, neither more non lead"

"Tall t I talled to you when I was a kep, and add these

"Yes; and said them, too, in a language which, well as you generally talk, beat Cocker to nothing and nobody."

"You wouldn't say what wasn't true, Geordie, I know; but I cannot comprehend it, nevertheless; for I haven't the smallest recollection of any thing of the sort."

"Never mind that, dearie; it was all moonshine, I dare say. And now that you are well again, who cares whether it were or not!"

"But what did I say, Geordie? I am anxious to know how a Romanny Chi would talk in her sleep."

"Well, I shall perhaps tell you another time, my dark-eyed, beautiful Eve; but not now. I am going to have a smoke and a bit of midnight jaw with the little child Toon. It's an engagement I've made with him; and besides, I want to go and comfort poor old granny's heart, by telling her you are quite well, and waiting to see her. Won't you let me go, darling?"

"To be sure, dearest Geordie; go at once. I ought to have

thought of poor old granny before."

I left her, with parting caresses, and going into granny's tent, told her the happy issue of the sleep.

"An' she's quite well, do ye say, Master Geordie?" cried the old woman; "quite well arter the long sleep that looked the sleep which knows no wakin'! I knowed it, young man. Lord bless you! I knowed it; altho' I was so douty on the Healing Hand this time, which may the purty angelers forgive me! But it war all along o' my love and 'ziety for the little chi, and none that I doubted at the bottom o' my bowels. Remember that, young man; and don't go for to be a larfer at the ode 'oman, and to misbelieve i' the power o' the Healing Hand. The darlin' little chi!" she muttered, as lifting the canvas she passed into Myra's tent.

I walked outside into the cool night, and found Baby Toon sitting by the blazing fire, his elbows on his knees and his head between his hands, buried in reflection.

"Islimael!" said I, "the little girl has come out of the sleep, and is well."

"Lord bless you, Master Geordie, for that news," said he, rising and shaking me heartily by the hand. "You're sure on it, are you, Master Geordie?"

"Just as sure as that you and I are standing here together on the green sward."

"That's enough blessin' then," said he, "for one day and night, and I'm a going to eat humble pie and be thankful."

"Good," said I; "it is always good to be grateful, gaffer Toon. I hate an ungrateful man, and don't want to eat with him, walk with him, talk to him, or know even that such a thing lives on the face of the meek and grateful earth. He has no right to his lodgings nor rations, and I wonder, in the beautiful and classic language of Dr. Watts—a far greater man than the man we call Shakespeare, big Toon; who was, nevertheless, the greatest of modern men—I wonder, I say, in the classic language of the great little Dr. Watts, that the 'ravens don't pick out his eyes, and eagles eat the same.'"

"Too good for 'um, Master Geordie," cried Toon with much simplicity and carnestness. "Too good for 'um! And glory be to the Great Name, the good Gor A'mighty, for the little chi's sake!"

"And now, big 'un," said I, "what's the cvil that's abroad, and makes you so dumpy. Speak out, man, and cut it as short as you can, for I teli you I'm right down tired, and long to stretch myself on the straw."

"There'll be no sleep for you to-night, Master Geordie, or I'm much mistain i' my countin's."

"How so, big 'un ?"

"'Cause it's like to be a bad job, an' I'm reckonin' on you to lend a hand."

"What's likely to be a bad job, Ishmael? Can't you speak a plain talk?"

"Oh, yes, Master Geordie, I can speak plain as a pikestaff—but it's hard to go agin one's own race, an' we so poor and downtrod; but it sall be done."

"May the devil take me, Toon, if I don't think you're daft, and want putting into a straight jacket. Tell your tale, man, at once, if you wish to keep me in your service; otherwise I shall cross over to my tent."

"Well, then, you see, Master Geordie," he began, "arter I left you this evening at the Golden Lion, I took to the road wi' a quick foot towards the camp, thinking all the time of the poor little chi lying asleep i' her tent, and sayin' to Gor A'mighty as I went along, 'Please Gor A'mighty have pity on the poor little chi as is so sick at home. Do, if you please, good Gor A'mighty!' An' then when I thote o' all her purty ways, and how pleasant she made the old tarpaulin' streets wi' her singin's, and her little foot dancin's, and her smiles and laughs and all that—and then thote that perhaps we might lose her and never see her no more, that d-d chokin' cumed over me agin, and I went an' set down under some trees by the red bank, on the wayside, an' pullin' 'Black Billy' out o' my hatband I filled his inards full of weed, an' began to smoke to cheer my heart up. Presently I heerd some chaps a coming down the road talkin' in the Rommany lingo, an' as I didn't care to be seen jist then I lay by, thinkin' I would let 'um pass, though as they didn't belong to my tribe I was curious to know who they was, an' shud have contrived to find out, you may depend. I was struck all of a heap, howsumdiver, when they pulled up as they did, an' cum an' sot under a knoll within five yards o' me. I seed them as they cumed up to t' bank, but they couldn't see me-an' when they sot down they left my eyesight, 'cause I couldn't look thro' red marl; but hearin' is longer retched; that is i' close quarters, Master Geordie, when sich thin's as red marl banks is in the way; 'cause though you can't see through the marl you can hear through it, or over it, or some other how. They talked Rommany all the while-and this is what they was arter. They was a plannin' to rob the Flamboro' parson's house to-night-that is as soon as the moon was down, which it ain't jist at present you particularize, Master Geordie. They said the ode buffer had a sight o' gold i' the house, as they know'd through the groom lad, who heerd the sarvant gal braggling about it. An' they said a young lady as was there had jeweltry enough in her room to make any poor body's fortin. An' so they agreed to do the job to-night.

"And you didn't throttle the rascals, big Toon, but came sneaking home, wasting your time before you said a word about it, or did anything to prevent it, until it is perhaps even now too late to put a bullet through their heads, the mischief being done."

"Big Toon knows what he's about, Master Geordie, and who the lady is at the parson's house, and who is her friend. I never forsakes a pal, and don't know the shape o' sneakin'. Master Geordie, an' that's a hard word from the like o' you. But the little chi was first, Master Geordie, first wi' big Toon, an' now she's well, I'se ready to go wi' you, and brain these thieves who is so ready to bring ruin on the name and race of the gipsies."

"In God's name, then, Ishmael, let us be off at once. Why did I not know of this before?"

"It wur no use tellin' on yer. All's done up to this time as could be done."

"What do ye mean?"

"Ikey's out there scoutin', and the Kuife Grinder's lyin' ambush i' the garden."

"That's the time o' day, my little bantling! That's good, brother Toon. We shall nab the rascals yet."

I ran to my tent and taking off my clothes put on my gipsy suit; then loading my pistols I returned to big Toon, when we set off at a brisk run over the fields for the rectory. As we approached the garden-wall from the moorland we lay down for a few minutes to listen, and take observations. A profound still ness reigned over the landscape and the village-over the parsonage-house, and the old-fashioned church on the hill, which like a lone old mother kept watch over the silent graves around it; and the sight of the church, surrounded by funereal trees and the solemnities of death, awakened the saddest feelings within me, as I thought of the strife and evil which man's passions were even then engendering in their midst. And the rectory too, in which all my best hopes were shrined, how quiet it looked! And she in whom my thoughts and affections centered, how sweetly she slept under the unconscious roof, in happy ignorance of her danger! How cruel to disturb and alarm her by violence and outrage—she so pure, innocent and good. She should not be disturbed, however, if I and those who were with me could prevent it, and I felt pretty sure we

"How long will it be before the moon goes down, big 'un?" I asked in a low tone as we lay together on the grass.

"An hour and a half yet," he replied, "full; but the sky is gettin' cloudy, and they'll be at work afore then if the darkness favors 'nm.

At this moment we heard a low whistle apparently not far off, which was immediately answered by a more distant one; and before I had time to ask Ishmael the meaning of it, he replied by a similar whistle, which, as I soon learned, was a preconcerted signal between him and his pals to let each other know that all of them were on the ground. Still there was no sign of the housebreakers, and we lay quiet for half an hour, during which time the moon was nearly hidden by the clouds, appearing only at intervals through chasms in their blackness. then crept nearer to the rectory walls, that we might be in readiness for immediate action, and in a better position to hear what might be stirring. On a sudden we saw by the dim light a dusky form creeping rapidly towards us on hands and feet. My hand instinctively grasped a pistol in my side pocket, as I called upon Toon to look towards the approaching apparition. "Hist!" he ejaculated; and then half rising from his recumbent posture he uttered a sharp hissing sound between his teeth, which was immediately responded to, and in another second Ikey-for it was he-had crawled in between us and lay flat on the ground.

"What's up, Ikey?" said I; "where are the lockbreakers nested?"

"Put your mouth to the airth. Master Geordie," said he, "and show your back to the clouds; then we can talk. The airth don't carry tales like the air, but hears and sees, and says nothin'-mindin' its own business, which it would do many folks good if they follered its leadin's."

"What hev you made out, Ikey?" asked Toon, as, in obedience to Ikey's hint, we put our heads together in the

"There's four on 'um," said Ikey, "an' I knows 'um all. There, away yonder in the castle walls, an' they means to try it on when the moon goes below."

"What's to be done, then, big Toon?" said I. "Shall we call the Grinder and go and take them straight away? I wouldn't have the rectory disturbed for the worth of Flamboro'.''

"No, no! Master Geordie! That cock won't fight," said Toon; "we must catch 'um in the hact, or we shall hev note agen 'um. Ikey, you go and join the Grinder, and keep your weather eyes open; and don't go for to move i' this ere business till they tries to break into the nob's house. Then blow out the signal, and Master Geordie an' me 'ul soon be over the wall."

"Good!" exclaimed Ikey, as he crawled away from us, and vanished in the darkness.

The next quarter of an hour that we lay there was a very anxious and exciting time with me; and more than once or twice I thought I could distinguish strange sounds, mingled with whispering and muffled voices in the neighborhood of the rectory; but big Toon said it was all fancy, and that the pals being nearer to the house than we were would have given the alarm before now, if such had really been the case. My hearing, however, was so intensely wrought that it was preternaturally acute, and although I succumbed to Toon's judgment, I was far from being convinced that I was deceived. Suddenly the church clock struck two, and the sound of the bells had scarcely ceased vibrating, when a cry of help-a woman's crysmote wildly upon the night, through an open casement in the rectory. I knew that voice even in its agony; although I had never heard it but in the utterance of the sweetest and softest articulations. In an instant, therefore, I cleared the wall, followed by big Toon, and rushed to the spot whence the cries proceeded. It was the window to the left of the entrance porch on the first floor, in front of the house, and it was just light enough for me to discover Violet as I approached. In the a thunderclap, whilst my arms were seized at the same moment

meanwhile, however, Ikey and the Grinder were in a deadly struggle with two of the housebreakers on the gravel-walk opposite the door, and bidding Toon go to their assistance, which he did with alacrity, and as will be shown hereafter with the success which usually attended any interference of his, I called aloud to Violet that help was at hand, and told her I was the gipsy chap she knew about, and that she need not be alarmed.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she cried; "the robbers are in the house. I heard them break into the rector's room. Oh, do protect me! I am all alone here, and so frightened."

"If you will trust me, pretty lady," said I, "I will be along side of you in a moment, and take care no harm comes to you. My pals outside have got two of 'um safe enough."

"Oh, thank you, good young man! Yes, indeed, I will trust you. But how are you to reach the window? Oh, be quick! I hear them even now threatening to kill the rector," she exclaimed wildly, wringing her hands.

"I'll soon find a way to reach it, miss," said I, as planting my feet in a wooden lattice-work, which ran over the front of the house for the roses and honeysuckles to cling to, I climbed hand over head to the window sill, and so into the chamber.

"Now, miss, don't be alarmed," said I, as I stood before the frightened beauty; "for no harm shall come to you whilst the gipsy chap is alive. My pals 'ul be in the house in a jiffy, and not one o' the four rascals will escape."

At this moment a loud shriek burst from an adjoining room, and I could distinctly hear the sound of a terrible struggle, and then in a few moments all was still. "They are killing the rector! Oh, they are killing the rector!" exclaimed Violet. "Save him, young man! oh, pray save him!"

Thus appealed to, I was about to leave Violet for the scene of the fray-although it was to protect her that I was there, and I am ashamed to say that the rector's life did not seem to me of so much value that I should put Violet's in jeopardy on his account-so, as I said, I was about to leave her most unwillingly, when the noise of heavy feet in the little gallery approaching her room arrested me, and I drew one of my large horse pistols from my side pocket ready for immediate use. "Get under cover of the bed-curtains, miss," I said hurriedly; "they are coming to your room, and will get a warm reception. Only don't be frighted, pretty bird."

The words were hardly out of my mouth when the chamber door was burst open and a dark gipsy fellow staggered in, with an oil lamp in his hand, which he had evidently taken from the kitchen to light him on his adventures. He had no time to reconnoitre, however, much less to finger the pretty jewels which Violet had on her toilette table; for I delivered him such a blow over the face with the barrel of my "bulldog" as sent him sprawling backwards, and knocked him senseless. The lamp was extinguished in the melée, and made the "darkness visible." But I had seen another fellow at the back of the senseless tawny, as he entered with the light, and I now listened to hear what had become of him, retreating a step or two that I might be more on my guard against him if, being present, he should venture to make a sudden attack. I could not hear a sound, however, save the heavy and hard breathing of the prostrate man; all was still, too, out of doors, and there was no sign of my pals either in or out of the house. I had the highest faith in them, however, and I was sure they were neither far off nor idle. This suspense lasted four or five minutes, until I began to think that the remaining burglar had sneaked off; so I spoke a kind and cheering word to Violet:

"How is it with the little lady?" said I; "she's not scared, I hope? This 'ere fellow on the floor won't rise in a hurry, and there's on'y another to take. I a' most think it 'ud be as well for the little girl to strike a light. It ain't good seein' i' the dark."

"Oh, you are very good, very, very good!" she cried, "and I can never repay you; but I have no matches to get a light with, and it's so horrible to be in the dark."

"Well, never mind about the light then, lady; there's other help at hand, and we shall soon have light enough."

"Is there?" roared a voice in my ears with the suddenness of

in the grip of two powerful hands. "The help won't come i'; that is above us. An' when I'm doin' a right thin, an' the with, who had learned wrestling in the fells of Cumberland, and had grappled many a time with Tom Crawshaw, and given head. Silzing his collar, I closed with him; my right let, locked in his left log, when he, finding that he had got his match, let go my left arm also, and showed me his best abilities. I soon found out that. He knew nothing of the science of wrestling, and although he was a powerful man, I dil not fear him a whit. He dragget me more than once hither and thither, and tried har I to throw me, but could not; and I saw that I should soon have the advantage of his exhausting struggles. At list we both stood still in the middle of the room. each trying hard for the fall. He pressed heavily to my right; but I stood firm, and then, in the twinkling of a bedpost, I tripped up his left foot, and flinging all my weight upon him, threw him with a squelch which shook the floor, my knees doing no small mischief to his abdominals, as I fell thus upon him. I held him where he was in spite of his efforts to turn over and to release himself; whilst p or little Violet, ignorant of the present is me of the struggle, screamed hysterically. I called to her, therefore, to be quiet, adding that there was nothing to fear as the fellow was safe enough under my

By this time, however, the other fellow gave unmistakable signs of coming to his senses again, and my man was not slow to recognise them, calling aloud to him to come and kill the poor bushnie, which was a little too bad, and not chivalric in my anary, discomfitted bully man. How I might have fired between the two I do not know; but I now heard my pais' voices in the house, and presently saw a light on the stairs, and heard Toon calling my name at the top of his tongue. I gave him the hunting "View hollo!" in reply, which led him and the Grinder to the chamber where I was. All this, which has taken so long to tell, did not occupy fifteen minutes to enact; and as Toon entered the room and saw how I had been engaged, he laughed outright.

"Couldn't you hev made shorter work on 't, Master Geordie. with them bulldogs of your'n?" said he. "I'se fond enough o' secin' a good feight atween two honest chaps; but Lord 'a macy, you must be fond of a fall to try it on wi' sich as these. A bit of lead would hev saved you a world o' trouble, and no harm done, Master Geordie."

"Weil, then, big 'un," said I, "just come and handle t is chap for me, will you; for I'm a little out of breath, and should be all the better for a mouthful of fresh air."

"Aye, aye!" said Toon, seizing the fellow by the scuff of the neck and the nether side of his breeches, as I arose from the carrion. "I'll handle him. Stand up, yo evil Loke," he ad led, as he pulled him on to his legs by main force. "It's you and the likes o' you as hes brote sorrew to the tawnies, an' made the names they go by a byword o' shame and seem i' the mouths of the bushnies. But you've found the web at last, and by the Great Name, Pento, you shall swing at the gibbet wi' the rest of your accursed pals, if the parson's got plack enough to bring you afore the beak. The up the 'tother chap, brother; Grinder, whilst I do the fixing for this 'ere."

With that big Toon drew a hampen cord from his pocket, and began to bind brother conto's arms and legs as coolly as if he were binding an ox. Up to this time neither Pento nor 1 is mate had spoken a word, so astonished were they at the appearance of bir Toon and the Grinder, and at the part they were taking in their arrest. At length Pento spoke:

"It's area all gipsy law. Ishmael Toon, for any o' us to 'peach one another. You ain't goin' to break it, I hope. It's as much as your life's woth, and you never dare show your face among the tawnies agen.'

"I dures for to show my face, Pento," said Teon, "any wheres i' all this land, or any other. 'Cause why? I never breaks into folks' housen, nor frightens the pretty bushnic girls.

time to save you from bein' strangled, yer d-dimed lling gipsy law says it's wrong, I'se not afeared o' the gipsy law. bushnie!" With the the man who spoke released my if it. We Toons are a quiet people, and never quarrels wi' nobedy. arm to grasp my throat; but he had a nimble chap to deal; an' never bere the name of thief or liar. An' here is you, Pento, as cums down into our street, close to our tents, to break into a nob's house, knowing that sich is the spicions o' the and received many a full in these encounters; so I dodged the a business, that if you gets clear away, the monkeys 'ul be down foul play he was showing me by a sudden movement of the conthe Toon camp directly they finds it out. And I sin't a gein' for to hev the good name o' the tribe spiled for the likes o' you."

"Never mind jawing to that fellow, big Toon," said I; "but you'll have to loosen his legs a little, my wiscacre, or we shall have to carry him down into the kitchen, instead of making him walk, which would'nt be particularly agreeable, I think.

"Richt, Master Geordie! You see I'm so bent on givin' him his grael that I forgets things."

"Well, big 'un, the sooner we make these chaps safe below the better. That done, we can return and look after the parson, if they haven't already put an end to his preaching, which is mo t likely."

"No harm done to stop his preachin', Master Geordie; for provehin's a dreamy kind o' talk, an' makes a chap's belly ache. I'se heered a famous joker i' that imp o' business i' my time-they called him Dilly Dawson, a great II thodyke, who curred to the tents to convart us to somethin' or enother; but I never could tell what it was, 'cause I'm no book chap, I suppose; wand even that 'ere joker tolked a deal o' stuff, as bad to hear as dector's physic is to take. So it's no harm to stop the preachin'; but if there's been foul play wi' the parson, why then look out, Mr. Pento!"

As my pals went down stairs I returned a moment to Violet's room. I knew she had hidden herself behind the curtains and remained quiet whilst the men were in her room, that she might not be subjected to unnecessary exposure; for I knew also that she was in her nightdress. I now spoke to her, however, in the dark, and she was weeping.

"Pretty lady," said I, "all the danger is over; but me and my pils is a goia' directly to seek the parson, and maybe your Indyship would like to go with us. I don't hear any o' the servants astir; but mayhap they're too scared to get out o' bed: but one on 'em ought to sit up wi' you for the rest o't night. Shall I bring a light for the poor little bird that is so frightened at the housebreakers?"

"O you're very good, indeed, young man, and very king. I will do as you say, and if you will fetch me a light, I will be down immediately."

So I brought a lamp and set it against the chamber door, and retuined to the kitchen.

I found the two men with whom the Grinder and Ikey had the struggle outside, recurely bound and lying on the floor, whilet They stood over them with a bludgeon in his hand. Toon said they had a hard fight of it, and one of them got away, and led him and the Grinder a nice chase over the moor before they caught him; and this was the reason why they were so long before they came to my assistance.

Violet soon made her appearance in a loose undress, captivating my chang with her beauty and beautiful manners.

"Lord, miss," said Toon, as soon as he could find his tongue, "if it ain't a darned crime to scare sich a pretty, blue-eyed bean'y as you be, wi' your sweet voice which sounds for all the world like a mixture of brooks, and singin birds, an' west winds amongst the leaves o' the tall becches, wi' a sparklin' o' nighting do in it. And you may depend, pretty huly, that I'se sorry for you and I tell yer that if these rascals had hurt a single shidh' hair i' all your heal-which looks just like the golden sun-an' I bega your pardon, marm-when it rises through the mists of the mornin'-I'd have serowed their neeks, as old granny screws geese!"

"You're all very kind to me, good friends," she replied. "and I am indeed grateful to you. Dut would you be so kind as to cout once to the rector's room, that I may know how he is. fills uncertainty is excessively painful to me. I will show you the way, if you will come."

"We will go enywhere, an' do anythin' for you, the Lord nor steads their jeweltry, nor does any sin agen man, or Him bless your dear heart!" said Toon. "An' mind, lkey, you stays behind; an' if one of them chaps stirs, knock his brains out. Do you hear, Ikey."

"Ikey hears," said he; "and away we went up stairs to the rector's room."

Violet knocked at the door, and asked if the rector was safe and well, and if he wanted anything, but there was no reply.

"Perhaps he sleeps." said Violet, "I will knock again."

She did so, and still there was no reply. At last I said:
"I think it would be better for us to enter at once," and this being agreed to, we opened the door, and stood in the recumbent presence. Yes, there on his bed lay the clerical presence, gaggel, his hands and fort bound so that he could not move. He who but yesterday was so proud and haughty to the benevolent Leeds chep, and wouldn't eid kim in his man-school project, nor his itherating I bray scheme; who despised the poor Flamboro' fishermen, and hated clucation because it made the servant man think himself as wise as the parson, and fed the heresy of Methodism; he, who so insolently and impolitely told his ancient flunkey to "show this man the door. John;" there he lay, quite chopfollen; eyes, staring, wild and watery; nose drepping with rheum; face whiter than the sepulchre; mouth

Violet flow to his side, and putting Ler arms round his neck, wept aloud.

wide open, gaping hidcously with its toothless gums; lolling

tongue; and the whole count nance beaded with perspiration,

and expressive of the direct afright and horror.

"Knock them sleepers from his jaws, hig 'un!" said the Grinder. "I never seed a chap i' such a pickle i' all my born days."

"Come away, little birdee!" said Toon kindly, as he moved Violet gently on one side. And as he bent over the poor parson to remove the gays from his mouth, he (the parson) shuddered as if he were in the article of dissolution, so thoroughly did the spassa effect his entire mortal nature.

"You needn't be afeard o' me, parson," said Toon. "I ain't a rattlesnake; an' I don't cum to do yer no harm, though I be a gipsy like them as brote all this mischief on the house. Lie quiet, can't you. I want to tak them bits o' stick out of your gums, an' you mind yer don't bite me, ole feller, do yo hear?"

So without more ado he removed the villainous props; but the mouth still kept agape, and wouldn't close. Violet brought a glass of water, and I suggested a wine-glass of brandy in it as a good reatorative to his denoralized nerves; and with much difficulty weight him to swallow it spoonful by spoenful. He soon gave signs of recovery, and presently, his hands and feet being set free, he asked why the villains before him first half-killed and robbed him, and then came back to cure him.

"Oh, indeed, dear sir," said Viciet, "you wrong them. It is they who have saved both you and me. They have taken all the robbers and bound them hand and feet."

" And where are the villains?" exclaimed the rector fariously, his eyes flashing with revense.

"Why, parson," sail Toon, "we've got 'um all safe i' the cookin' shop, and there's a chap stannin' by—he's a young 'un too, an' not half the size o' my inches any ways you measures me—but he's a comin' cove, an' would jist as leave brain 'um all, if they tried to slip the wires, as he'd shoot a pheasant when the moon shines on the woods that im't hisen."

"In the house do you may?" cried the purson. "Safe bound in the house! Then the Lord be praised! I'll have every one of them hanged."

"The Lord 'we be very pleased, I make no doubt," said Toon, "to see binnen peaks d i' that 'ere way; an' it's right that the Lord's sarvant; bould gratify his Lord's appetite when he has the power to do it; 'specially as the chaps is tawnies who don't go to church a Sundays."

"Hold your peace, you heather!" cried the parson, "and leave the room. I'm earry, Miss Violet," he added, "that you have been so much inconvenienced, and have seen me in such a degrading condition. If you also will retire I will rise, and give directions how these men are to be disposed of for the night."

So we all left the room and returned to the kitchen-whilst

Violet went and roused up the frightened servants, and ordered the "John," who yesterday was to have "shown this man the door," to set before us a flagon of the best beer and good beef and bread refreshment.

Whilst we were engaged in discussing the rectory commons, the rector himself walked into the kitchen—pale and scowling, with revenge and triumph upon every feature.

"So," said he, approaching the trapped foxes, caught in your villainous practices, are you? You little thought as you ransacked my room, and abused my person, that the Lord would raise witnesses against you amongst your own people, and punish you through them for your outrage upon his own anointed servant! Yes, I will hang you all-even as Haman was hanged on the gallows which he had built for Mordccai the Jew. No mercy, you villains! but death to every one of you, and I shall do you the honor to see your bodies dangle at the good jail of York. You gag and bind me, and rob my house!" he added, grinning savagely and maliciously over the poor devils, who, however, evinced no degree of fright or fear, but laughed scornfully at the pious rector's gesticulations and ravings. "I'll have the country scoured of your whole breed of vermin; not a man, woman, or child shall escape."

"Hold on there parson," said big Toon, "an' stop that outlandish jaw, will yer? I won't hear my people called them names not by you nor no man. You're a inhuman chap, parson! an' I tells yer so to your face, to talk i' this way to poor devils as your bushnie law 'ul hev to deal wi' so very soon. Leave 'um to the marcies o' the law, parson; they're not over and above tender bowelled, sin't the bushnie's law-and hangin' a man ought to be as much satisfaction as a good conscience shud desire. But prehaps you'd like to how 'um drawed and quartered to boot. Au' il so, jist ax yoursen how you think it would suit your own constitution, purson. Let these chaps hev justice done to 'um; that's right an' proper; but don't prick 'um to death wi' red hot needles an' pins. A tawny 'ud scorn to talk to a bushnio as you've talked to them chaps as is lying down there wi' their hands an' feet tied. An' as for your drivin' us from the country-is that just? If four tawnics does a wrong thin', don't four other tawnies right it as soon, an' as well as they can? Why condemn a whole race because there is four bad 'uns among 'um? An' I tell you, parson, that we'se not varmint-but a old people; old afore your forbears set a foot on this land we now stan's on-an' I won't hear 'um abused where I am-on' the chap as says another ill word agin 'um will hev to tek what Gor A' mighty sends him.'

The parson winced under Toon's speech, but was too haughty to retract what he had said, or to acknowledge that his evil pursions and malicious disposition had led him astray. He was bound to say something, however, in reply, and this is what he said, mending his manners downwards, as a cow's tail grows:

"I did not mean any harm to you, good man, for I am much indebted to you; but I desired to impress upon these vile fellows how the providence of God watches over his chosen structures, and punishes these who injure them. As for these men, I hope they will repent before they are called to the bor of God; and I pray that the providence shown to me and my house this night will be a warning to all thieves and wished men, by showing them that the Lord will surely punish there if they lay their hands on his anointed."

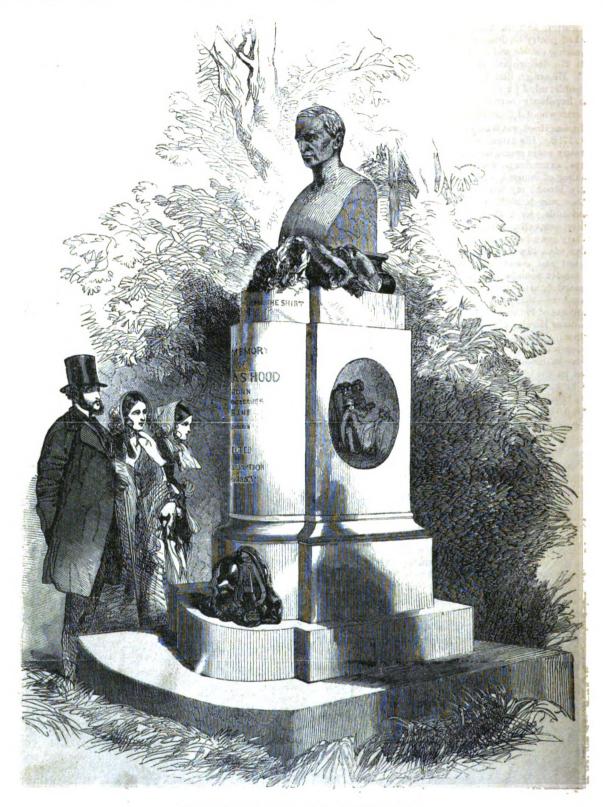
"Well, parson," said Toon, "it you've done preachin' you'd better send for the monkeys to take care o' these kiddy hellies. Me and my pals wants to be off."

"Oh, but you can't go," said the person. "You must remain at hand until your cyldence is taken before the squire."

"But that don't suit us, you see, parson," said Toon. "We're not goin' to give no evidence, nor do any more nor we we've done already. You've got the birds, an' you mun keep'um as you best can."

"But I shall insist upon your remaining; and I will compel you to give evidence against these men. It's necessary to the prosecution."

(To be continued.)



ROOD MEMORIAL AT KENSAL GREEN CEMETERY, LONDON.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY-THOMAS HOOD.

Few poems have hit the popular heart so exactly "in the bull'seye" as The Bridge of Sighs and The Song of the Shirt. They carried conviction with them, and men who turned away from labored essays upon the mercy due the erring, or the sufferings of the poor needlewoman, confessed, by the starting tear, that their conscience had been reached at last. Men who thus make | be considered as one of the benefactors of the poor. In a few

song a handmaiden, to walk, like a Sister of Charity, along the troubled way of life, deserve the lasting respect of the world. The hackneyed wish of Sir Philip Sidney that he would rather make the ballads of a people than their laws, is merely a proof of how much stronger the heart is than the brain, and that no law can be thoroughly effective till it has become part and parcel of the public conscience. In this light Thomas Hood may

graphic stanzas he called attention to the cold, comfort-less garret, and the haunts of vice—with the strong hand of poetry he dragged into the open sunlight the despairing suicide and the haggard needlewoman! He made the thoughtless think, and the callous-hearted feel! He sang a little touching song which will haunt the public mind for ever, producing fruit from trees till then hopelessly barren. Let us say a few words on the man who did these good and Christian deeds.

Thomas Hood was born in the Poultry, London, 23rd May, 1798. His father was a native of Scotland, and for many years managing partner of Vernon, Hood and Sharpe, extensive publishers and booksellers. Hood, in speaking of himself, says: "There was a dash of ink in my blood; my father wrote two novels, and my brother was decidedly of a literary turn, to the great disquietude, for a time, of an anxious parent. My mother suspected him, on the strength of several amatory poems of a very desponding cast, of being the victim of a hopeless attachment; so he was caught, closeted and catechised, and after a deal of delicate and tender sounding, he confessed-not with the anticipated sighs and tears, but a very unexpected burst of laughter-that he had been guilty of translating some fragments of Petrarch."

Thomas Hood's education was not of a classical description. What he knew he received at an academy in Camberwell. He was removed from this school when he was in his sixteenth year, and sent to a counting-house in the city. His health was so very precarious that he was taken from this situation to try the bracing air of Scotland. "My commercial career," says Hood, "was a very brief one, and deserves only a passing sonnet in commemoration." Here it is:

Time was I sat upon a lofty stool,
A lofty desk, and with a clerkly pen,
Began each morning at the stroke of ten,
To write in Pell and Co's commercial school,
In Warnford Court, a shady nook and cool,
The favorite retreat of merchant men;
Yet would my quill turn vagrant even then,



HOOD MEMORIAL—THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

VOL. HI., No. 5—27



MOOD MEMORIAL-THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

And take stray dips in the Castalian pool.

Now double entry—now a flowery trope—

Mingling poetic honey with trade wax;

Elegg Brothers—Milton—Grote and Prescott—Pope—

Bristles and Hogg—Glyn, Mills and Halkax—

Rogers and Towgood—Hemp—the Bard of Hope—

Barilla—Byron—Tallow—Burns and Flax!

Accordingly the sickly boy was sent to inhale the breezes of the north. Taking passage in a Scotch smack he was soon landed in bonny Dundee, where he remained for two years with some Scotch relations. Here he took his first lessons in drawing and literature, contributing to a Dublin newspaper and the *Dundes Magazine*.

On his return to London he was articled to his uncle, Mr. Robert Sands, to learn the art and mystery of wood engraving, but he soon grew tired of this drudgery, and the establishment of the London Magazine in 1821 made him irrecoverably an author. On John Scott's death he became sub-editor, and then commenced his acquaintanceship with Charles Lamb, Cary, Allan Cunningham, Barry Cornwall, Campbell, and the rest of that "brilliant crowd" who wrote for that excellent periodical.

His first volume was called Odes and Addresses to Great People. This he published anonymously, and Coleridge was so pleased with it that he taxed Charles Lamb with having written it. Hood's next work was A Plea for the Midsummer Fairies, a serious poem full of fine passages. Then came Whims and Oddities; this he dedicated to Sir Walter Scott, who acknowledged the compliment in his usual kind manner. Then came The Epping Hunt and The Dream of Eugene Aram. He then then tried his hand on a novel in three volumes, called Tylney Hall, which was a comparative failure. His next venture of Up the Rhine was, however, a perfect hit, and rapidly sold. On the Christmas of the same year he issued Hood's Own, which for many years was a Comic Annual of indisputable merit.

When Mook left the editorial chair of the New Monthly Magazine, Hood succeeded to his position, but

did not long agree with Colburn, who was, it must be confessed, a difficult publisher to deal with. He then commenced a magazine of his own, with his name to it, but he was not adapted to the dull drudgery of editing a serial of general interest. This magazine will, however, always be famous, for in it first appeared that most exquisitely Christian poem of The Bridge of Sighs. Its elder sister, The Song of the Shirt, had previously appeared in *Punch*, and made its mark on the national mind.

The gloom of physical decay now gathered around him, and on the failure of his magazine, an application was made to the Queen to grant him a pension. His health was, however, so precarious that the Queen, with her usual thoughtfulness, granted to his wife an annuity of one hundred pounds per annum.

These glad tidings came to poor Hood when he was on a sick, and as it proved a dying bed, and his thankfulness was great. This gle m of comfort lit his departing hours, and a present from Sir Robert Peel alleviated in some degree the pressure his sickness was upon his small resources.

He died on Saturday, the 3d May 1845, leaving a widow and two children to lament his loss.

He was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, London, where a handsome monument is erected to his memory. We engrave two of the medallions which decorate its sides. One illustrates his matchless lyric of The Bridge of Sighs, and the other that fine but gloomy poem, The Dream of Eugene Aram.

As we observed before, it is principally as the poet of humanity that Thomas Hood will be remembered; his longer and more elaborate poems, although abounding in fine passages, have not made much way with the public.

Hood cannot rank as a poet of the class of Coleridge, Tennyson, or even Campbell. He had ingenuity, pathos and elaboration, but no imagination. He was a workman, not a creator. Even the most popular and original of his poems is taken from a sonnet of Coleridge's, and he acknowledged that the idea was suggested by an incident in the life of that grim moralist, Dr. Samuel Johnson, the author of Rasselas, which is so truly Samaritan that we relate it, as a fitting introduction to Hood's Bridge of Sighs. Carlyle in a review of Hazlitt's life says, that he once gave a lecture at that head-quarters of fashion, the Hanover Square Rooms. There amid jewelled dames and polished aristocrats, the true-tongued lecturer took up the great moralist's life as a shining light of humanity. Among other deeds he told them that, returning late one evening to his house in Bolt Court, he was attracted by a throng of idlers gathered around some object on the pavement. The great lexicographer shouldered the crowd aside, and there laid a poor woman on the cold stones, pale and insensible from want; there stood he the chief of British literature, the stern moralist and the lecturer of kings-before him was the poor outcast-a wanton, if you will, but she had once been the blossom on some mother's breastsome father's darling-and the heart of the philosopher was touched. He approached this waif of womanhood--this sere leaf so long trodden beneath the crushing foot of man, and taking her into his arms, carried her to his own house-and giving her over to the care of his old housekeeper, had her placed in his own bed. At this allusion (says Carlyle) some of the fashionable ladies then present at the lecture tittered. The soul of Hazlitt was roused, and darting a look of indignation at the unholy scoffers, he cried, "A deed that Christ himself would have done had he been on earth that night, and as he said to the Scribes and Pharisees of his day, I say unto the Scribes and Pharisees of mine, Go ye, and do likewise!" Saying this he closed his manuscript, and left the room. Carlyle adds that at the mention of that potent name of Christ, the whole assembly dropped their levity as though it were an impiety.

With this instance of Hood's fine poem in action seventy years before he wrote the words for the human heart to chaunt for ever, we present it to our readers. Like the passionate melodies of Bellini, it lingers on the harp of humanity, till the chords seem to sob with its depth, and its passion, and its power:

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.
'Drown'd! Drown'1!"—HAMLET.
One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,

Rashly importunate, Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly, Lift her with care; Fashioned so slenderly, Young and so fair!

Look at her garments, Clinging like cerements; Whilst the wave constantly Drips from her clothing; Take her up instantly, Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully, Think of her mournfully, Gently and humanly; Not of the stains of her, All that remains of her Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny Into her mutiny, Rash and undutiful; Past all dishonor, Death has left on her Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers, One of Eve's family Wipe those poor lips of hers Oosing so clammily.

Loop up her treases
Escaped from the comb;
Her fair auburn treases,
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father? Who was her mother? Had she a sister? Had she a brother? Or was there a dearer one Still, and a nearer one Yet, than all other?

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun I
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly, Fatherly, motherly, Feelings had changed; Love, by harsh evidence, Thrown from its eminence, Even God's providence Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver So far in the river, With many a light, From window and casement, From garret to basement, She stood, with amazement, Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly, No matter how coldly The rough river ran, Over the brink of it, Picture it—think of it, Dissolute Man! Lave in it, drink of it, Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly, Lift her with care; Fashion'd so slenderly, Young and so fair!

Ø

Ere her limbs frigidly Stiffen too rigidly, Decently,—kindly,— Smooth and compose them; And her eyes, close them, Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily, Spurn'd by contumely, Cold inhumanity, Burning insanity, Into her rest. Cross her hands humbly, As if praying dumbly, Over her breast!

Owning her weakness, Her evil behavior, And leaving, with meckness, Her sins to her Saviour!

It is needless to dwell upon the marvellous felicity of the style, and the lesson conveyed in this great chapter of the Modern Testament—without palliating her errors, or gilding vice, Hood merely restores to fallen woman her humanity, and placing the cypress upon her dead brow, says, "He that is without sin let him cast the first stone." The morality of this exquisite lyric is so pure, that only the vicious can refuse to sympathize with it. Although far inferior in scope and doctrine, we make room for some fine verses by Mr. O'Brien, published in the Lantern some years ago:

AN OLD STORY.

The snow falls fast in the silent street, And the wind is laden with cutting sleet And there is a pitiless glare in the sky, As a haggard woman goes wandering by. The rags that wrap her wasted form. Are frozen stiff in the perishing storm-And she is so cold that the snow flakes rest Unmelted upon her marble breast. Ah! who could believe that those rayless eyes Were once as sunny as April skies, And the buds she plucked in the early spring Loved to be touched by so pure a thing. Tis past-and the flerce wind shricking by, Drowns the faint gasp of her parting sigh-And lifeless she falls at the outer gate Of him who has left her desolate-Silently falls the snow on her face, Clothing her form in its stainless grace; As though God in His mercy had willed that she Should die in a garment of purity.

Our readers must not confound Hood's Christianity with the false and dirty philosophy of Dumas, Eugene Sue, Madame Dudevant, and other larvæ of the Rousseau insect. The English humanist merely throws a shroud over the dead frail one; the meretricious French writers bedeck living vice in the robes of pride. The difference is as great as that which exists between Magdalen and Messalina. The "one more unfortunate" of Hood slumbers in a penance sheet. The Camilles of the infidel Frenchmen flaunt in crinoline, and cough consumptive doubles entendres. It may be comme if faut for the papal infidels of Paris to hold up for the admiration of dancing masters and frogeaters the morals of a Lorette, but we consider it stamps an American manager with disgrace to hand his stage over to Traviatas and to Dames des Camelias.

We think it necessary to say thus much, as many have mistaken the great poem of Hood as an excuse for female frailty, when in fact it is the lament of a pitying soul over the loss of Eden.

We have only room for a few stanzas of The Song of the Shirt. They are eminently graphic:

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—

Stitch ! stitch! stitch! In pover'y, hunger and dirt, And still with a voice of dolorous pitch She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof
It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
TH over the buttons I fall asleer,
And sew them on in a dream!

Oh, Men, with Sisters dear!
Oh, Men, with Mothers and Wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
Sewing at once with double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt."

Of a different kind is the fine poem of Eugene Aram. It is however too long for quotation. We therefore merely copy a few stanzas as a specimen of his serious muse:

Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran and some that leapt
Like troutlets in a pool.

Like sportive deer they coursed about, And shouted as they ran— Turning to mirth all things of earth, As only boyhood can; But the Usher sat remote from all A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch Heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he lean'd his head on his hands and read
The book between his knees!

As a proof of his versatility, and to give the reader some idea of the verses he found it the most profitable to write, we give two of his best known poems:

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

Good Heaven! Why even the little children in France speak French.—Addison.

Never go to France, Unless you know the lingo, If you do, like me, You will repent, by jingo. Staring like a fool, And silent as a mummy, There I stood alone A nation with a dummy. Chaires stand for chairs, They christen letters billies. They call their mothers marcs. And all their daughters fillies. Strange it is to hear. I'll tell you what's a good 'un. They call their leather queer,
And half their shoes are wooden. Signs I had to make, For every little notion, Limbs all going like A telegraph in motion. For wine I reeled about, To show my meaning fully And made a pair of horns, To ask for beef and belly Moo! I cried for milk ; I got my sweet things snugger, When I kissed Jeannette,

Twas understood for sugar.

If I wanted bread. My jaws I set a going, And asked for new laid eccs By clapping hands and crowing. If I wished to rice, I'll tell you how I got it, On my stick astride, I made believe to trot it. Then their cash was strange, It bored me every minute, Now here's a hog to change How many sows are in it? Never go to France. Unless you know the lingo, If you do, like me. You will repent, by jingo. Staring like a fool, And silent as a mummy. There I stood alone. A nation with a dummy.

COMESTIC ASIDES; OR, TRUTH IN PARENTHESES.

I really take it very kind,
This visit, Mrs Skinner!
I have not seen you such an age—
(The wretch has come to dinner!)

Your daughters, too, what loves of cirls, What heads for pointers' easels— Come here and kiss the infant, dears (And give it perhaps the measles.)

Your charming boys I see are home From Rev. Mr. Russell's; 'Twas very kind to bring them both— (What boots for my new Brusse.)

What? little Clara left at home?
Well, now I cell that shabby;
I should have loved to hiss her so!—
(A flabby, dabby babby!)

And Mr. S., I hope he's well,
the tho' he lives so handy,
He never now drops into sup—
(The better for our brandy.)

Corne take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage—
You've come of course to spend the day—
(Thank Heaven I hear their carriagint)

What, you must go? Next time I have You'll give me longer measure; Nay, I shall see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure.)

Good-bye—good-bye—remember all, Next time you'll take your dinner— (New, David, mind I'm not at home In fewere to the Skinners I)

His longest production of that punning kind of verse which he almost reduced to a system, is Miss Kilmansegge. We make room for a verse or two:

- 3

A leg of wold, salid gold throughout,
Nothing else, whether slim or stout,
Should ever support her, God willing!
She must—he could—she would have ber whim,
Her father, she turned a deaf car to him—
He might hill her—she didn't mind killing!
He was welcome to cut off her other limb—
He might cut her all eff with a shilling!

So a leg we smale in a comely mould, Of gold, time eleging littering gold, As solid as man could make it—Solid in foot, and call, and shank. A preligious sum of money it sank. In fact that a branch of the family bank, and no easy reatter to break it.

"A reg of gold! what, of solid gold?" Cried rich and poor, and young and old, And master and miss and madam— Twas the talk of "Change, the alley, the benk, And with men of scientific rank, It made as much stir as the fossil shar!! Of a litter to eval with Adam!

The following are the last stanzus Hood ever wrote, being father, who was a ripe scholar, had done his best to make up composed towards the end of April. They have more sweet- for the want. To eke out his scanty means, he had set up a

ness and tenderness of expression than his casual verses generally possess:

STANZAS.

Farewell life I my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapor chill;
Strong the earthy odor grows—
I smell the mould above the rose!

Melcome life! the spirit strives!
Strength returns and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn.
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vajor cold—
I smell the rose above the mould!

April, 1845.

Died May 3, 1845.

In person Hood was about the medium height—slenderly or rather bonily made—his face had an incessant aspect of care and suffering, which had a depressing influence on those around him. He was a quiet sardonic man, with little impulse—cold, and yet reckless in his conduct. He was a poor conversationist, keeping his good things for the tip of his pen and not for that of his tongue. He was very fond of his family, and yet had no power of self-denial to increase their comforts. He seldom praised any one; indeed, he seemed altogether deficient in a generous appreciation of the merits of others, and too inclined to ignore the genius he could not understand. He had little force and pith in composition, unless he was writing a punning poem; as we said before, he had little poetical genius, and his great poems already alluded to must be considered as those wonderful accidents in an author's life which constitute his fame, and the world's profit.

HOW MY EYES WERE OPENED—SOME PASSACES IN THE LIFE OF ALFRED MORRIS.

COMMUNICATED BY WESTLAND MARSTON.

CHAPTER I.

Perhaps I was naturally an optimist; perhaps it was my unlooked-for good fortune that for a time threw a glitter over my life. Be that as it may, nothing came amiss to me when, nearly twenty years ago, I, Alfred Morris, first set foot in London. The world-bracing east winds and all-was for me a garden of delights, and its inhabitants were worthy of their Paradise. If I met plethoric old gentlemen, with gruff voices and forbidding looks, that seemed to claim a monopoly of the pavement in right of corns, I was not to be deceived by the surly outside. It was but the mask of "John Bullism," beneath which my too sensitive countrymen hid their generous and cordial impulses. The whole class was typified to me by the stage-uncle (temp. George IVs) who, after disinheriting his nephew, with emphatic maledictions through four acts, fairly breaks down in the fifth, when uniting him to the penniless lady of his affections. Nor was my charity denied to the less attractive examples of the gentler sex. Not a furrow on the brow of that venerable dowager but maternal solicitude had ploughed it. The gaunt visage of that thin spinster, was it not an evidence of the love she had never told, and which had fed so immoderately upon the damask cheek of her beauty as to leave nothing but the stalk? In those happy days I called all slim ladies "acrial;" and all who inclined to an excess of embonpoint were merely "buxom." In brief, it would then have been hard to find the person, place, or event, that I could not have regarded with complacency, or at least with toleration

The son of a hard-working ill-paid country curate, in a district remote from the capital, I had lived one-and-twenty years without having passed the bounds of my native shire. A University education was out of the question for me; but my father, who was a ripe scholar, had done his best to make up for the want. To eke out his scanty means, he had set up a

day-school, at which I became his somewhat juvenile usher. My mother instructed a few young ladies, chiefly daughters of the more ambitious traders and farmers in the neighborhood. These damsels, however, were but day-boarders, and returned to their respective abodes in the evening.

Our own circles consisted of my parents, myself (an only child), and Ursula Nainby, daughter of our friend the surgeon and apothecary, whose affairs I fear were scarcely more prosperous than those of the well-known practitioner in Mantua.

Ursula, who had been educated by my mother, was destined for a daily governess; and to qualify herself for that office, undertook, in consideration of her board, the duties of my mother's assistant. Here I can fancy the indignant reader (perhaps some Alexandrina of fiction who, having conquered all its mysteries at nineteen, sighs for new worlds of invention to subdue)—I can fancy, I say, this indignant reader throwing my autobiography upon the table. "What a dull, transparent story!" she exclaims. "This interesting usher and governess no doubt formed a precocious attachment at the age when she finished her prize sampler, and when the paternal cane rebuked his preference for peg-tops to his Delectus. This is one of your tales of still life, in which one discerns the destination—matrimony—at starting, and in order to reach it has to travel over a dead flat of insipid narrative."

Be appeased, fair anger. I waive all defence; I will not even urge that the most prosaic destiny which has interest enough to be lived through, should, if properly detailed, have interest enough to be read. For the present, and without prejudice to ulterior results, let it be enough to say, that up to the time of quitting my father's roof I should as soon have dreamed of falling in love with the Dryad who inhabited the mulberry-tree in the gurden as with Ursula Nainby.

For had I not known her from the days when we built cardhouses together, or cut out horses from pasteboard, when her little fingers, stitched on their backs cavaliers and ladies, detached from the magazines of fashion then current? Had we not trundled hoops together till that more mature period when we laughed over the same page of the much-bethumbed Don Quixote, or translated the same French fable! Did not that stage glide imperceptibly into the graver one, when schoolduties separated us for the day, and we could only chat in the evening over a favorite book during a turn in the garden, or when she worked by candlelight at some necessary task of needlework? I was ill for a month or two, and it was her hand that nightly stirred and sweetened my gruel. I knew her to be in all things cheerful, intelligent and good; but as for love, the habit of constant companionship was fatal to such a sentiment in my case. "William," says Tennyson,

"because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Para."

It was the same cause, I suppose, that made me insensible to the attractions which our little Ursula undoubtedly possessed. What sculptor would represent the feminine ideal (before marriage) in the act of darning one's hose, or standing, posset in hand, by one's bedside?

But it is time that the reader should learn what circumstances developed in me that buoyancy and trustfulness of disposition which I have described at the opening of this narrative. My eccentric great-uncle, who had become a prosperous merchant in New York, died suddenly. He had quarrelled with my father many years before, and had not once aided him in the hard battle of life. Let me not, then, be thought callous or ungrateful when I own that the caprice which induced the old gentleman to leave me his sole heir (probably because I received his surname in baptism) made me regard his demise with emotions amongst which regret was not unusually poignant or enduring

My natural enthusiasm had been fed rather than checked by the monotony and toil of my lot. Denied access to the world, I made up in day-dreams for my lack of experience; and while trudging with my father's school-boys through turnip-fields or lanes, enlivened by all the rural sounds of near farmsteads, I was in thought pacing the brilliant streets of the capital, and peopling them with stately or graceful forms; the actors in a drama which, with no connected plot, offered a succession of pictures alike dazzling and bewildering. What, then, were my sensations when yet on the threshold of life I suddenly found myself rich, the arena open to me in which I deemed the chivalry of manhood still strove for the grand prizes of life, bestowed by the noblest and fairest of women! I might enter there, not as a spectator, not as a mere auxiliary, but as an actor. Of what I was to achieve I had no distinct idea; but my prize was to be an alliance with a maiden of peerless, almost impossible perfections—a lady whom I can only describe as a compound of the Princess Badroulboudour in the Arabian Nights, Shakespeare's Rosalind, and the Bride of Abydos.

I determined, of course, to make the amplest provision for my parents. We would live in London during the season, and take Ursula with us. We would positively cross the channel, and see whether Ursula's French would be intelligible in Paris. We had taught geography long enough to know that there was a river called the Rhine, and that it flowed through a picturesque region of vine-clad hills, crowned with alters to the past. We had read too of the "monarch of mountains," the Suzerain whose throne rises between the realms of grandeur and beauty, and who claims the fealty of both. But for us these had bith reto been realities of the map, not of life. A gipsy excursion in Charles's Wain through the fields of space, or a fashionable airing in the Milky Way, would have seemed as practicable to us as to sail on the lake of Geneva, or to thunder down the pass of the Simplon.

My parents were easily persuaded to adopt my plans for travel: not so Ursula. She reminded me—and I am ashamed to own that I needed reminding—of her father's claims upon her. It was impossible to dispute them, and yet I felt as if we had the family property in Ursula, and as if Mr. Nainby were a pretender.

"It seems quite unnatural, sister Ursula." I said, "that we should enjoy ourselves away from you; that we should plunge into a new world of beauty and delight, and that you should go back into the little parlor behind the surgery, with nothing to look at but the range of jars through the glass-door, or the row of hollyhocks and the pigeon-house in the garden. Your father might very well go with us."

This was almost the bare truth, so little had the poor man to do; but it was not thoughtful in me to recall it to Ursula. Her look, more serious that evening than usual, grew a shade more pensive still.

"He must keep at his post," she said, "on the chance of being wanted. As for me, wherever I went I should only see him anxious, in solitude."

"Ursula," I said, winding round my finger a stalk of ivy that peered in through the open window, "your father will be successful some day. We know how clever he is, and that his studious habits give him that absent manner which shallow people hereabouts don't understand. He must get a London practice, Ursula."

Her deep blue eyes looked at me reproachfully. "Alfred," she said, "that's the one subject on which I can't bear a jest."

"I meant none, I assure you. What I propose is quite possible."

" How?"

It was strange, so familiar as we had been all our lives, that her quiet "how?" quite took me aback. I felt myself reddening to the roots of my hair, while the poor ivy-stalk suffered grievously under my fingers.

"Ursula, we're all one family; you won't dony that."

"Deny it!"

"Well, then, if one of the family prospers, the whole prospers. Don't leave me to conjugate the verb in the first person singular. Let me go on—thou prosperest, 'the prospers.'"

She understood me perhaps more by my hurried manner than by my words. "Dear Alfred," she said, giving me both her hands, "should my father ever be forced to seek other help than mine, I would choose yours."

This was a disappointing answer; but there was something strange and half pleasant to me in its effect. I had looked upon Ursula so theroughly as part of ourselves, had lost her speciality so much in a sort of general household results, that

to find her asserting her individuality, gravely taking her [father's case into her thought and at once deciding for him, was quite a new sensation. I made no reply when, with a gentle "thank you," she withdrew her hand and left the room. It was a soft spring evening, and, school-duties done, she was going her weekly round amongst the poor; for, though our dear Ursula had no money, she had fingers that worked overhours in the making of little garments, and she had cheerful, soothing words; or, in case of illness, she would take some remedy prepared by her father, and begin the cure by her sympathy. As I sat at the open window, she passed by the gate and smiled. I seemed for the first time to see her in her separate distinctness, noted her smooth glossy bands of hair, the little frill out of which rose the white slender neck, the tweed shawl so neatly wound round her lithe figure, and her easy gliding motion. I had lived all my life too near the picture to realise it. That night I seemed to step back from it, and it grew clear and individual.

Was there in this feeling the germ of love? I think not. Ursula-simple, quiet, and almost reserved-would never have satisfied my romantic longings. My mind, moreover, was too much disturbed by the incidents of my changed position to reflect any of the calm, almost tame, images of my past life. The news of my great riches had got abroad, flown from journal to journal, from county to county; even the Times had deigned me a paragraph. Then we had received letters of congratulation from old college friends of my father; also from my mother's sisters, who had found wit enough to make a long pedigree atone for an empty purse, and married into good county families. I was enchanted with the kind interest of my unknown connections; for you must suppose that they showed it with proper delicacy, and did not break the neglect of years at the first tidings of my good fortune. By no means. It happened about a month after that aunt Whimple had a friend who wished to spend the next summer at the lakes. As we lived within fifty miles of them, what more natural than that aunt W. should write to my father? Perhaps, she said, he could give some particulars as to the climate, its suitability for invalids, and the chance of obtaining a small cottage ornée. Perhaps, as the invalid would be lonely, my father, and mother might be prevailed upon to pay her a visit. In that event my aunt herself might be tempted to a lake tour. It would be so pleasant to see her sister's husband, not forgetting Alfred. She hoped, by the way, the rumors as to the dear boy's good fortine were correct. Her love to him. My father, she was sure, would not delay to relieve her anxiety as to her friend, and would say whether he could place confidence in the medical men of the locality selected.

Aunt Wallis also filled a letter-sheet with details of a proposed journey with her daughters to Scotland, and for the sake of seeing us all, proposed to break her journey at the little town where we resided. Aunt Hewerdine did not write herself, but the major her husband did. He had heard that Lord Beamish, one of my father's parishioners, had a rare breed of grayhounds; could his good brother-in-law make interest to secure him a brace of pups? Neither of these epistles omitted to mention dear Alfred, and to rejoice with him upon his great-uncle's bequest; but these mere worldly matters were touched upon so parenthetically, and formed such a brief episode in the main topics of correspondence, that they had clearly exercised no influence upon the writers, and we could only hail the happy coincidence that connected so many signs of affectionate remembrance with the improved turn in our affairs.

These letters were duly replied to; the replies produced new ones. All my father's correspondents found something to admire in his sentiments, or to appreciate in his kindness. What regrets there were that our families had been so long separated; then what urgency that this misfortnne should be quickly repaired; finally, what petitions that dear Alfred, at all events, should visit his relatives in the south before he went on the continent, or took that subsequent journey to America which his new interests there made imperative!

If my good parents doubted the sincerity of these demonstrations, they were too tender of my faith in everybody to cloud it by misgivings. Or it may be that, like many amiline pro- our limes were breaking out into their tender green, and one

ple who have long suffered from hardships and estrangement. they did not care to examine too narrowly the welcome tokens of regard.

And here let a hint be dropped in fairness as to the favor which the world shows to the prosperous. Some amongst us (especially the less successful) are quick to assume that such favor is necessarily hypocritical. Doubtless there may be a large alloy of selfishness in it; but in this case selfishness is not always insincerity. When that keen politician my Lord Fitzfalcon slides his arm into that of Mr. Queen's Sergeant Lynx. the attorney-general expectant, my lord is no hypocrite, though he gave the same Lynx the cold shoulder ten years since, when the latter was a rising junior. When the honorable Mrs. Basbleu is transported to see that delightful wit Cavenne, whose "Pictures of Town-life" are in everybody's hand-when she upbraids the cruel man with being late, and condemns him to expiate his fault by a five minutes' tête-à-tête on the chaise longue. to which with snowy shoulders she pioneers him-she is no hypocrite. True, Cayenne was no less a wit when his first sketches appeared in Diogenes, or Toby, or some of those forgotten offshoots of Punch, who, Saturn-like, has swallowed up his progeny. Even in those days Cayenne had the honor of being presented to the fascinating Bas-bleu, in whose glance there was as much of the stare as decorum permitted, and no more of recognition than decorum exacted. But shall we on this account brand the fair matron with duplicity? Her present empressement is no more feigned than was her past indifference. For observe, it is not only that she appreciates the man's changed position; through the position she has acquired a kindly feeling for the man. She would sacrifice a moderate amount of comfort, or make any reasonable exertion to serve him. And the pleasure of doing this would of itself repay her. Nay, should the Cruel Shears untimely snap asunder the bright web of Cayenne's existence, he would not at once be forgotten. She would miss him when other wits awoke the subdued wellbred laugh, or even in "my lady's chamber," as she sat with brows ready chapleted, the spectre of "poor Yorick" would flit at times across the mirror. I believe, indeed, that during his life nothing less than a course of systematic ill-luck (and even that only by slow degrees) would sap her regard for

In brief, the attachments to which success gives birth, though not very deep, are often sincere. It is not only that success in itself attracts homage, but that it disposes it possessor to be amiable; while misfortune, besides being unpicturesque, tends to acerbity and repulsiveness. There are certain fruits of human life that will only ripen on the sunny side of the wall; and men, like peaches, are apt to be flavorless when they have a northern aspect. Eccentrics like you and I, good reader, may be indignant at this doctrine, and think it worldly enough. So it is; but give the world its due. If it is often interested in its professed friendships, grant that it sometimes arrives at a sort of friendship by the road of interest.

It was finally arranged that, before leaving England, I should spend two or three weeks with my aunt Whimple in Kent, and that, as my time only admitted of one visit, the other branches of my mother's family, in compliance with their affectionate demands, should be invited to meet me. As London lay in my way, I resolved to pass a week there. Aunt Whimple's brotherin-law, Thomas Whimple, of the Chancery Bar, had offered me a bachelor's hospitality and the advantage of his introduction to the metropolitan "lions." My father and mother were to join me on the eve of our continental trip, and Ursula was to resume her position in the little parlor of the apothecary. I pictured to myself with grief the loneliness of her seclusion, or with annoyance the rough country bucks who would occasionally turn into her father's shop for cattle medicine. I saw them in fancy, while the absorbed Æsculapean made up his compounds, criticising the delicate head shadowed on the glass door, and telegraphing to each other with whip-handles on their

CHAPTER II.

THE morning for my departure came; a soft April day, when



side of the garden was white with pear-blossoms. The sunbeam—at times escaping from the light gray clouds—frolicked gaily over the meadows, or lit up the musing aspect of the old church-tower with a sudden smile. The hope, the freshness of my own youth were reflected to me by the season.

Our school was broken up. My parents, Ursula, and I paced together the garden-walk till the coach that ran to the railway station should arrive. As I was so soon to meet the former again, these parting moments would scarcely have been sad but for Ursula. Not, indeed, that there was anything depressing in the quiet, almost cheerful, way in which she had superintended the packing of my trunk and carpet-bag; managing to find room for one or two of my favorite books, also for an odd volume of Wordsworth, which my father had somewhere picked up and given to her. Ursula and I had been used to read the book together, and she now begged my acceptance of it. I fancied for a moment that her eyes grew moist; but she turned away to pluck a sprig of sweet-brier, and when her taper fingers fixed it in my button-hole there was the usual calm smile upon her face.

The sound of the guard's horn was heard. There were hurried embraces and blessings. My father and mother stood at the gate, but Ursula retreated to the door. I missed her when we drove off; but soon afterwards, on looking back, I caught a glimpse of a watching face, and of a handkerchief waved with a quick sharp motion in signal of adieu.

"Dear Ursula," I thought, "no brother could love thee better." But that placid fraternal love did not admit even the surmise of a more passionate feeling.

Tom Whimple duly met me at the North-Western station in London; and my acquaintance with town-life began under his auspices. He was a little apple-faced man, remarkable chiefly for a certain free-and-easy manner, which just stopped short of bad taste, and for the twinkle—half merry, half sarcastic—of his small bead-like eyes.

Having a moderate fortune, as well as a moderate practice, Tom took his life pleasantly, and gave himself a week's holiday in the claracter of my cicerone.

My disposition; credulous and ardent (or, as he phrased it, "of the most refreshing green"), must have yielded him ample amusement. We went together to the theatre; he would fain have had me see Vestris in one of the sparkling burlettas then current at the Olympic; but I begged hard for a tragedy. I was in that happy frame to which emotion is a luxury.

Mr Whimple assented. "Romeo and Juliet," he said, "would probably be as diverting as Beulah Spa."

The novelty of the scene, the size and brilliancy of the theatre, entranced me. The Juliet of the night-a lady whose name is now forgotten—made a rapid inroad upon my affections, and in the balcony scene had me fairly at her feet. Later in the evening the sandal that bound her little slipper of gleaming satin got loose, and my divinity was near being prostrated upon her face. A laugh that jarred on my feelings broke forth from pit and gallery. What would I not have given for permission to re-adjust that dainty ligature! I was sure that the passion evinced by my enchantress could not be feigned; that in Juliet's love and despair she was shadowing forth the romance of her own history. O that for her sake I could have been a Montague, that she could have confided to me the secrets of a heart overburdened by its delicious tenderness! When, after drinking the friar's potion, she staggered back exhausted to her couch, I became seriously alarmed for her health, and trusted that some medical man of eminence was in the house. When the act-drop went down, I expressed my anxiety to Mr. Whimple; who observed that he did not consider the case dangerous, though a prescription of bottled stout and oysters might probably be resorted to with advantage. You naturally think that I hated him. By no means. Jesting on such a theme seemed to me impossible; and I gave him credit for assuming this levity to hide his own sensibilities and to soothe mine.

Next morning we read at breakfast the *critiques* of the press on the performance. Some were favorable, others commented upon my heroine in a strain that savored of invective. One

journal in particular reproached the lady with an artificial and pretentious style, with a shrill voice, and with being too old for the character. As I read, compassion, not resentment, was uppermost. I thought of the critic as of one to whom Nature had denied a sense—sight or hearing, for example. I wondered how he would feel if his closed perception were at any time to be opened; and what amount of remorseful acknowledgment he would think sufficient for his error. Meantime it was my comfort to write anonymously to the fair victim of his blindness, to tell her how the recollection of her pathos and grace haunted one unknown but unforgetting breast; how her form would ever flit before the eyes, and her voice linger in the ears, of one adorer. With a subtlety which I could not then have deemed possible, Whimple humored my feelings as to the wronged tragédienne, until, in my innocence, I showed him the enthusiastic tribute I had just penned. Never shall I forget his reception of this document. He did not burst into loud laughter, but a silent cachination, at first subdued, broadened over his countenance, and gradually extended its influence over his person, until his sides shook in sympathy with the twitching muscles of his face. He seized my hands, and assured me. as articulately as he could, that I was worth any money as a specific against the "blues."

"Only," said he, "to have made your homage complete, you should have seasoned it with a line or two of good hearty contempt for Miss ——, of Drury Lane, the rival of your last night's idol."

"What," thought I, "he deems my Juliet capable of a mean jealousy!" I deigned him no answer except a smile of pity.

Mr. Whimple was a general favorite, and introduced me to society. I was a little bashful; but from the quiet corners of brilliant drawing-rooms I indulged my dreams of romance to the full. The tone of London society, the amiable smiles and the gently modulated utterance of those who composed it, were new to me, and delightful as new. At times Whimple would approach me, and make some provoking comment. A sentence that seemed to my ears to fall from fair lips in distilled music, he would call a masterpiece of retort; or observe at the end of a song, in which the siren had evidently poured out her whole heart, "That she was making a dead set at the gouty old admiral beside her." I could not believe him to be serious.

"He is a kind fellow," I thought, "who disguises a too impressible nature under the mask of cynicism." And with this belief, after a rather protracted stay in town, I left him for my relatives in Kent.

Whimple House was situated in a well wooded, hamlet-dotted country, that, backed by a long wall of hills, sloped gently to the sea. The region, though less wild and romantic than my native North, was scarcely less picturesque. The opulence of Nature, if not its grandeur, was everywhere attested. There were smiling orchards, dressed in the variegated blossoms of spring, and mazy lanes diverging from the undulating highway, from the higher points of which one caught glimpses of the Channel, and of the French coast, gleaming like a ridge of pearl in the noonday sun. At times, remote in pastoral quiet and still as if brooding over their own memories, the ruins of some time-worn castle arrested the eye, while stately avenues of elm or oak conducted to edifices of modern civilization. It was through such an avenue that the carriage, sent to meet me at the nearest station, bowled smoothly towards Whimple-House

I received a warm, voluble greeting from aunt Whimple on my arrival. She had been for some years a widow, and with her daughter kept lonely state in her commodious mansion. My cousin, a "missy" of nineteen, was called Eliza Jane, and looked the harmless propriety of her name to perfection. Unlike her mother, who abounded in easy chatter, which she had a habit of enforcing by gesture, Eliza Jane was at first quiet, almost timid, in her movements. She had light blue eyes, a complexion of the most delicate pink and white, and a brow smooth as an ivory tablet that has never been written upon.

I had once seen a travelling collection of waxwork, and could not help comparing my cousin to a finely modelled young lady who was the gem of that exhibition, and who had vividly

impressed my boyish feelings. I felt it as a compliment to amount of interest for the surface of life. As we became better under a glass cover and be looked at as a work of art. True, in that case I should have missed the air of retiring grace with which she saluted me on our introduction, and the gentle whispers of assent with which she echoed my opinions when I gained courage to talk to her. For it happened by a delightful chance that my prevailing tastes and views of things in general were exactly those which aunt Whimple had always cherished, and in which Eliza Jane had been carefully educated.

Thus, when I gave vent at dinner to my admiration of the neighboring country, my aunt's enthusiasm broke forth somewhat as follows:

"Superb! is it not? Yes, I flatter myself, as to the charms of Nature, we Kentish folk may hold our own tolerably well. And so you're a lover of Nature, Alfred ?-your soup's cooling, my dear boy. To be sure, you love Nature. You wouldn't else be a favorite here long with somebody whose glass wants filling. My dear Eliza Jane, your glass to your cousin. She's so delicate and ethereal-I insist on the sherry, my pet, as a prescription—and she's such an ardent votary of Nature.'

As Eliza Jane, in her dove-colored silk, acquiesced softly in the charge, she reminded me of the coo of that gentle bird; while aunt Whimple, with her green robe, her fluttering capribbons, her somewhat prononcee aristocratic nose, and indefatigable tongue, forced upon my senses the less harmonious association of a parret.

In the course of the evening I took up the "Irish Melodies." They were admirably suited to my vein of sentiment. How charmed was I, then, to hear from my aunt that Eliza Jane not only shared my enthusiasm for those delicate and passionate strains, but that she was addicted to singing them when alone! Of course I implored her to relinquish in my favor this monopoly of vocal delight. Mrs. Whimple pleaded for me with an arch look. Eliza Jane modestly hesitated, then as modestly yielded. It struck me at the time that I had heard Ursula Nainby sing with greater expression; but how charming was my cousin's reticence! I dived at once into her secret. It was clear to me that her feelings were too acute, and that her cold and mechanical style was assumed to mask them. I was capricious enough to contrast her with my London Juliet to the disa lyantage of the former, and to think that the emotions which shrank from being detected were far more charming than those which took the public into their confidence.

Next morning, my aunt proposed a drive to Freshwood Castle, a noted ruin in the neighborhood; and I was again delighted to find, on the testimony of Mrs. Whimple, that Eliza Jane shared my passion for the venerable relies of antiquity. Calling to mind the bright array of warriors and dames who once rode beneath the ivy-screened arch, or held festival within the shattered walls, I could not repress a sigh, which my cousin immediately echoed. She said little. Once she expressed her regret that the footpath to the castle was not kept in better repair, and confided to me an apprehension that the grass was yet damp from a morning shower. But when I looked my surprise that she could dwell upon such trifles in a spot consecrated to romance, she replied by a glance that at once showed how my suspicions had wronged her.

Aunt Whimple here observed that a model of the castle had been lately constructed in sugar-candy by the confectioner of a neighboring town; and I was startled to see the effect of this announcement upon my cousin.

"O, do let us drive there, mamma," she said. "I would give anything to see it. I should like of all things to buy it. It must be such a curiosity. I wonder whether Johnson has it for sale."

Dear little Eliza Jane! She might certainly enjoy her castle in sugar-candy without the inconvenience of rough roads or demp grass.

Her tongue, once set going, became a very active little member indeed. She still preserved "expressive silence" on those topics of imagination and feeling in which we had so in. timate a sympathy. On such themes, a smile or a monosylrable was all that she permitted herself. But, besides those thoughts that lay "too deep for tears," she had a wonderful reality, I must pronounce her complexion sallow, her features

Eliza Jane when it occurred to me that she ought to stand acquainted, this characteristic grew striking. A travelling conjuror exhibited one morning at the assembly rooms in the town of H--. At Eliza Jane's earnest intercession, my aunt gave her countenance to the entertainment, on the bills of which Mrs. and Miss Whimple, of Whimple House, were conspicuous as patronesses. Very droll was it, before the day of performance, to note the anxiety with which my cousin referred to the barometer. The weather was then uncertain, and she brought us hourly bulletins of its condition. After the event her demeaner was still more amusing. She would sit by the hour with a pack of playing-cards before her, in a vain attempt to detect the sleight-of-hand of the "wizard." She would describe for the benefit of every fresh visitor the whole series of illusions, and always in the same terms. She invariably commenced with an inventory of the performer's dress, and was most particular as to the number of his rings and as to the fingers which they respectively adorned. Never before or since have I seen so much energy and such a power of classification devoted to statistics not usually considered important.

Eliza Jane had an instinct for the minute. Showing me the full-length portrait of her paternal great-uncle, a naval hero of celebrity, she first called attention to the life-like painting of his knee-buckles. On my entrance into the grand receptionroom, she made no allusions to its lofty proportions, or to the noble view which it commanded; but informed me that the pattern of ferns and poppies in the carpet was repeated just four hundred and six times, as she had discovered by actual counting. She was sometimes positively excited, but always upon points of infinitesimal interest.

"What a very becoming Valenciennes collar," remarked my aunt, "Mary Hare wore yesterday at the assembly rooms!"

"Valenciennes, mamma?" rejoined Eliza Jane; "I assure you it was Mechlin."

"You are mistaken, love."

"Mamma, I had it in my hand the day after Mary bought

"Very well, dearest, don't tease yourself about it."

"Oh, that's just to put me off," pouted my cousin; "but we shall see." And next night she held exultingly in her hand the Mechlin collar, for which she had privately despatched a messenger to her friend. Ah, what great life-problems might be happily solved, would men bring to them Eliza Jane's earnestness upon a question of lace!

I cannot tell what would have been the effect of these artless traits upon my passion had our retired life been continued. Very possibly, with my idealising propensity, I should have discovered a new charm in them. But a change was at hand. Aunt Whimple now prepared me for the immediate arrivals of Miss Dorothea Wallis and Miss Kate Hewerdine, the latter under the wing of her father the major. These young ladies were also my cousins on the mother's side, and of course nieces of Mrs. Whimple. I cannot say that she showed the solicitude of an affectionate kinswoman to bias me in their favor. Dorothea, she said, was flighty, and would talk of matters beyond her. As for Kate, her disposition was naturally bold, and a year or two of Parisian education had made her intolerable. Then my aunt corrected herself She was doubtless too hard upon Kate, but she was so different from some one whom it hardly became her (aunt Whimple) to name. She supposed her own modest, sensitive darling had spoiled her for young ladies in general. Finally, she hinted that the visit of my cousins was hardly delicate, and had been forced upon her. My other aunts, it seemed, had threatened to bid against aunt Whimple for the pleasure of my society; and her invitation to their eldest daughters to meet me was extorted as a compro-

Dorothea Wallis and Kate Hewerdine duly arrived. The former had the precedence by twenty-four hours; in the course of which I discovered that she had a great turn for poetry and the arts, and could talk eloquently upon all those topics respecting which Eliza Jane was so morbidly reserved. Who could look at cousin Dorothea and not see that she was a child of imagination? If, now writing in the common daylight of

irregular, her outline sharp, and her years thirty-one, I still | talk ran chiefly upon dogs and horses; but who seemed to wan maintain that her eyes were large, dark and lustrous; and that these, with her rich tresses of raven hair, lent her, in moments of enthusiasm, the aspect of a sibyl. But she had her intervals of mirth and frolic. The charms of unexpectedness and contrast attended everything she did. She was by turns sentimental and arch, absorbed and communicative; and she had the most fascinating gift of candor I ever met with. At opportune times-sunset, for example-she would motion for silence, and stand with her gaze riveted on the fading glories of the west. Again, you would find her hid in nooky corners of the garden (provided she knew that you walked there), or at night basking on her knees in the glow of the still-seasonable fire. I observed that she had a particular aversion to chairs. She would stand, recline, squat or kneel; but never sit, except in cases of necessity. In every attitude she was eerie and fay-like. Discovering at once the reciprocity of our natures, she told me how for days before she had had a sense of some crisis in her fate, a presentiment of meeting with one who could understand her. She avowed, to my delight, that in her opinion the soul had oracular thrills, intuitions that transcended the cold processes of reason. Did I believe in intuitions? she asked. Did I think her a foolish, fantastic little elf? I might if I liket; she half believed it herself. Everybody said she was a spoiled incomprehensible day-dreamer-everybody but cousin Alfred, and he was going the way to spoil her more by pretending that he liked her. What dreams cousin Alfred had that night, and what spirit-like face was the pervading presence in all, he leaves the reader to imagine.

In the morning this new influence had so fully seized me, that I began to find dear Eliza Jane wearisomely insipid, and by adroit manœuvres I managed to devote myself to Dorothea all that day.

What dear friends we grew! What flights Dorothea took from the sublime and tender to the funny, and vice versâ. How, after carolling in the blue ether of imagination, would she alight upon some little twig of commonplace, and be out of sight again ere you could clap hands! Her name, for example: what a world of mirth and feeling she got out of that! Did I know that she had been so afraid lest I should dislike her for being called Dorothea? Malicious people, indeed, called her Dorothy. N'importe; she defied them. She knew I looked upon Dorothy as a ruddy country lass, kneading dough with arms bare to the shoulders. Then oughtn't I to be ashamed of myself? What was become of my Greek? Didn't I remember that in that classic tongue her name signified a divine gift? (Then suddenly adopting the penseroso.) Ah, what a name for one like her! How it upbraided her with a thousand foibles and naughtinesses! She a divine gift, indeed, to anybody! But (resuming the allegro) I had surely read Don Quixote? Had not dear Cervantes consecrated the name to pastoral beauty? O, goodness, what should I have thought had I caught the present Dorothea washing those little feet of hers in a brook?

Reclining on the arbor seat, she did not fail, as if by a childish impulse, to disclose one of those delicate members. A charming foot it was, cased in its coquettish bronze-colored brodequin, which allowed the clock of a fine stocking to hint itself above the ancle. A moment's glimpse, however, was all that she permitted; for she was sure that I should think her the vainest of mortals. Well, she shouldn't contradict me. She owned to being proud of her feet and hands. She thought them signs of "blood;" and a passion for "blood" was another of her weaknesses-I should find her full of faults. But could I deny that there was a certain poetry in birth-I who might claim it equally with herself?

My readers will feel little surprised that the arrival of Kate Hewerdine at night was a matter of supreme indifference to me. Nor did cousin Kate's manner and appearance seem likely to alter this sentiment. On our meeting she regarded me with a look at once critical and careless. She was a brunette of about two-and twenty; tall, handsome, commanding, and doubtless accustomed to be admired; but there was about her a tone of implied superiority that I thought by no means attractive. Her father, the major, was a tall, slim, unimpressible man, whose

the heartiness of an English sportsman. He was, however, very civil to me, and had conceived a project of taking me on a tour of it spection to the studs of all his acquaintance in the neighborhood. This intention, which I quietly resisted, completed my distaste for himself and his daughter.

Three or four days afterwards, Major Hewerdine, having fallen in with some kindred spirits, agreed to accompany them to Ascot for the "cup" day. Great was my satisfaction, for I hoped once more to abandon myself to the society of Dorothea. My desires, however, were often frustrated; bare politeness compelled me at times to make my attentions general. Then ever-smiling garrulous aunt Whimple had taken a sudden fancy to drive her ponies; and while she and her lady guests formed a crowded trio in front of the chaise, it was my destiny to pair with Eliza Jane behind. Again, Eliza Jane had a great delight in riding over to the town of II-. Shops were her passion, especially the circulating library, where a list of arrivals was kept. Marvellous was the time that she spent in discovering what names had been added to the list, and in refreshing her memory as to past announcements. More than once aunt Whimple, alarmed by the long absences of her darling, implored me to ride after her to H-, and see that no accident had befallen her. I felt this disposal of my time the more annoving because Eliza Jane's delays were customary, and she never rode unattended.

The result of all this was, that I was only able to resume by snatches my coveted intercourse with Dorothea. Whenever we were alone, she was the same brilliant versatile creature as ever. But in our family circle I could not help discerning in her little traits of petulance, which I forgave the more readily from flattering myself that I divined their cause. She displayed, however, certain peculiarities which I could not account for quite so pleasantly. It happened one day that early strawberries were introduced at dessert. A fair distribution of the fruit had been made, and I was startled shortly after to see Dorothea appropriate to herself all that remained upon the dish: she accomplished this feat with the merriest of laughs.

"Do you know, aunt Whimple," she said, "I have a positive mania for strawberries: I own I'm a greedy, unconscionable little puss; but what is one to do when one's the victim of a mania ?''

This was a slight incident truly; but it would be hard to describe the perplexity it occasioned me. Given an ideal of romantic generosity, how to reconcile it with an inequitable monopoly of strawberries, was the problem I had to work; and I spent the evening without arriving at a solution

The next morning, we were all riding together. A drenching rain fell, and we were obliged to return hastily. The weather, which had become variable, was that day unusually cold. My cousins, having changed their wet garments, gathered to the fire; Dorothea, crouching on the hearth-rug, as was customary with her, managed to effect a tolerable blockade of the genial element.

"Do make room, Dorothy! Eliza Jane and I are shivering." said Kate Hewerdine

"I can't get up yet, indeed I can't! I'm the chilliest mortal that ever breathed. Very selfish, am I not? Well, it's my nature, and mamma spoiled me when I was a child."

"You might certainly have improved by another kind of discipline," replied Kate, taking my riding-waip and chastising with considerable severity an imaginary culprit in the air.

Dorothea had given me another problem to work. I was musing over it in the garden; for the rain had ceased, and the evening sky, quickened with windy light, had tempted me out of doors. While pacing to and fro in reverie, a tall figure confronted me at a turn in the walk. It was Kate: she neither advanced nor turned aside. She was not a repulsive apparition this tall stately Kate, with her calm self-possessed look, her shawl half slipping from her shoulders, and the ribbons of her garden-hat floating in the wind like the eneigns of her careless beauty. She had hitherto deigned me only the most cursory notice. I was surprised, therefore, when she accosted me in a tone which, though abrupt, was earnest.

you?"

It was a flattering question, and it piqued me.

"The obstacles," I replied, "must be unsurmountable, but they are not of my making. I'm a victim, cousin, not a culprit."

"You are the latter for using such roundabout phraseology. Now let me take your arm, and tell you of your faults.'

"An agreeable invitation," I thought; but her past indifference and present blur tness excited a strange kind of interest.

"Cousin," she pursued, "if you don't stop in time you'll become that worst of horrors-an effeminate manikin. You like flattery; you talk in the cut-and-dry style of old romances, or quote poetry; you sit a night through moody and absorbed, and at last take up your bedchamber candle with a sigh.'

"Thank you; I fear I'm incurable."

"No; in that case I shouldn't have taken the trouble to talk to you. A flash of spirit breaks out now and then, which proves that you might be reclaimed. But you must work hard."

"And for what inducement, fair cousin?"

"In the first place, to improve yourself; in the second, to secure my good opinion.'

"But suppose I should be so lost as to live on comfortably under the affliction of your censure?"

"That's rude and satirical," she rejoined; "but it's a decided advance. I would rather see you discourteous than lackadaisical. There," she continued, "I can spare you no more good counsel for the present;" and with a slight laugh she withdrew her arm, and returned to the house.

She had managed to wound my vanity; and in spite of my pretended indifference, the desire to raise myself in her eyes grew into a powerful motive. I gradually became ashamed of replying to Dorothea's sentimental telegraphs. In the house I exerted myself to talk. Out of doors I proposed boating-excursions on the lake, and blistered my hands with vigorous rowing, or leaped my horse over dikes and fences with reckless audacity.

"Cousin Alfred, you are improving; I beg your pardon for having undervalued you," said Kate softly.

Praise from her, and in such a tone, was so new to me, that I blushed with pleasure.

After a while the praise grew scantier; then it ceased. She met me with reserve—almost shyness. I feared that I was again falling in her good opinion, and told her so.

"No, cousin," she whispered, "when we women really give our esteem, we find it hard to talk about it."

She averted her head as if she had said too much. Was this indeed the haughty Kate of a week since?

Laugh on, good reader. You are right in your guess that she fooled me, and you will think that so fickle a gentleman deserved it. Yet, if you had seen her imperious manner melt by degrees into tenderness and deference, if she had held out her hand to you with an air of sweet frankness, to withdraw it with still sweeter confusion when you pressed it-if, in a word, you had been in my place-but you were not, and cannot understand my excuses.

By this time, however, I had become enough of a diplomatist to keep my own secret. Thus my growing preference for Kate was unobserved by Eliza Jane, who still favored me with her smiling inanities. If Dorothy was more alive to my faithlessness, she never reproached me. Intellectual duels between herself and Kate became a sort of recognised institution in the household. With all my faults, however, I was not presumptuous, and never regarded myself as the cause of these hosti-

One evening, aunt Whimple came hurriedly into the drawingroom, and informed us that a boat belonging to a fisherman at H-had been lost in a brief but violent squall the day before. The owner himself and his eldest son had perished. Though my aunt spoke at such length, and with such rapidity as to confuse her tale, it was plain that her sympathy was excited, and I had never liked her so well as now. Eliza Jane, too, seemed really distressed; though when a question arose as to whether the ill-fated boat had been launched in the previous January or in February, she discussed that point with as much zeal and

"Cousin Alfred," she said, "why won't you let me like minuteness as if it were the chief one to be considered. Dorothea clasped her hands, and drew an imaginary picture of the sinking boat, which was even less to my taste than the puerilities of Eliza Jane. Kate was the first to say anything to the purpose. On learning that the fisherman had left a widow and two children, she proposed that we should get up a subscription for their relief.

"I have no doubt you will approve of this plan, cousin Alfred," she said ; "but I should like to be guided by you as to the best means of carrying it out. You know my purse and my exertions are both at your disposal."

"What, then, did she look up to me so much? I am afraid it would be hard to say whether her generosity or her confidence in myself went most to my heart.

The only dissentient from our scheme was Dorothea. She would certainly contribute her mite, she observed, if the rest did; but she had always thought that pecuniary help was the worst that could be given to the poor. It taught them to be dependent, and to relax their own efforts. Was there no way of getting the widow employment—as a laundress, for example? We were silent.

"I know what you are thinking," she resumed; "that cousin Dorothea is a mean, stingy, little curmudgeon.

There was silence still. In this case I believe it gave consent. The awkward pause was interrupted by the entrance of a servant with the evening letter-bag. There was a letter for me. I saw at a glance that it was from Ursula Nainby. The sight of her hand was a great pleasure to me, as from some hints dropped in my father's epistles I had felt anxious about her health. Reserving my full enjoyment until our circle should disperse for the night, I then broke Ursula's seal, and read as follows:

"You will wonder, dear Alfred, why you have not heard from sister Ursula since you left London. I would not let your father tell you before; but there is no harm in your knowing now that I have been what is called "scriously ill." I knew, if you had heard this at the time, you would have been troubled on account of your old friend and playmate. Now you will pass at once from the sentence that tells you of her illness to the next, that says she is well and brave again; and that will be almost as pleasant to you as the change itself was to her. And it is indeed a happy thing to recover, well worth all that one undergoes in sickness. The earth looks so bright and new, there is such sweetness in the air, such freshness in the flowers, that it seems as if one were born again into the world. And this is the least of the pleasure. I never knew till now how much I was to my dear father, or to your own tender parents, or to the poor people in the town, who would make believe that I had done them some great kindness as an excuse for showing theirs to me. And you remember my little pupil, Ellen Winslow, the attorney's daughter? You remember your little brown-eyed beauty of last year, whom you used to watch trundling her hoop down the garden, her bright wavy hair flowing down to her sash? Dear child, we are such friends! Nothing would keep her from the house while I was ill; and when forbidden to enter my room, she would sit by the hour on the stairs outside. I feel as if it were a delightful pain to be cared for so. What can one do in the world to be worthy of the love one meets with?

You know how often sister Ursula thought of you in those hours of sickness. Sometimes the thoughts were sad. What if you should come again, in the course of years, to the old place, and walk beneath the lilacs, or sit on the old green bench by the well, without your old playmate? She knew that would be a pain to you. Then she wondered whether old friends who go home before their companions can come to them unseen, and put sweet happy hopes into their minds,

But, thank God, that question need not be answered yet. We may still meet in our old haunts; for, however great and prosperous you may be, you will never forget your first home nor the dear past times. So, you see, I have pleasures to recall and pleasures to expect; and I shan't take the veil, and be a nun, spite of your pretty nickname, which I mean always to SISTER URSULA."

"Dear sister Ursula," I echoed. There was something of

pain and reproach as well as of tenderness in my thoughts. Had I done her wrong, then? I hoped not. But the reproach lingered. I walked to the open window of my chamber. The stars were shining in the serene blue night. I felt somehow as if I had no right to admire them, they were so immeasurably beyond me—like Ursula.

CHAPTER III.

WE had arranged to have a picnic at Freshwood Castle next day. I was hardly in good spirits when we set out; but the beauty of the scene, the preparations for our al-fresco feast, and, above all, the subtle flattery of Kate's confiding eyes, helped me to rally.

Never could the old castle have looked more picturesque. This holiday of ours seemed also a holiday of nature—one of those days when she ceases from her hard earnest work, when the winds dally rather than blow, and when the sun, knowing there is full time yet to ripen the springing blade, puts forth a subdued and capricious brightness, and feigns to mask himself with fleecy clouds. Merrily did he peep through old archways, and trip with steps of light up the zigzng stairs of stone, and flash through wide fissures in the walls, whence one caught glimpses of the sea gambolling with the lightest crests of foam.

The castle-walls, dressed in ivy from their base upwards, were sufficiently broad for a single person to walk upon, provided he had steady nerves. By the help of a projecting asn-tree and an occasional crevice, I soon gained their summit. My footing was not only somewhat insecure, but there were here and there rents in the masonry, over which it was decidedly hazardous to step. As I walked on I heard the voice of Kate in expostulation.

"Do be careful, Alfred. Look at the gap just before you. Come down, I beg ! "

I laughed, and prepared to spring across.

"Alfred," she exclaimed, "for my sake!"

But to show myself fearless in her eyes was my greatest incentive. I cleared the gap, triumphantly pursued my way on the wall, and skirted a projecting turret which hid me from her view. I continued till I had made the entire circuit of the building; then let myself down by a dilapidated arch, on the ledge of which I stood. I was examining the best means of further descent, when I heard the voices of my cousins. They had not been able to follow my windings, and were quite unaware that I was so near them. The descent was very difficult, and I was again obliged to halt. It was Eliza Jane's voice that I beard now. She seemed to be reading. When she paused there was an exclamation apparently of incredulity from Dorothea and Kate. I was compelled by my position to hear what they said.

"But here's the letter, with the American postmark on it," resumed Elizi Jane. "See, the stamp is not circular, like the London one, but oblong."

"Simpleton!" cried Kate with military sternness, "who would waste time upon the stamp of a letter when its news is so important?"

"Not so simple as she seems," remarked Dorothy tartly. "That air of trifling which permits her to make what advances she likes, and to retreat, if need be, on the plea of childishness, is capital diplomacy. I'm ashamed of you, Eliza Jane. You suspected it all along, and yet allowed me to—to be—that is, to run the risk of being—led away by my feelings; but I wasn't."

"No, my dear. I would insure your prudence against all risks from your heart at a very moderate premium."

"Thank you, Katherine Hewerdine. It becomes you to talk," retorted Dorothea. "You couldn't fail on your arrival here to see where his bias lay; the ground was pre-occupied, but you didn't scruple to invade it. Well, it's a fine prize that you've captured. I didn't think it worth retaining; you're very welcome to it, cousin Kate."

"Your similes are incoherent, Miss Wallis," replied Kate, "and your accusations absurd. You know well that I never flattered him, but told him frankly of his faults."

"Yes, at first, just to stimulate him, and to make your recent demonstrations more telling by contrasts."

"Demonstrations! My dear love, you are really exposing your own tactics too freely. No, I'm not at all angry. There's a time of life, I admit, when a woman who will be married, coûte qui coûte, has neither an hour to spare nor a ruse to throw away."

Here Eliza Jane interfered as pacificator. Mamma, she said, had told her that matrimony was now out of the question.

"Of course," echoed Kate and Dorothy simultaneously.

"Then, why should we quarrel?" pursued Eliza Jane. "As mamma says, girls must be prudent, and not let their chances escape; but for my part, I always thought cousin Alfred too much in the clouds."

"Clouds indeed!" exclaimed Dorothy. He hasn't a particle of fancy. He takes metaphors au pied de la lettre, and works as hard at a compliment as if it were a sum in arithmetic."

"He has seen nothing of life," interposed Kate; "but there's the making of a very tolerable man in him, if he were well taken in hand."

Dorothea laughed sardonically.

"I advise you to undertake the task; you're particularly well qualified for taming savages."

"Let me tell you, Dorothea," replied Kate, in a cold measured tone, "there's more hope of a savage like cousin Alfred than of some more civilized products. He's vain, I grant, but good-natured; sentimental but not insincere; often ridiculous from want of savoir faire, but never despicable from want of heart. How much more respectable, after all, than many persons who have had greater advantages! You know the class I mean, love; interested and avaricious to the core, but all warmth and candor on the surface; people who, by an artificial system, can force smiles as gardeners force winter flowers—who, by a private method of hydraulics, can convert ice into tears at a moment's notice—whose worldliness never lets them be led away by one genuine feeling, but whose vanity makes them as absurd as if they were the slaves of impulse."

Such, or to such purport, were the words which cousin Kate addressed to cousin Dorothy. The latter, I think, winced a little, for her rejoinder was not immediate. At lest she said, "You would have succeeded on the stage, dear."

"I can speak the more freely upon this matter," Kate resumed conversationally, "because it's plain I can have no interest except that of a cousin in poor Alfred. I hope he'll meet with some excellent young person in his own sphere of life; and if so, rely upon it, he'll prove a creditable husband. But where is he all this time?"

They moved away, I suppose in quest of me. It was a blessing that they went. Think, reader, how young I was; that the whole edifice which faith builds and fancy adorns had crumbled at a sound; that I stood amidst ruins far more melancholy than the gray walls around me; and do not despise me because I wept. They were scalding bitter tears. The Eden of youth had lost its charm; I had eaten of the tree of knowledge.

I had seen frivolities in Eliza Jane, and little selfishnesses in Dorothea; but I had never doubted that both were true at heart, and above all, that I was an object of regard to them. Kate had been my latest, and perhaps my dearest idol; and yet from some cruel caprice even she had joined the rest to delude me. She had agreed at once that marriage with cousin Alfred was out of the question, and even in defending me had shown a pity akin to contempt.

I felt the necessity for an effort, hastily dried my eyes, and spoke to myself aloud, till I found that my choking voice had been subdued to calmness. The fear of betraying my real emotions led me to feign opposite ones. I distributed the plates at the picnic with such alacrity, fired the champagne-corks with such spirit, was so gallant in my attentions, and so audacious, if not brilliant, in my puns, that I astonished Alfred Morris himself no less than his cousins.

There was a change, decided though not perhaps intentional, in the behavior of my companions. True, they applauded my mots at first, and scanned me with a look of wonder, as if my good spirits were unaccountable. But when our repast was ended, Dorothe's complained of the heat, yawned undisguisedly, and after making a pillow of the carriage-cushions, went to

sleep under an elm tree. Eliza Jane adroitly avoided my sallies, and was soon in her element, describing to Kate the castle in sugar-candy at the confectioner's; from which topic she naturally branched to the professor of magic, detailing, as usual, the number of his rings, and specifying the fingers which they adorned. Kate roused herself every now and then to encourage me; but I understood plainly the listless good-nature of her manner. "Poor fellow," it seemed to say, "I may as well be kind to him; 'tis but for a day or two."

As for aunt Whimple, she was, contrary to her wont, grave and silent. Her chief occupation was to saunter round the enclosure, and to appear before us at regular intervals, like the punctual and proper sentinel she was.

It was twilight when we reached Whimple House. How well I remember my aunt touching me on the shoulder as I leaned moodily by the hall-door! She motioned me to follow her, and we entered a room, dusky, not only with the shades of evening, but with those of the broad sycamore by the window.

I have sometimes thought that aunt Whimple chose this obscurity that I might not read her face. She began rather slowly with a general homily upon the fluctuation of human affairs; but finding her vein of divinity flow easily, soon became as rapid as she was shallow. "And now, my dear Alfred," she continued by way of improvement, "you ought really to be thankful that you have never been brought up with any great expectations. I see quite a Providence in it. You will bear your reverses so much better; for I am bound to be frank with you, Alfred, and to tell you that you have a serious disappointment before you. Indeed, it was a positive shock to me when I heard it; though no doubt everything that happens is for the best, and you will of course see that it is your duty to be resigned."

Thinking that she alluded to the coquerry of my cousins, and wished to warn me against indulging delusive hopes, I answered proudly, that whatever might have been the state of my feelings, I was fully able to control them when I perceived that they had not been reciprocated.

"Very right, my dear Alfred," she said; "and I quite agree that it would be well for you to return home as soon as possible, and to banish from your mind any impressions that dear Eliza Jane may undesignedly have made, But it was not of my beloved child that I wished to speak. I am sorry to say that I have had news from America, which I fear must be considered fatal to your prospects."

Here my trio of cousins entered, and Mrs. Whimple addressed

"Pray go on," I said.

"Then you must know that since the death of your uncle, George Morris, it has been discovered that his affairs, and those of his partners, have been seriously involved; and that, instead of the ample fortune which you were to inherit, the property of the firm is scarcely sufficient to meet its liabilities."

"And how did you learn this news?" I asked calmly.

"By a letter which I received this morning from New York. It enters into the matter so minutely as to leave no doubt that my information is correct."

"I cannot express my obligations, madam, for the extraordinary interest which you have taken in my affairs. I had no idea that you had made them the subject of such particular inquiry." Here I funcied that aunt Whimple especially congratulated herself that we were talking in the twilight. "It will doubtless be most satisfactory to you," I continued, "to learn that your news does not refer to my late uncle, but to another George Morris, who died recently in New York. My uncle traded singly. The George Morris spoken of in your letter was the head of a firm, and in no way connected with my relative."

"Is it possible? are you certain of this?"

"Perfectly certain. My American agent, in forwarding me remittances, advised me of the news you have communicated, that I might be under no uneasiness from any reports as to the affairs of George Morris and Co., a house which, as I have already said, was quite distinct from my uncle's."

A deep hush followed this announcement. I was reminded

of the ominous calm that heralds the first plash of the big raindrops; and it was not Dorothea's fault if for once her hydraulic system failed, and the *grandes eaux* of her sympathies would not play.

She did all that was possible under the circumstances. She uttered a giggle that would once have passed with me for an approach to genuine hysterics. She pressed my hand with an ardor that I should once have thought unfeigned. Then she excused herself for this freedom. She was such a creature of impulse: it was a great fault, but she would never mend of it now; and if I would think ill of her for forgetting herself in my happiness, why, she must bear it.

Let me pass over the congratulations of aunt Whimple, and the renewed amiability of Eliza Jane. I must say, however, in justice to Kate, that pride, or perhaps a better motive, withheld her from recurring to the arts by which she had before flattered and captivated me

On the whole, the revelation of that night was bitter enough. To have believed myself the victim of caprice, would have been more tolerable than the conviction that both the favor and neglect I had experienced were due solely to the assumed state of my fortunes. Was it come to this? Was I, then, after all, a mere bank, in which deposits might be invested or withdrawn according to the quotations of the market? For at least forty-eight hours I was a confirmed misanthropist. I believed all that had ever been alleged as to human sordidness and insincerity. The bitter maxims of every cynic whom I had read came back to me, and received my emphatic subscription. I thought of my Juliet of Covent Garden, and felt sure that she was old and wrinkled. The world itself seemed to me a theatre with "pay here" conspicuous at the entrance, and within the walis fiction for reality and gaslight for the sun.

An irresistible yearning for home seized upon me. In the morning, to the astonishment, perhaps to the chagrin of my aunt, I made my adieux. Finding that my resolution was fixed, she chatted on to the last in her pleasant empty way, expressed a hope that we should soon meet again, and charged me with as many messages to my parents as would have filled a sheet of foolscap. Eliza Jane, too, simpered the most gracious of farewells. Dorothea presented me with a silver-gilt pencil-case, which was the more disinterested, as she had a presentiment that I should immediately forget her. Kate was cold and silent; but there was something like cordiality in the pressure of her hand at parting.

Whirl, whirl, whirl! I was in London. I drove straight from London Bridge to Euston Square. Whirl, whirl, whirl, again! and by the night of that day I had passed through the midland shires, and was speeding rapidly to the north. Worn in mind and body, I halted at York to sleep. At seven o'clock next day the train stopped at the well-known station from which a coach plied to my native town. It was early June, and the weather was delicious—warm but breezy. I sent on my luggage by the coach, and determined to walk the six miles' distance to my home.

I had not been absent more than a few weeks, yet it seemed to me as if that interval were a bridge between two lives. The features of the scene through which I passed touched me with the pathos felt by the old in the haunts which they revisit. The permanence of outward things affected me with the sense of change in myself. I had known them in a former day. Life had gained for me the mournful dignity of history.

My road, though on the whole bold and rugged, was not wanting in variety. At times the abrupt naked hills bore in their laps wooded dells smiling with white-walled cottages, lanes fragrant with banks of thyme and hedges of honeysuckle, and merry with the brawl of brook or gully. In one green lane at the end of a tiny hamlet the blacksmith was startling errant poultry with the clang of his hammer; and the principal chanticleer, having achieved a safe distance, was uttering his dehance with the shrillest iteration. Ursula and I, when children, had often strolled as far as this lane, and watched the stalwart blacksmith with admiring awe. In our eyes he took a grandeur from the element with which he worked. He was a veritable fire-king, to be propitiated with all dues of respect. As a matter of policy we had always addressed him as Micter Watkins.

I sighed to think that I no longer feared him, and dared call him plain Watkins now. And very unfeeling I thought it that Watkins should continue to blow his bellows and smite upon his anvil now my heart was out of tune. "It would be just the same," I said to myself, "he would blow just as lustily and strike as hard if that light-haired child, who toddles into the road from the thresheld of the cottage opposite, were to die tomorrow." And so from the child and honest Watkins, in my morbid reverie, I drew symbols of the frailty of hope and the heartlessness of the world.

Musing on change and death, my thoughts went back to Ursula. What, I asked myself, if, in her late illness, the fatal hand had beckoned her, and she had been taken from our eyes? I shuddered as I felt how different life would have been to me without my playmate; and recalling her artless kindness, and the unvaried course of father's love and mother's love, a better mood came over me, and my heart swelled with gratitude. At length from a turning of the road the old church-tower was visible. Ruised on a gentle slope, it seemed to watch tenderly over the little town that nestled at its foot. On the outskirts, cottage after cottage peered peacefully through its fringe of fragrant elder-brake in the evening light. Approaching one of these cottages, I heard a tremulous voice, which I recognised at once as that of Mary Gleadail.

A venerable woman was Mary, who had seen her children's children to the third and fourth generation. Her mind was still active, but the infirmities of age held her a prisoner by her own threshold. She had probably this evening been fore-travelling in thought the solemn way which lay before her. She was talking of the sore fight between Christian and Apollyon in the Valley of Humiliation, so I divined at once that Bunyan's Pilgrim was her theme; and she was carnestly thanking some one who had been "eyes to the blind" in reading to her the conflict and the triumph of Christian. "Good night," she said; and the benediction was returned in tones which at once arrested me. In a minute the gate opened, and a slight graceful figure emerged from the shadow, and began leisurely to descend the hill.

O vision both familiar and strange! I knew Ursula at a glance, yet there was a sense in which I now saw her for the first time. As she wended home before me in her straw hat and light summer garment, I saw as it were the spirit of my own youth. She was changed nevertheless. In the words that fell from her I had discerned a graver sweetness than that of old. Her step had lost something of its elasticity, but there was a gentle dignity in her movements which accorded well with her low soft utterance. Fearful of startling her, I followed at a distance, and was almost resolved to let her reach home before me. But this was not to be. She turned suddenly, and our eyes met. She stood for a moment as if spell-bound; then tottered towards me with a cry.

"Ursula, my own Ursula!" I exclaimed, rushing forward and supporting her. Then I reproached myself aloud and bitterly for my indiscretion.

"No need," she said, rallying herself, "no need, dear Alfred; a shock of joy will not harm me. But this is indeed a surprise."

Then she took my arm quietly, and said in her accustomed manner, "Now begin at the beginning, and tell sister Ursula how all this happened."

Captious being that I was, the alarm of a minute before gave way to a feeling of disappointment at her self-possession. She insisted upon knowing the cause of my return. It was not illness, she said; for I was on foot, and there was a healthy tinge of bronze on my face. I spoke of her own recent illness. She we grave for a minute, then dropped again into her tone of calm cheerfulness. I must have been an atrocious egotist—I was deeply mortified that she was no longer agitated. We met more than one acquaintance, whose greetings of wonder I had to return. On these occasions Ursula joined in the talk with the same equable voice and pleasant smile. I had much ado myself to keep down wild fluttering emotions. Not so she. "One would suppose she was in the habit of meeting with lost friends every day," I thought rather bitterly.

When we were again alone, this feeling of mine got vent.

"You must be quite recovered now, dear Ursula," I said: "you bear the surprise of our sudden encounter admirably."

She looked earnestly in my face, "You are not displeased with sister Ursula?"

- "Displeased, love! I was congratulating you."
- "On what?"
- "On your happy even disposition. An impulsive and excitable temper—like mine, for instance—might have suffered more from so sudden a visitation. I do not mean, however, to praise you too much by the comparison. In my case there might have been more at stake."
 - "More at stake!" she echoed in a murmur.
- "Yes; with me affection is intense and overmastering. It rushes back to old associations like an impetuous tide. With you——" I paused.
 - "Go on. With me?"
- "With you, dear, affection is a calm inland lake. It reflects tranquilly all the objects on its margin; but if they pass away—"
 - "Yes; then?
- "Why then naturally their images pass away too. The lake reflects heaven, and is tranquil still."

She did not reply. The arm that lay in mine stirred tremulously: I sought her face; but her head was bent down. "O, forgive me, Ursula!" I cried; "forgive me this mean selfish injustice."

She uttered neither pardon nor reproach; but she raised her face, and, spite of every effort, the tears rolled down. I know not whether I was more stung by the sense of my own littleness, or thrilled with the proof of her affection. I could only repeat, "Ursula, forgive me."

We were now in the narrow lane that led to my father's house. At length she asked, "And was it not my duty, Alfred, to be calm and cheerful?"

- "Say your nature, not your duty, dear Ursula," I answered.
 "My duty," she repeated. "Ah, do not think it needed no effort. It was not a light sorrow to lose my dear companion of childhood, not a light joy to meet him thus again; but——"
 - "Yes-yes?"
- "When that generous trusting companion went from us, ought I not to have been grateful to Providence that lent him to me" (she corrected herself)—"to all of us—so long? Ought I not, for his sake, to have tried to be worthy of his friendship—not to repine, but to keep my mind hopeful and stedfast to all life's uses, that when I thought of him I might say, he would not be ashamed of me; that when I prayed for him, I might remember the prayers of a submissive heart are those which Heaven accepts?"

I relate all that she said, even her praise of myself, that my readers may see how I stood in the rays of her own pure spirit, and took from them a glory which she thought was my own.

Already we were near the garden gate. The young crescent of the moon seemed to rest on the summit of the church tower, shedding a tender gleam on its front, while the sides were clothed in soft shadows. A gentle air watted the breath of roses to us from the garden wall. In the deep hush I folded my darling to my heart. Around us were the pathos of death, the beauty of earth, the emblem of immortality.

"And it cost my Ursula." I whispered, "a pung when we parted?" The hand that I clasped returned the pressure of mine. "Would it be to her half the joy that I should feel, might I think that we should henceforth walk the path of life side by side—that she would lean upon me all the way of our common travel?"

" Alfred!"

The tone in which she spoke was enough.

What need to tell of the joyful welcome I met from my parents, or how Ursula's father was sent for to supper, or how we sat at the board smiling, but often silent—too happy to be merry?

You should have seen the glistening light in my mother's eyes, the warm grasp of my father's hand, when I said to them next morning, "I want you to have two children now I want to give you Ursula for your daughter."

Two months after she became such. Ah, how different was

the love I bore my dear wife—the love of the soul, the love of faith and heart-repose—from the dreamy fancy and transient passion born of flattered vanity and mere outside beauty! It was long before I could recur to the episode of aunt Whimple and my cousins without a feeling of bitterness. At such times Ursula, who knew all, would defend them.

"They were all self-seekers," I used to say.

"But you know, love, so many women are brought up to think fortune the first consideration in marriage."

"A mercenary creed."

"Yes; but few minds are strong enough to feel their own way to right when they have been perverted by false training. A woman who has been reared on a bad system on some points is not necessarily a bad woman. I can fancy now that your Eliza Jane, spite of some self-interest to start with, may become an attached wife and good mother after all. Many natures are like creepers—without power to choose their support, yet they cling kindly in time to the nearest prop by the force of custom."

"And Dorothea?"

"With her, perhaps, what was affectation in the end may have been reality at first. The spring-time of her life had passed away, and she had found no one to love or guide her. We may forgive many little seffishnesses, and even insincerities, to the unhappy."

"Go on, madam. And pray what have you to say of Kate?"

"As to Kate, I really think she only just fell short of being a brave, true-hearted woman. With your leave, we'll have her on a visit next year."

"A very suitable companion for my little sophist, who has so many apologies for worldly-minded people."

"Who wishes to make allowances for them, sir; but who is too happy to have any excuse for being like them."

And thus she, who had dispersed the blindness that once hid herself from me, now taught me to look with a just vision upon the errors of others, and a second time opened my eyes

A STORY ABOUT A DOG.

CHARLES NODIER, that eccentric and exquisite writer, went so far in his admiration of the canine race as to say—what consoled him for the short life of a dog was the certainty of meeting with him in the next world. This is a paradox; but certainly the intelligence of this animal is at times superhuman, and those who read the following fact, recorded exactly as it happened, will find it but add, we are sure, to their just admiration of this noble animal.

It was in the pleasant town of Nice, which lies so lazily at the foot of the Apennines, while bathing its feet in the warm water of the Gulf of Provence, that in the year 1846 there lived a dog and his master.

The dog's name was Leloup, and he was four years old. He belonged to that powerful race with which the Greenlanders hunt seals and white bears in the Polar regions.

The master's name was Fayolle. He was young, handsome and of excellent character, and lived quietly in company with Leloup, upon the income of a small property and the profits of a place in the *intendance* of the province.

There was a warm friendship existing between the two, and this is how it had come about.

The first owner of the dog, the master of a vessel, died in the port of Nice. The mate who took his place, detesting the animal, ordered it to be drowned. Luckily for Leloup, the sailor who received the instruction, not finding it in his heart to kill the animal, sent it on shore.

The vessel sailed, and the dog became a wanderer about the streets of Nice. By accident he met with Fayolle, who had just left his father. Some strange instinct induced the dog to follow him home. The man at once took to the animal.

Thanks to the master's care and affection, the dog soon became a superb specimen of his race. His strength and beauty delighted all who saw him, while his intelligence was almost superhuman.

The dog became the delight of Fayolle's home, his companion, his friend. Their affection was mutual. Fayolle had no friend he preferred to Leloup. The dog's love was not doubtful.

But there is no complete felicity here below.

Three years passed—three years, during which Fayolle would have sworn that Leloup had not a fault. Unfortunately, he in reality possessed two terrible vices; he was madly fond of raw fish; and he hated the cassock of the priest, why or wherefore nobody could ever tell.

It so happened that Leloup, who spent a large portion of his time wandering about the streets of Nice, became so inveterate in his love of fish, that not a dealer in the article escaped, while scarcely a day passed without his biting a piece out of the cassock of some unfortunate priest. Now, Nice is celebrated for its fish market, of which Leloup soon became the scourge.

The dog was in the habit of following his master every day to his office, at the door of which they parted; the master telling the dog to go home quietly. Away flew the dog as if to obey, but when round the first corner, off he was to the fish market. Once upon the scene of action, the cunning animal examined the stalls, selected his prey, and slily making his capture, at another time boldly scizing it, and disappearing like magic, he regularly every day made off with the finest fish in the market. He then retired into a corner and consumed his prey. This done he went home, and if on the road he could only tear a priest's gown, he was supremely happy.

The victims of the piratical Leloup took some time to find out his profound calculations. He never attacked the same stall twice running. In the bustle of business his thefts often wholly escaped notice. But at the last one or two very audacious acts attracted attention, and the whole fish market was at once banded against him.

But Leloup at once saw through their designs. Public opinion was manifested too loudly for him not to understand its meaning. He was on his guard—he changed his hours stopped away a day, and then crawled in behind a group of buyers, ran between them, and despite sticks and stones, still contrived to get the finest fish in the market.

"Wolf! wolf!" would cry a fishwoman, and, before any one could prevent it, a great shaggy head would be seen on the stall, and a turbot, or sturgeon, or salmon would vanish.

"Thief! thief!" repeated her fellow sufferers.

But ere the words had passed their lips, dog and fish had vanished.

They tried to poison him. The dog was not to be caught, and the rage of the honorable corporation knew no bounds.

The numerous and powerful clergy of Nice began also to complain. The sum total of gowns torn, of cloaks torn off backs, of calves bitten, became at last formidable; scarcely a priest had escaped.

It was impossible to be borne, and a league was formed against the animal and his very innocent master, who certainly had heard certain vague rumors as to the malpractices of his favorite, but who cordially believed them to be the offspring of malevolence. Suddenly, however, he was summoned before the commissary of police.

Now, Fayolle had never had any difference with anybody. In politics he was, of course, of the same opinion as his superiors—an essential requisite in France. He knew of no enemies. He was, therefore, exceedingly surprised as the summons, which, however, he hastened to obey. The agent of justice received him in a very cool manner.

"Sir," he said, "you are the owner of a very dangerous animal, about which I receive complaints daily. I am, at all events, surprised you should leave him to follow his ferocious instincts freely. This state of things has lasted too long. I wished to save you all personal disagreeables, but I give you until this evening to kill the animal. After that I shall know what to do."

"A dangerous animal! I kill my dog!" cried Fayolle, reddening with emotion; "what does all this mean?"

The head of the police saw that the young man was really in happy ignorance of the dog's misdeeds. In a gentler tone, therefore, he began a narrative of facts, which Fayolle listened to with stupefaction. He heard half of them with stubborn incredulity. Suddenly a loud clamor was heard without. A group of exasperated people cried for instant vengeance; here a fishwoman complained of a fine turbot having just been stolen—a

turbot destined for the governor's table; then the arch-diacre of St. Marie Nouvelle told how his frock had been torn to ribands and his leg bit; there stood a police-constable, who had interfered, and who bore the severe marks of a fray. All accused Leloup, and asked for the head of the guilty animal.

All this was unanswerable. Fayolle saw that defence was useless. He solemnly assured them it should not happen again, and left the office. What was he going to do? Kill the dog? He never even thought it possible; while to chain the poor animal up was equally inadmissible; he would certainly mope to death. In his despair, he thought of leaving Nice—of retiring to some distant spot where there were no fishwomen and no priests. But his heart failed him. He had never been farther than Villefranche; his life was linked with the small spot of earth he called his own; those dear to him were buried there, while every association and habit made Nice indispensable.

When he reached his little country-house, he had not made up his mind.

There lay Leloup in the warm sun before the door. He was digesting his turbot. He bounded joyously to meet his master; but noticing at once the agitation of his manner, his joy ceased, and he followed him to his room, his tail hanging between his legs, with an uneasy and watchful glance.

"Well, Leloup," cried Fayolle, "it is no use scolding, but we must part. How we shall live separated I don't know; and what I am to do with you I cannot say."

With a sad and tearful expression he looked at the affectionate animal, which laid its great head upon his knee, and looked keenly up in his face.

When his master was silent he raised his paws, stood on his hind legs, and embraced him; he then began to bark furiously, checking himself only to lick away the tears which Fayolle could not restrain. The deep sorrow, contrition and grier of the dog could not be doubted. It is certain the animal must have known what was passing in his master's mind.

While this scene was taking place between the master and the dog, the master of a vessel, an old friend, called to bid him adieu. He was returning to Nantes. He was astonished at the evident grief of the two friends, and inquired the cause. Fayolle told him in a few brief words.

"Well," said the captain, "there is but one way of getting out of it. You know that I am very fond of dogs, and especially of yours, which is a magnificent animal. Give him to me. I have a country-house at Paimbœuf—a country-house where he will be totally unable to follow his peculiar instincts; and where, during my absence, he can guard the wife and little ones. I start this evening. It will be impossible for Leloup, after a sea voyage of seven hundred leagues, to find his way. He shall have every care and attention; and every passage I will tell you all about him. Come, can you think of anything better?"

"I accept your offer with all my heart," said Fayolle. "I feel like a reprieved malefactor, for had they come here to kill him, I am not at all sure of what might not have happened."

"Come along, then, at once," continued the captain, "and dine on board."

Away they started, and Leloup after them, expecting it was a fishing excursion.

After dinner, the captain went on deck to weigh anchor. Fayolle remained behind, and after several hearty caresses, said to the dog:

"Lie down-I will be back directly."

He then closed the door, shook hands with his friend, leaped into his boat, and watched with aching heart the vessel as it got under weigh.

Fayolle had never deceived Leloup. When told to lie down the dog had quietly obeyed. Suddenly he felt the motion of the ship. He rose uneasily, and barked loudly to summon his master. No one came. He turned angrily round the cabin, smelt every aperture, and at last, as if convinced that Fayolle was gone, flew at the door and began to tear it with his teeth. But the wood was both thick and hard, and when he had torn a hole open, through which he could pass, and rushed with bleeding mouth on deck, night had come—the land was no longer in sight.

The dog gave one long look, and then, as if convinced of the folly of resistance, became quite calm, and even obeyed an order to go below and sleep.

Next day Leloup appeared in excellent humor. He encouraged the advances of the captain, played with the equipage, and eat with avidity the fish which was purposely selected for him. He did the same every day, took his siestas and became evidently fatter. The captain was actually disgusted at the dog's indifference, comparing it as he did with the sufferings of Fayolle. Little did the dog care for his disgust. He had his plans

After a pleasant journey the vessel arrived in sight of Paimbouf. A tug took it in charge, and they entered the Loire. Leloup watched the manœuvre. He smelt the land and grew very excited. A little above St. Nizaire, he saw that everybody was busy, and seized the opportunity. He leaped overboard and quietly gained the shore.

At Nantes the dog was inquired for, but no dog was found. After some inquiries, a general opinion prevailed that the dog had fallen overboard and had been drowned. The captain, grieved and disappointed, knew not what to do. He dared not write to Fayolle, who thus remained in total ignorance of the accident.

Meanwhile, he counted the days, impatient as he was for news, but no news came. The Nantais captain was ashamed to write.

One morning, a little after six, he lay in bed, thinking over this singular absence of mind on the part of his friend, when his attention was attracted by groans outside his door. He turned round and endeavored to sleep, but the noise continued. The groans grew fainter and fainter, and were succeeded by a slight scratching noise, which made the young man's blood run cold.

"Pécaire!" he cried, "it is a dog scratching just like Leloup."

With a beating heart he rushed to the door.

It was Leloup! but Leloup gaunt, worn, dying, nothing living about him but his two great speaking eyes sunk in the hollow orbits. The man shricked, the dog whined, and lay senseless at his feet. The master raised him up, and laid him on the bed. His feet were four wounds—his claws were worn away.

The dog had crossed the whole interior of France, the whole south, had travelled from Nantes to Nice to find his master. He must have made many mistakes, for his wanderings had taken him a month.

How he had done it, how he had lived, how he had found his way, Heaven only knows.

With every care and attention, with the utmost devotion on the part of the master, it took three months to restore the dog's health. Fayolle then resigned his post, and selecting a little seaport where there was no fish market, and above all, no frocked priests, has now a very prosperous business, and where Leloup may now be seen as happy and as well as ever.

FOUND HIS MATCH.—We saw a good thing the other day. In the Court of Quarter Sessions a petty case was being tried. A well-known criminal lawyer, who prides himself upon his skill in cross-examining a witness, had an odd-locking genius upon whom to operate. The witness was a shoemaker.

- "You say, sir, that the prisoner is a thief?"
- "Yes, sir; cause why, she confessed it."
- "And you also swear she bound shoes for you subsequent to the confession?"
 - "I do, sir."
- "Then"—giving a sagacious look to the court—"we are to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you, even after their rascalities are known?"
- "Of course; how else could I get assistance from a lawyer?"
 The counsel said, "Stand aside," and in a tone which showed that if he had the witness's head in a bark mill little mercy might have been expected. The judge nearly choked himself in a futile endeavor to make the spectators believe that a laugh was nothing but a hiccough, while the witness stepped off. Not much made out of that witness!

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS.

THE new house next door to us was at last finished, and, with the curiosity natural to the inhabitants of a country village, we eagerly watched for the arrival of its occupants. At length our curiosity was relieved by the arrival of a travelling carriage, upon the appearance of which a number of little heads popped out of the window for the purpose of ascertaining if there were any playfellows among the new comers. And, notwithstanding the remark, "O fie! children, how can you do so?" several old heads appeared over the younger ones, impatient to obtain a peep at the arrivals. First alighted from the carriage a portly, elderly lady enveloped in furs; then a dapper little man, whose face was so covered with superfluous hair, that it seemed as if the eyes, nose, and mouth had been inserted upon an afterthought. He was followed by several children, two servants, boxes, bundles, bandboxes, &c.; and still we gazed, and still the wonder grew, that one earthly travelling carriage could carry all it did (pardon, immortal shade of Goldsmith). The H.'s had not been established in their new home a fortnight, before we discovered that they belonged to the most inveterate class of borrowers, and we were destined to become acquainted with this fact to its fullest extent.

Mrs. H. determined to give a grand house-warming party, and commenced operations accordingly. For some time before the expected event, the servants were making continual journeys to and fro with anything and everything that Mrs. H. could possibly press into service, from a saucepan to a silver salver, and at last Mrs. H. herself called on us. After gazing around the room, with fear and trembling, I saw her eyes alight upon a beautiful basket of flowers, the parting gift of a cherished friend.

"Ah!" said Mrs. II., pouncing upon them as does a hawk upon its prey, "the very things I want; flowers are such an ornament to a room. You will lend me these just for to-night, that's a dear? They shall certainly be sent back in the morning."

Wishing to gain a short respite in which to bid my friend's gift good-bye, I remarked, I would send them in by a servant.

"Never mind," returned Mrs. H., nonchalantly, "I'll take them myself. Servants so careless, might forget, you know.



THE SNOW FLURRY-GEO. H. HALL.

Send them in to-morrow. Good morning, love." And, grasping my basket of flowers triumphantly, the lady sailed out of the house.

That evening I looked in vain through the rooms for my much-loved flowers, but discovered some that very much resembled them gleaming amidst the dark hair of our hostess. About two weeks afterwards, the borrowed articles were returned, but in such a condition—china services minus several plates; and dishes and glassware, cracked and broken; while several silver forks, spoons, &c., were non est.

One day, Ann, an invaluable servant, made her appearance up stairs, and indignantly remarked, much to our consternation—"She couldn't stand it any longer, that she couldn't fit them folks next door was to be a-continually a-borrowin' of her kitchen things, she'd take her traps and march;" adding, "If all the furnitur' that belonged to the H.'s was to walk to them it belonged to, she didn't think there would be much left."

Not long after this little episode, the borrowing mania extended to Mr. H. to such a degree, that he accidentally borrowed another gentleman's name, and affixed it to a slip of paper, for which act of forgetfulness he was confined to a room of somewhat smaller dimensions than the one to which he had been accustomed. After this, the H.'s moved away into the country, and, though pitying their misfortune, we cound not help rejoicing at our deliverance.

The next tenants that "moved in," consisted of Mrs. Savall, commonly called Widow Savall, and her three children. Never did a name and nature more completely correspond. Everything about the lady was of the scantiest possible dimensions, even to the skirt of her dress, which was so excessively narrow that she could scarcely step in it. Her children were so small and puny that it pained one to look at them, while their large hungry-looking eyes seemed continually roving around in search of something to devour. Once we were invited to tea by this lady, upon which occasion we sat down to a table where everything was served up in such homocopathic quantities, that it might easily be imagined that we were sitting down to a meal where samples were first given us to taste, as premonitory symptoms of the various dishes that would shortly follow. The slices, or rather shavings of bread, were of such miraculous thinness, we wondered where the knife had been procured with which to perform the operation of cutting them; the spongecakes might have been mistaken for square pieces of dried cork; the preserves were mouldy with long keeping, and all the other edibles in proportion. The contents of our pantry were considerably diminished upon our return home, I can assure you. At length, however, Widow Sayall declared that living was so dear she couldn't "save up nothin," and so took her departure, as was our firm belief, in search of some Utopian country where the inhabitants might exist upon the little end of nothing.

Our next neighbors consisted, for the most part, of two babies. Babies, did I say? they were juvenile fiends. From the moment they crossed the threshold of "next door," our peace was at an end. Morning, noon, and night, did their screams reverberate through the neighborhood. No sooner did one cease than the other took up the strain, and continued with trills, shakes and variations, known and capable of execution by the baby fraternity only. These twain were infant Molochs, upon whose altars were sacrificed our peace, our comfort, ou happiness. Did we seek to drown the uproar with music, shrill and clear above the notes of the piano arose their shricks. Nor was this the worst. The force of example was such that every representative of babyhood in the neighborhood shricked and screamed in unison, until the air was rent with their infant clamor, and every bachelor in the vicinity summarily took his departure, leaving us wondering if Job had been afflicted with crying children whether his name would still have been a synonym for patience. When, after six months of tortures, the last scream of our infant persecutors died away in the distance, it was, without exaggeration, the happiest day of cur lives. The house next door is now "To let." Who its next occupant may be is still a subject of conjecture.



LOON LAKE, MORNING .- JAMES HART.

SHADOWS OF REAL LIFE.

BY HOLME LEE.

SHADOW THE FIRST.

Sweet Nellie has set her window wide
And looks out into the sun,
Where over the beach creeps the silver tide,
And shadows quiver, and flutter, and hide,
As it drowns them one by one.

Musical low o'er the golden glow Of the thirsty summer sands, With a gentle ebb and a gentle flow, Subtle and certain, fatal and slow, It strangles them in its bands.

Sweet Nellie is idle, but very fair, With the rosiest maiden blush: Eyes of the brightest, and golden hair Hanging in clusters soft and rare, And voice like the April thrush.

A pretty picture of girlish grace, Set in a frame of flowers, Is Nellie's blooming, beautiful face, Innocent, pure, with never a trace Of even sunshiny showers.

Far off on the blue of the evening sea, There's a strange sail whitely set; The wind blows fair o'er the grassy lea, Whispers aloft in each boary tree, And moans down the river's fret.

O Nellie, Nellie, go forth on the shore, Where the shadows are wash'd away; Let the sea flow over thee evermore, Bather than fancy should idly soar To that strange sail in the bay!

Sea-flowers gemm'd, and frosted, and pied, Should cover thee in thy grave | O Nellie! 'twould be a merc'ful tide That carried thee out on its bosom wide, And buried thee under the wave!

Mothers and Maidens then might mourn Thy life of a summer day— O Nellie! I see far off, forlorn, A vision of misery, sin, and scorn, And a helpless castaway!

Can it be thou, sweet winsome child, With eyes of such guileless light? That creature, hunted, harried, and wild, Bruised and broken, wounded, defiled— A thing to cast out of sight! Is there no wind in the hollow shore, Will fight for sweet Nelly to-day? No lion-tempest to wake and roar, And carry away for evermore, That strange sail from the bay?

No! Nellie, no! thy fate is full, Full to the honey'd brim! For, fair as the wing of a flying gull, That sail comes gliding white and full, And the sun on the shore is dim!

There are stealthy footsteps over the sand Creep oft to the garden gate; There's a voice in whispers, tender and bland, A noble face and guileful hand, But yet it is not too late!

Love-whispers minted in callous breast, Base coin for thy stainless youth! Stay, Nellie, stay in thy cottage nest! To him these yows are an idle jest, Which to thee are as Gospel truth.

Vain little heart, o'er-tempted and weak, Trembling 'tween love and fear— Too good for the prey of a passion-freak, Too light to be silent, to fly or break— Wilt thou cast thy anchor here?

O Nellie! pause! 'tis a shifting sand, With destruction dark and deep; There's a fearful eddy on either hand, Will carry thee far cut of sight of land, With a wild remorseless sweep!

Many a soul has gone down to death
Under that lurid sky?
Shrieking for help with a strangled breath,
Clutching at spars from the wrecks beneath,
Dying, unready to die!

O! Nellie, listen! though young and pure, Stern warnings will ever come— Some voice of God when sweet sins allure, Some dread of ill that is dark and dour— Our conscience is never dumb.

Think, Nellie, think; of thy mother's grave,
Under holy churchyard tree—
Of thy brothers twain 'neath the sad sea wave,
Of thy father honest, 'and tollsome, and brave—
He who has nothing but thee.

Shall he return to a lonely home, And call for his pet in vain? Every evening, "O, darling, come!" While echo answers, tho how art dumb, And wilt never reply again. O1 Nellie, dear, there's a shadow now On the dawn of thy parsion's day. That is not Peace on thy drooping brow, That is not Love in the lying vow, That is luring thee over the bay.

The tide is turning—the boat sails fast,
But after it follows a breath,
That means through the loudest and longest blast,
And will be heard since thy fate is cast—
"The Wages of Sin is Death!"

SHADOW THE SECOND.

O Nellie! gone is thy morning bloom, Poor primrese, 'midst tinsel glare! Brooding alone in this gaudy room, Longing for him who is slow to come, Who wearies to see thee there.

Not seldom he curses thy faded face, That hath lost its maiden glow; All stale to him is each winning grace; No music now in thy voice or pace, No beauty in thy pale brow.

There's trouble dark in thy sweet sad eyes, And a wild pang at thy heart. O Love! too lavish and too unwise, When the lover wearies of his prize, And hastens to depart!

Tears, though they were of heart's warm blood, Would fall on his heart in vain; Passion is pall'd, and his soul is r. de. And, Nellie, when last by thee he stood He mock'd at thy jealous pain.

O! sickening night: 1 O, lonely days, Uncheer'd by words of his, Around thee a wild and guilty maze, Before thee fears that almost craze— Thou hast lost all for this!

Ah, Nellie! thou mayst watch and weep, But he will come no more; As thou hast sown, so must thou reap, Thorns, in thy bosom cruel and deep, Stinging to the heart's core.

SHADOW THE THIRD.

No sunlit strand with a flowing sea Is this, but a city str. et, Where the winter rain beats eerily. And the winter wind moans drearily, And the night and morning meet—

Meet on the bridge, where the river's moan Comes out of the arches black; Fretting against its piles of stone, With the doleful sound of a guilty grean, Which the dimeshores echo back.

There are waifs flung out from its heaving breast, Foul, broken, and dank and green; Secrets that never will let it rest, Until their horrors be all confest, And men their shape have seen.

And waifs go over the lonely bridge, As dismal and lost as they— Stop and look over its darkling ridge, Of utter despair the tempting edge, Then shudder along their way.

There's a woman haunts it every night, But most when the night is wild; They follow, and keep her ever in sight— Her eye is sunken, her cheek is white, And she carries a little child.

That little child in her frozen breast
Lies pure as a flower from God;
But it withers fast to its peaceful reat,
And the shatter'd life that its love had blest
Leaves all with it under the sod.

I see her now, with her dreadful face, Hunger'd, and fever'd, and wild, Standing alone in her fatal grace. In the holy, haunted, dreary place, Where they buried her little child.

Dark flows the river under the shore, With a rush and an angry swell; What whispers it. Nellie? "O nevermore"— Hone for the hopeless, O nevermore"— Like 'he echo of dying kuell. Lest, lost, lost, in a world with anguish rife, Where hidden evils lie, Where hunger battles with shameful life, And youth succumbs in the wretched strife, And will rather sin than die.

SHADOW THE LAST

O Nellie! the rain hath no pity for thee, Thou sinner, whom all men scorn! Creep from the path of Pharisee, Thy life is a black offence to see, So haggard and ghastly forlorn.

Out of the world, thou rag of sin? Too foul fer our saintly eyes; There's not a doer would lot thee in, Without a penalty paid for sin, Under God's ample skies!

Or go and repent by rote and rule, Shorn of thy golden hair— Grace of thy womanhood, pretty fool Forfeit of vanity paid to rule, Made by the sinless fair.

They have no shame to bide; but thou, With its sackcloth fretting thy soul, Branded on bare, unwomanly brow, Shalt carry its visible sign and show, Ere we will make thee whole.

Yet, Nellie, go. There is peace and food, And that harbor of refuge still; Sisters of mercy, faithful and good, Labor early, and early broad, To succor all such as will.

Creep to the door, 'tis a stormy night, Who heeds thee, frail, starving wait? The street is empty and none in sight, There over the wet shines the holy light, Where others, like thee, are safe.

O listen, Nellie I what selemn sound Swells through the starless gloom? These are the women, lost and found. These are the fallen, heal'd and bound, Raised from a deadly doom.

Poor, blasted lips, sin-dyed as thine, Lift that old prayer to Heaven— If they dare sing the sacred line, Take it, O Nellie I as a sign That thou mayst be forgiven.

Back mem'ry turns a blotted screll To the fair page of thy youth, And softly o'er thy darken'd soul The dawn of life begins to roll, Full of God's pity and ruth.

Seed of good words, sown long ago
By a mother's lips now cold—
Humbled and penitent, fallen low,
Kasel at the Source whence all mercies flow,
As Magdalen knelt of old?

O pitiful tempest! for charity Cease beating on that poor head Angels, look down on this misery! O sister-women! come tenderly, For Nellie, Nellie is dead!

USEFUL INFORMATION .- The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as a washing-powder instead of soda, in the proportion of a large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save in soap nearly half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambrics, &c., an extra quantity is used, and for crinolines a strong solution is necessary. Borax being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen; its effect is to soften the hardest water, and therefore it should be kept on every toilette table. To the taste it is rather sweet, is used for cleaning the hair, is an excellent dentifrice, and in hot countries is used in combination with tartaric acid and bicarbonate of soda as a cooling beverage. Good tea cannot be made with hard water; all water may be made soft by adding a teaspoonful of borax powder to an ordinary sized kettle of water, in which it should boil. The saving in the quantity of tea used will be at least one-fifth.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

It has been said in reference to Benvenuto Cellini and his Memoirs, that "the pleasures we have in reading them has some analogy to that experienced at the sight of wild beasts armed with terrible claws or tusks, when we are quite sure that we are safe from their fury."

It is indeed strange, when we consider the peaceful lives led by the artist of modern times, to find the sculptor and goldsmith of the sixteenth century settling all disputes sword in hand, and engaged from the beginning to the end of his career in one long siege of brawls, duels, and even downright assassinations. Benvenuto and his brother quarrelled with some of the guards of John de Medici. Swords are drawn, blows exchanged, Benvenuto's brother is dangerously wounded, and Benvenuto, then only sixteen years of age, is expelled from Florence, where he has been studying under Michael Angelo.

A few months afterwards we find the brother entering the service of John de Medici, while Benvenuto obtains employment at a goldsmith's. The hot-headed, quick-handed artist had not been long at the goldsmith's before he quarrelled with some of the workmen, and knocked one of them down with such violence that the man was stunned. For this he was condemned to pay the value of four measures of corn. Irritated by the sentence, Benvenuto runs to the goldsmith's, found his enemies, to the number of twelve, seated at table, and striking the first of them, exclaimed, as he exhibited his dagger, "The time has now come for me to kill you all."

Of course Benvenuto was unable to carry his threat into execution. But the affair was brought to the notice of the Council of Eight, who, unable to find the culprit, published an edict which rendered it illegal to give him an asylum anywhere in Florence.

Disguised as a monk, he succeeded in reaching Rome, where he began to work for the pope, Clement VII.

About this time a body of Spaniards came to Benvenuto's house to claim some work which had been ordered by the Bishop of Salamanca. Benvenuto refused to deliver it until the bishop paid him. Upon which the Spaniards attempted to enter his workshop and take it by force. The artist was alone, but he had his arquebus by his side. He fired among the assailants. wounded the steward, their leader, and dispersed them completely.

The bishop threatened to cut his ears off, but Benvenuto put on his coat of mail, armed himself with a long dagger, and presented himself at the prelate's palace.

"As I entered," says the artist, in his memoirs, "I fancied I was passing through the zodiac; one seemed to be the lion, another the scorpion, another the crab." He got his money, and the bishop gave him a number of fresh orders. Benvenuto accepted them on condition that he should be paid in advance. The pope laughed when he heard of Benvenuto's daring conduct, and recommended him to Cardinal Cibo; and soon all the cardinals in Rome were disputing as to which of them he should work for.

When Rome was invaded by Charles Bourbon, a cousin of Fincis I., the pope took refuge in Fort St. Angelo, where Benv unto succeeded in entering. In his memoirs he gives full priculars of numerous acts of courage and skill which he rans to have performed during the defence of the Italian capit t. On one occasion, he tells us he was directing a portion of the artillery when the pope made his appearance on the bastion. Benvenuto wished to distinguish himself in the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff. "When I had reflected what to do," he says, "I seized a piece which was near me, loaded it with a quantity of fine powder, mixed with ordinary powder, and then pointed it at a Spanish colonel who was dressed in red, and who was so distant that it was contrary to all the rules of the art to fire at him at all. I fired, however, and hit the very middle of this red man, who, from bravado, according to the custom of the Spaniards, pretended to ward off the ball with his sword.

cut completely in two. The pope, who was not prepared for it, was much pleased and much astonished."

The pope might naturally have been astonished at such a thing if by any possibility he could have seen it. Indeed, who would not be astonished to see one of the adventures of the Baron Munchausen take place in real life?

It would have been well for Benvenuto if he had confined himself to slaughtering Spanish colonels at impossible distances; but on one occasion he was unfortunate enough to assassinate an Italian captain, in consequence of which he was arrested and thrown into prison. The narrative of his escape from prison is one of the most remarkable portions of the book, and it posseeses the advantage of being true.

After a multitude of adventures of the most astounding character, which had the effect of making Italy a very unsafe country for him to reside in, Benvenuto was wise enough to leave his native land and to establish his head-quarters at Paris. Here he received from Francis I., and from that monarch's favorite, Madame d'Etampes, the highest honors that had ever been paid to an artist in France. The king, Madame d'Etampes and the whole court used to visit the sculptor in his "shop," as he unaffectedly calls it (in the present day sculptors have no longer shops; they have studios or ateliers). Benvenuto understood that he had to repay the compliment and the munificence of the king by the very best flattery he could command. Scorning half-measures, he boldly represented his majesty as the God of War. "That great statue," said the sculptor to the king, who had just entered his workshop accompanied by Madame d'Etampes, "represents your majesty, who are the Mars of this age, the only valiant prince in the world, a prince who exerts that valor in supporting and asserting the glory of his crown.'

The king had scarcely patience enough to hear him to the end, but exclaimed aloud, "I have at length found a man after my own heart." After which he sent for his treasurer and ordered him to supply the sculptor with whatever he required, however great the expense.

Unfortunately, Benvenuto forgot to represent 'Madame d'Etampes as Venus. That lady was so incensed at his neglecting to compliment her that she expressed her annoyance almost publicly. Benvenuto heard of it, and having done so, lost no time in endeavoring to recover her good graces. But it was not easy to soothe the injured vanity of Madame d'Etampes. The sculptor waited on her with a magnificent cup, which he intended as a peace-offering; but the indignant beauty kept him standing at the door of her reception-room for several hours, until at length his Florentine blood was roused, and in his own words, he "gave the lady a hearty curse, and going directly to the Cardinal of Lorraine, made him a present of the cup." Madame d'Etampes now commenced a series of intrigues against Benvenuto Cellini, whom she was determined to deprive of the king's patronage. For some time her manœuvres failed to have the least effect upon Francis, but finally her ingenuity and enmity triumphed; the proud sculptor was reproved by the monarch for some pretended neglect which existed only in the mind of the reigning favorite, and disgusted with the fickleness and perfidy of the court, left France for ever. He was received with open arms by Cosmo I., who then reigned at Florence, and passed the remainder of his life in this, his native town.

A Puzzle.-I picked up at a friend's house, the other evening, the following curious and ingenious puzzle, as I take it to I have copied it exactly as shown to me except in one particular, and that is in the names of the persons alluded to, which I have deemed prudent to suppress; giving instead the fictitious names of Jones and Smith: "Old Jones had two daughters by his first wife, of which the youngest was married to old John Smith, and the eldest to John Smith's son. Old John Smith had a daughter by his first wife, whom old Jones married. Therefore, old Smith's second wife (formerly Miss Jones) would call out, 'My father is my son, and I am my mother's mother, My projectile struck against this sword, and I saw this colonel | my sister is my daughter, and I am grandmother to my brother."



QUEROUS PEDUNCULATA

OUR NOVEMBER WALK.

Our rural strolls have become sadly dreary and chill of late. The glow and luxuriance of the garden parterre have long departed; the wayside has lost its uncultured beauty, and the brook has been despoiled of the brilliant fringe of gentians and cardinals that in earlier autumn attracted our steps to its plashing course. Already the forest is doffing the mantle of purple, and amber, and scarlet, and gold, in which it has blazed since the frosts of mid-September; already the breath of coming winter bedims the prospect and chills the life-blood of Nature into torpor; and already

Fruits and flowers are gathered in, And withered foliage flics the rustling grove

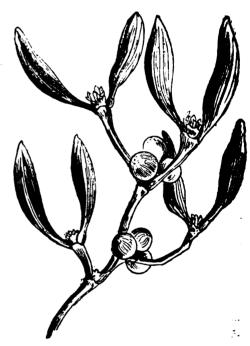
· We shall not easily find material for the humblest bouquet in our saunter through the woods and fields; yet there are objects of interest in abundance to claim our attention as we venture out beneath the sombre sky, and enter the woods that we sought so gladly in the summer. Now, however, the breeze whistles mournfully past us as we trample over the crackling carpet of fallen leaves, and whirls the foliage in perpetual gyrations through the forest, or appears bent on stripping maple, elm and ash of their many-colored foliage, or threads the branches of some stately oak, climbing and clattering from the lowest to the topmost twig, sending showers of acorns pattering to the ground, and covering us in a crepitating shower of brown and shrivelled leaves. Some varieties of the oak, however, are still duskily green, and stand out amid the general decay as emblems of vigorous old age among decrepit youth. Here we find the quercus latifolia, or broad-leaved oak, the stalwart giant that has braved the storms of winter for half a score



THE BRITISH OAK.

of centuries; the scrubby quercus pedunculata, with its elongated acorns, and many another variety of the royal tree. Who can look upon the oak without a thought for the noble ships whose timbers and bulwarks it contributes to form-of those hoary trees in the forest of Windsor, under which every monarch of England, since the day of the first Conqueror, eight hundred years ago, may have lingered—of the oaks in merry Sherwood, beneath whose shade we have so often fancied ourselves reclining in the joyous company of Robin Hood and Little John-of the oak in which the fugitive prince and future voluptuous monarch, Charles II., remained safely concealed from his pursuers-and of that far more glorious tree in which the royal charter of Connecticut was resolutely hidden, and which clasped the precious document safely in its embrace until the danger was over, and New England breathed again! Truly, there are glorious memories clustering about the Oak!

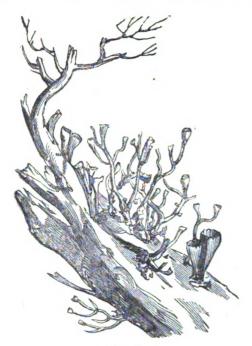
Perhaps we may be so fortunate as to discover a mistletoe plant upon one of the larger branches, but it is not frequently that mistletoe is found in the United States, although its name is familiar to every reader, and a species is occasionally plucked, in the middle States, from branches of elms, apple-trees and oaks. Yet the true mistletoe is very frequently seen in our



MISTLETOE.

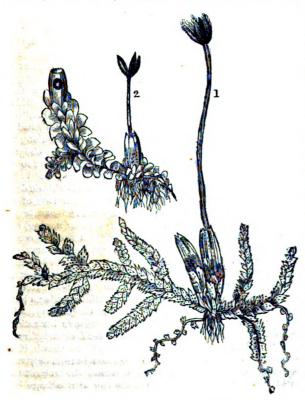
markets, about Christmas time, quantities oeing imported from England, where alone it grows in profusion. The mistletce was a sacred plant among the Druids of Gaul and Britain, who were accustomed, at a certain season of the year, to resort to the oak forests-which also they considered hallowed and dedicated to a mysterious divinity—where, with solemn ceremonies, they severed the plant from the bough upon which it flourished, ani carried it reverently to their places of mysterious worship. The Druids of Gaul were accustomed annually to despatch messengers to bring from Britain a supply of the sacred plant. Oak forests, now, and Druids, have faded into the unfathomable past; the very name of the heathen priests is a ground of dispute with antiquarians; but the mistletoe still retains a vestige of its former attributes. Still, at certain seasons, it is plucked in the English groves—and still on the merry Christmas night is suspended from rafter of farm-house, and ceiling of luxurious drawin ;-room, conferring delicious privileges upon the boldhearted youth who can entice his chosen maiden to the spot above which it droops.

Then again, we may find instruction and entertainment in contemplating the numberless varieties of mosses and lichens with which the forest abounds. On the same oak with our mistletoe plant we may discover a dozen minute, yet beautiful speci-



LICHENS

mens of cryptogamic vegetation. Not many of our readers, perhaps, have a very definite idea of the nature of the lichen. They notice powdery crusts encircling the limbs of trees, staining old walls with rich purple and brown and yellow tints, or covering outcropping boulders of granite in the open pasture, but they will too often pass by the unpretending lichen in favor of some more ostentatious plant. Yet, on closer examination, we shall find a prodigal amount of delicate beauty lavished on the cells and cups of the innumerable species of this order of flowerless plants. Although closely connected with the Fungi, they differ from those noxious parasites in the fact that they do not destroy or injure the plants upon which they



1. JUNGERMANNIA OBTUSIFOLIA. 2. JUNGERMANNIA REPTANS.

grow. The Fungus derives its nourishment from the decay of the substance upon which it fastens, and therefore is found only upon animal or vegetable organic matter; but the lichens are nourished from the medium which surrounds them, feeding on moisture, and air, and light, and therefore grow with equal readiness upon a granite block or the vigorous bough of a forest tree. The importance of the lichen in the vegetable world is immense. It flourishes on the most arid rock—the most forbidding volcanic cone; forming by degrees upon the surface a little coating of vegetable matter. The little incrustation gradually extends over the surface of the rock, and forms, with its slow decay, a scanty covering of fine vegetable mould. By and bye other lichens form upon this surface—a casual seed is dropped and fructified in the filmy deposit, and the process of time adds continually fresh and progressively larger vegetation, until the annual deposit of decaying matter produces a rich vegetable mould, in which crumbling particles of the rock itself are incorporated, and a soil is at length formed in which successively grasses and shrubs and forest trees take root and luxuriate! Such are some of the patient workings of our mother Nature!

Our engraving represents some of the most common varieties of the lichens, whose green, yellow and vermilion cups are so frequently noticed upon our forest trees.



CHRYSANTHEMUM.

In moist places, and at the foot of trees, we may also find the little Jungermanniæ or scale-mosses, of which so many varieties exist. Some, indeed, like the J. reptans, spread over the most barren rocks and clothe their rugged surface with a delicate tapestry of tender green; while the J. polyanthus is found chiefly in shady and moist localities, where its curiously formed leaves shoot up amid the rank herbage. These plants are named in honor of a German botanist, Louis Jungermann, distinguished by his researches in the seventeenth century.

With our oak leaves and lichens and mosses—mingled with a few twigs from the maple still blazing in the fiery blushes which the contact of winter's hand has produced, and with a few golden poplar leaves, or the brownish-gray leaf of the elm, we may succeed after all in constructing a November bouquet which will not be out of place upon our table or the mantel-

To these we may also add a few sprigs of chrysanthemumalmost the only flower still lingering in our gardens. When every other blossom has faded, this cheerful flower still lends liveliness to the parterre, and its yellow faces are seen looking up from almost every garden to the sullen skies and watery cuns of the closing year. In the words of one of the English | fires in the winter, and blooming with jars of fresh flowers in floral poets:

> This beautiful flower still illumines the scene When the tempest of winter is near; 'Mid the frowns of adversity cheerful of mien, And gay when the landscape is drear!

This plant is sometimes called the China Chrysanthemum, but its botanical name is C. Indicum.

THE HAUNTED LODGING-HOUSE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Ir had not always been a ledging-house. Luxuriant banquets were once spread in its lofty dining-rooms, diamonds glittered and plumes of feathers waved in its lighted drawing-rooms, and carriages crowded its door. Had the lodging-house possessed a voice, it might have said, like the old woman in Captain Marryatt's Stories of a Pacha, "The time has been!" It was a large commodious house, in a part of London that "once had friends;" and it was inhabited for many years by a rich merchant, who also possessed a place in the country. Five-andtwenty years before the commencement of this tale, the merchant died. He divided his property between his widow and his rephew, and the London house fell to the share of the latter, the widow removing to her house in the country. Mr. Carr immediately took measures to let the house, but found, to his great disappointment, that the situation having been of late years decided by wits and shown up by novelists, he could only hope to dispose of it at a rent which he considered totally inadequate to its real value. It was taken by a young married couple, who preferred it, because it was situated close to the house of the lady's mother; and wives' mothers were not then so unpopular as they are in the present day.

The union of Lawrence with Harriet Downing seemed to promise much bappiness. They were deeply attached to each other, and had a comfortable portion of the good things of life, without being exposed to the temptation of riches. Mrs. Downing was a constant visitor to the young couple; and she was not condemned to a solitary home, for very shortly after her daughter's marriage she was left guardian to the only child of an old friend.

Katherine Neslitt, in addition to many other recommendations, was possessed of a sweet temper and an independent fortune-both of them very desirable qualifications for an inmate and she showed to the beloved friend of her late mother all the love and duty of a daughter.

Two years passed by, happily and prosperously; the death of Mrs. Downing was the first event that mingled clouds with the sunshine. Katherine, at the earnest entreaty of the Lawrences, took up her residence with them; and time had begun to assuage the sorrows of all parties, when a far greater calamity fell upon them-the severe and dangerous illness of Harriet. She had the first medical advice, but at length sank beneath the violence of her disorder. The unhappy widower felt himself unable to remain in the house where he had enjoyed so much happiness; by an arrangement with Mr. Carr, he gave up the lease of the house, and also disposed of the furniture to him; and in an incredibly short time he was trying the experiment of "running away from a great grief," by means of a long and widely-extended continental tour. Katherine Nesbitt removed to the house of a distant relation; the happy household became a dream of the past.

The next tenants of the house were also a newly-married couple, but very different from their predecessors in every respect. An old bachelor had united himself with a "single lady of a certain age"-one of a family of unmarried sisters, the youngest of whom was, as Mrs. Gore playfully expresses it, "on the peevish side of thirty!" The bride had chosen the house in question on account of the number of rooms that it contained. "There would always," she observed, "be plenty of accommodation for her dear sisters whenever they chose to visit her." And they chose to visit her perpetually: four or the summer. The bridegroom was ungallant enough to disapprove of the frequency of these visits. He had only taken the house for a year: he happened to go into the auction-mart when a small house in the neighborhood of London was to be disposed of. The auctioneer, like George Robins, had always something to say; and when he had no advantages to dwell on, he would ingeniously convert a drawback into an advantage. "This place," he remarked, "is entirely free from the annoyance of too many spare rooms!" This remark touched a sensitive chord in the heart of the sister-in-law-ridden husband: he bid for the house, and it was knocked down to him-and a marvellously small house it proved to be, and a very inconvenient one; far from tradespeople, near to a stagnant pond; but it had only one spare room-low-ceilinged and without a fireplace; and the owner never repented of his bargain!

The next tenant of the house was a nervous widow lady: her house and furniture had just been destroyed by fire, and although she had been wise enough to insure them, she felt quite unequal to the task of immediately supplying her lost chairs and tables, and resolved to take a furnished house for a year. At the end of that time she gathered courage enough to encounter upholsterers and cabinet-makers, and the house was again unoccupied, and remained so for a long time.

"I am afraid," said Mr. Carr to a friend, "that I was somewhat too good-natured when I took the furniture of my house off the hands of poor Lawrence. I am continually annoyed by the change of tenants. A furnished house in this part of London is not likely to obtain a regular tenant. Were it a lodginghouse it might answer very well."

"Then why do you not make it a lodging-house?" asked his

"And go there to collect my weekly rents?" said Mr. Carr, laughing. "I do not think that my trouble would be at all diminished by such a proceeding."

"You do not quite understand me," said his friend; "I mean that you should let the furnished house to some one who would pay you a yearly rent for it, and who would get a living by letting it out in apartments."

Mr. Carr gave a momentary sigh to the proposed degradation of his uncle's house, but said that he would think of it; and the result of his thinking of it was that Mrs. Hutchins, an experienced lodging-house keeper, took the house from him, and that nineteen years elapsed, during which she punctually paid her rent. A quarter of a century had passed since the death of the rich merchant, and many of the neighbors had forgotten that the house had ever been other than a lodging-house: the merchant and his banquets; the young couple and their quiet happiness; the bride of a certain age with her elderly husband and "bridesmaids' chorus" of sisters; the nervous widow, trembling at the idea of the "Phænix" and the "Sun," and nightly dreaming about engines and fire-escapes—these had all passed away like the slides of a magic-lantern, and nothing was visible but the portly, smiling Mrs. Hutchins-the obliging, bustling landlady, who had "done well in life," and who did not scruple to confess it.

At the time to which I am alluding, Mrs. Hutchins's drawing-room apartments were occupied by a widow lady of the name of Benson. Quiet, respectable, liberal, and punctual in her payments, easily pleased, and never wanting change, Mrs. Benson was the very model of a lodger; and she was accompanied by a respectable, steady, middle-aged maid-servant, who looked, as Mrs. Hutchins said, "quite a credit to the house."

During Mrs. Benson's residence in the drawing-room apartments she had seen very little society, and had never received a friend to stay with her; but on one eventful morning a letter was delivered to her from an aunt in the country, who, although she had repeatedly declined her niece's invitations, was now smitten with a sudden wish to "see London before she died;" and wrote to volunteer her company for a month, if her niece could accommodate her. Mrs. Benson immediately summoned the obliging landlady to her presence, who declared that nothing could happen more fortunate, for that a large bedroom over the drawing-room had been for some time vacant, ave of the spare rooms were sure to be gleaming with bright and that the charwoman, who by another lucky chance was

now in the house, should immediately make it ready for the reception of a guest. The busy landlady now announced that her services were required in another direction; first, however, sending the charwoman on her mission of neatness and order, in which Mitchell, Mrs. Benson's maid, begged leave to accompany her; for Mitchell was quite aware that London landladies do not, like those of Holland, put an uninhabited room weekly into exquisite order; and she thought that her assistance and superintendence might be found very desirable.

Mrs. Benson quietly sat down to enjoy the Times; but she had scarcely fixed her attention on the leading article when she heard a shrill cry, followed by the fall of some heavy body in the room over her head; and Mitchell speedily rushed into the drawing-room, in a state of great excitement, uttering alarming fragmentary revelations about "a dead body," which took some time in reducing to form. It appeared that when the charwoman opened the shutters, Mitchell descried a young lady, with a countenance of deadly pallor, apparently asleep upon the bed. Full of surprise and consternation, she advanced to look on her, when she perceived that she was dead, and called to the charwoman in affright to come and bear witness to the alarming discovery. The charwoman, however, who rejoiced in extremely strong nerves and an undaunted spirit, expressed the most unqualified disbelief of Mitchell's statement, declaring it was clear that they had mistaken the room, and had intruded on the privacy of an invalid lodger. But when she boldly approached the Sleeping Beauty, and even put her muscular hand on the pale cheek before her, the icy coldness of it convinced her that she was indeed touching a corpse; a sudden revulsion of feeling ensued, and the strong woman uttered a cry, and sank down insensible on the floor, just as if she had been the most helpless and nervous of fine ladies.

Mitchell, having told her tale to the landlady and servants, they all proceeded in a body upstairs, and entered the mysterious room. The prostrate charwoman was giving signs of returning animation. But the lifeless young lady, where was she? Gone—vanished. The bed remained in its usual position. The room bore the perfectly harmless appearance of any other unoccupied spare room!

The charwoman, when she recovered, was strictly interrogated by the landlady, and her account in every respect agreed with that of Mitchell. Had one alone of them beheld the fearful sight, she would certainly have been considered to labor under an optical illusion; but as both had witnessed it, the whole of the inhabitants of the lodging house came to the satisfactory conclusion that two people could not be mistaken, and that the room was haunted!

Another apartment was prepared for Mrs. Benson's aunt, and before the evening all the street had been made aware of the dignity that the house had attained, and several of the neighbors sent in to request that Mrs. Hutchins would permit them to come and see the haunted room.

Day after day visitors flocked in; the proprietor of a cheap paper sent a third-rate artist to take a sketch of the room, with the corpse of a beautiful young lady stretched on the bed. Mrs. Benson's small circle of acquaintance were continually making calls on her, or writing letters to her, and various families contended to engage the charwoman, not to work, but merely to report in "kitchen, parlor and hall," the horrors of which she had been the privileged witness.

Mrs. Hutchins was for some time much pleased with the notoriety that her house had gained; but at last she grew rather tired of it. One of her best rooms was rendered quite valueless; for nobody of course would venture to sleep on the bed where the mysterious corpse had lain; and Mrs. Benson's aunt, when she had received from her niece a full account of the wonderful events that had taken place, wrote to decline coming to town at all. "She had prepared herself," she said, "for fires, burglaries, and pickpockets in London; but she was not prepared for ghosts, and she thought it very likely that the murdered young lady would not confine herself to one room in the house, but would visit all in turn. She begged to decline exposing herself to such a risk; she was too old, and had lived too long in the country to be of any use in haunted houses. She had heard of laying ghosts in the Red Sea and unless something of

that sort could be speedily done, she advised her niece to change her apartments."

Mr. Carr heard of the marvellous appearance that had electrified the neighborhood, and called on Mrs. Hutchins to lecture her for having a haunted house; to reproach her for allowing the room to be engraved for a newspaper; and to allude, in an aggrieved tone of voice, to "the quiet respectability of the house in the time of his excellent and honored uncle."

Poor Mrs. Hutchins, like many another person who has achieved celebrity, felt as if she would be very glad to lay it down again; and probably her wish would have been realized, and the ghost-story would have worn itself out, had it not been kept alive by an individual who had not the slightest concern in the matter. Among Mrs. Benson's few friends was Mr. Eldridge, a clever, acute, penetrating man. He had practised in the law, but an ailing constitution and a handsome legacy occasioned him to retire from it; still, however, he retained much of the lawyer in his character and conversation; he had an inquiring mind, and a great disposition, whenever he saw an effect, to find out the cause that had produced it; in fact, it might be said that he perpetually employed himself in letting down buckets into the well of truth.

"I have never hitherto believed in superhatural appearances," he said to Mrs. Benson; "but I can scarcely doubt the powerful evidence that you offer in their favor. I should like to know the antecedents of this terrible room. May I make a few inquiries of your landlady?"

Mrs. Hutchins was summoned, and Eldridge asked her if many deaths had taken place in the house since she had rented it.

"Certainly not," said Mrs Hutchins, with an injured look; no death has ever happened in the house for the nineteen years that I have been here. It is the last house that ought to be visited by apparitions."

"Who were your predecessors in the house?" asked Eldridge.

"I do not know," replied Mrs. Hutchins; "Mr. Carr had come into possession of the house some years before I took it from him, and he told me that he had had three sets of tenants during that time."

Eldridge, on hearing the name of Mr. Carr, and inquiring his residence, found, to his great satisfaction, that he had a speaking acquaintance with him, and forthwith paid him a visit, and began to talk on the popular subject of the lodging-house.

"Do you remember any death taking place within the house, with the exception of that of your uncle?" he asked of Mr. Carr.

"Undoubtedly I do," he replied; "my first tenants, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, were a charming young couple, and I had hoped that they would have inhabited the house for many years; but she died three years after her marriage. I never saw any one so distracted with grief as the poor husband: as soon as she was dead, he literally fled from the house."

"Fled from the house?" repeated Eldridge, with emphasis.

"He could not bear," pursued Mr. Carr, "to remain even a night in the scene of his lost happiness. He went to a friend's house, and from thence communicated with me about the furniture, which I took off his hands; and immediately after the funeral, he went abroad."

"Do you know what has become of him?" said Eldridge.

"I have no doubt he died long ago," said Mr. Carr; "no man could long bear up against such a load of grief."

"I don't exactly see that," said Eldfid e, drily; "the most violent sorrow is frequently the most transient. I conclude, as you speak so warmly of his affection for his wife, that she had the best medical attendance?"

"Unquestionably," said Mr. Carr; "Dr. Blake and Dr. Harman were unremitting in their attention to her; the latter, indeed, was a private friend of the family, and his wife had been the schoolfellow of poor Mrs. Lawrence."

for ghosts, and she thought it very likely that the murdered young lady would not confine herself to one room in the house, but would visit all in turn. She begged to decline exposing herself to such a risk; she was too old, and had lived too long in the country to be of any use in haunted houses. She had heard of laying ghosts in the Red Sea, and unless something of

in the negative, requested to see Mrs. Harman. With much courtesy, and an apology for the liberty he was taking, he asked her if she could inform him of the present abode of her friend, Mr. Lawrence. She named a village in Devonshire, where Lawrence and his wife had resided for many years, and said:

"I suppose you were not surprised to hear that Lawrence had married Katherine Nesbitt?"

"I have seen too much of the world," replied Eldridge, with a smile, "to feel much surprise at the marriage of even the most disconsolate widower."

"And Lawrence was a truly disconsolate widower," said Mrs. Harman. "I never expected he would return alive from the foreign tour that he took after the death of dear Harriet; but when he had experienced the benefit of a twelvemonth's change of scene, he came home quite a different man, went to see Katherine Nesbitt, and very shortly afterwards proposed to her. You know she had lived a twelvemonth in the same house with the young couple, so Lawrence must have had abundant opportunities of studying her character."

"He must indeed," replied Eldridge; "and I trust that the union has turned out happily."

"Perfectly so," said Mrs. Harman. "We have twice stayed with them since their marriage, and I never saw more congeniality and affection in a married couple. They have been united for one-and-twenty years, and their children are now grown up, and a source of great comfort to them. The eldest girl is very beautiful, and is engaged in marriage to a young man of large estate in the neighborhood; the second is a sweet, interesting creature, devotedly fond of her father and her home; and the son is a fine, spirited youth of eighteen, who, I doubt not, will make a figure in the world."

"Of what disorder did poor Mrs. Lawrence die?" asked

"It is difficult to tell," said Mrs. Harman. "It was a case which quite baffled the skill of Dr. Blake and my husband. The complaint at first appeared slight; but the medicines ordered for the patient never seemed to produce the desired effect: it was something quite out of the common way."

"It must have been so, indeed," said Eldridge.

"Yet," resumed Mrs. Harman, "we hoped to the last; and when Dr. Harman left Harriet one evening in tolerable case, and received a message in the middle of the night to inform him of her death, I shall never forget the doctor's surprise and consternation. 'Really,' he said, 'we ought to be on our guard against unjust suspicions. Now if Harriet had been among unkind or careless people, I should declare that she had been mismanaged or unfairly dealt by.'"

"Yes," said Eldridge, meditatively, "sometimes we suspect too much, and sometimes we suspect too little. Pray was Mr. Lawrence with his wife when she died?"

"O yes," replied Mrs. Harman; "he was seldom away from her: indeed, when I called as a friend almost every morning to see how she was going on, I always found him writing at his secretaire in her room. It is said that few men make good nurses; but Lawrence was quite an exception to the general rule of husbands."

"It evidently appears to me that he was," said Eldridge. "Many thanks, Mrs. Harman, for your kind reception of an intruder!"

A short time after Eldridge's departure, Dr. Harman came home. His wife immediately informed him that she had received a visit from a very gentlemanly man, an old friend of Liwrence's. But when her husband had subjected her to a few interrogations, it appeared that she did not know her visitor's name, nor the date of his acquaintance with Lawrence, and that he had not professed to have any knowledge of the first or second Mrs. Lawrence. "In short, Margaret," said the doctor, "like most great talkers, you have told all, and heard nothing."

"The 'all' that I had to tell was very little," said Mrs. Harman; "besides, I am sure I said nothing that did not rebound to the credit of Lawrence, so I have no reason to wish that I had said less."

Could Mrs. Harman have known all that the future had in store, she would have judged very differently of the effects of her loquacity!

When Eldridge returned home, he found a grave, elderly gentleman waiting to see him. Mr. Hammond was the brother of the deceased Mrs. Downing. He had never been a fend brother or uncle, and after Harriet's marriage, he had only occasionally visited at the house; but he had fett both concerned and affected at the death of his fair and happy young niece; had truly sympathized in the sorrow of her husband, and had shown some surprise and displeasure that he should give her a successor in his affections.

Mr. Hammond had seen the engraving of the haunted room, and read the account appended to it in the newspaper, and he had called at the lodging-house to ascertain whether the event had really happened there. Mrs. Hutchins had given him a full account of the affair, and had shown him the room which he recognized to be that in which his niece had died, and had told him that "if there had been any foul play in the matter, it would soon be brought to light; for that Mr. Eldridge, the cleverest gentleman in London, and the particular friend of her drawing-room lodger, Mrs. Ben: on, had taken the case in han-i; that he evidently suspected somebody or something, and that he looked as if he quite felt his way to making great discoveries." Consequently Mr. Hammond waited on Eldridge. He was a stern, cold man; but he had not forgotten the memory of his sister's child; and when he had heard all that Eldridge had to reveal, he felt persuaded that a deep and deadly wrong had been dealt to her. "I must immediately possess myself," he said. "of the secretaire which still stands in the bedroom: there may be private drawers in it, containing important papers, for the villain seemed to flee away from the place immediately after poor Harriet's death."

"Don't call any one a villain till you know that he is so," replied Eldridge; "and don't attempt to get the secretaire from Mrs. Hutchins. You are almost a stranger to her, and her suspicions will be awakened. I am continually going to the house; I will tell her that I have taken a fancy to the piece of furniture, and offer her a good price for it."

The offer was made and accepted, and the secretaire was transferred to Eldridge's house. He carefully searched it, assisted by Mr. Hammond, and found a few letters and papers, of no importance, in the back-drawers; but no private drawer was to be discovered.

"We must give up all hopes of a discovery," said Mr. Ham mond.
"I am certain that there is no private drawer to be found."

'I am certain of no such thing,' replied Eldridge. "I shall have the secretaire taken to pieces by a competent workman, and I wish that you may be in attendance at the time, that you may bear witness to the discovery of any documents that may fall in our way: we must obtain better evidence than we have hitherto done, before we can bring conviction home to the guilty party."

It was a lovely June day, and never had it shone on a fairer home and a happier family than that of Lawrence. They were all assembled in the drawing-room, that opened on a spacious flower-garden. It was in a perfect flush of roses, all loveliness and perfume: the very air breathed balm. Lawrence was still a handsome man, and Katherine was the picture of a happy, warm-hearted wife and mother. A beautiful girl was affecting to read, but never turned over the leaves of her book: another, less dazzling, but more interesting in appearance, had seated herself on the sofa with her father, linking her arm within his: and a fine manly youth was busily occupied in drawing. "You may as well read your book as pretend to do so, Theresa," said the latter to his eldest sister. "Your lover cannot be here for half-an-hour at least."

Theresa vehemently protested that she was really reading, and turned over two leaves at once in her hurry to defend herself.

"As for Emma," continued Harry, "she will never care fo

any lover. She is as wrapt up in her father as Cordelia was in King Lear."

"Nay," said Mrs. Lawrence, "the sisters of Cordelia were the most full of outward demonstrations of affection towards their father."

"Véry different from my sister," said Emma, smiling kindly in the direction of the reader, "who professes little, and performs much. Mamma, did you not often lament the want of a sister when you were young?"

"Not very deeply, my love," said Mrs. Lawrence. "Harriet Downing, your dear father's first wife, was like a sister to me from her childhood."

"My dear Katherine," sai! Lawrence, fretfully and sharply, do not be so fond of old reminiscences."

The Lawrences were decidedly a remarkable couple. The econd wife alluded affectionately and kindly to her predecessor, and the remarked willower was evidently annoyed at the reference to the dear departed.

"I have been dispersing your charities and hearing your praises this morning," said Emma to her father: "shall I tell you of some of the good qualities that are ascribed to you in the village?"

"You had better tell me of my faults," said Lawrence with a sigh.

"I will tell you of one directly," said Harry. "It is very hard-hearted of you to forbid me to study chemistry, when I have so good an opportunity of learning it from the tutor of my friend John Lewson."

"It is a dangerous pursuit," said Lawrence.

"Surely," said the young gentleman, with an air of offended dignity, "I am old enough to take care that I do not burn my fingers, or set the house on fire!"

"I did not allude to such accidents," said Lawrence, speaking in a dreamy tone of voice. There are other and worse dangers!"

"What dangers?" asked Harry.

"I really must venture to side against you," said Mrs. Lawrence to her husband: "why should not Harry study chemistry? I remember you were accustomed to amuse yourself with it when you lived in London; and I am sure that it was a perfectly innocent relaxation to you, and that you cannot speak of its dangers from personal experience."

A smothered groan escaped from the lips of Lawrence. Just then the bell at the gate rang loudly.

"Emma's friend has arrived," said her mother, glancing smilingly at her; "and I think his visit is very seasonable. We all seem to be in want of a pleasant companion to raise our spirits."

But the new comer was not Emma's lover; the footman delivered a message that a gentleman had called to speak with Mr. Lawrence on particular business, and that he had shown him into the study. Lawrence arose, in a pre-occupied, bewildered kind of manner; and Katherine, although very far from being an inquisitive, interfering wife, felt so uneasy about her husband—who was evidently ill either in body or mind—that she placed her arm within his, and entered the study.

It was a relief to Katherine, who had somehow connected the visit of the stranger with Lawrence's previous discomposure, to find that he was not unknown to her. She immediately recollected Mr. Hammond, although she had not seen him for many years, and courteously bade him welcome: but it was evident that Mr. Hammond had come in no courteous spirit: he drew back from her outstretched hand, and said, addressing Lawrence, "I am sorry that your wife should be present at this distressing scene, but she must know the truth sooner or later; the hour of retribution has at length come—I accuse you of the murder of your first wife, and I call on you to give yourself up to the officers of justice, who have accompanied me from London!"

Lawrence turned deadly pale; lu' Katherine neither evinced anger nor terror at this startling accusation; she simply concluded that Mr. Hammond was out of his mind, and addressed herself to him in the mild, insinuating tone of voice usually adopted towards individuals suffering under such a calamity: "My dear sir," she said, "how glad I am that it is in my power

to disabuse you of this strange and sad impression; you may remember that I was living in the house with your dear nicce at the time of her illness and death; I loved her as a sister; and had she indeed been a sister to me, I assure you that I could not have wished to see greater attention on the part of her husband during her illness, or greater grief at her death."

"I am disposed to believe that you are speaking sincerely," said Mr. Hammond, bending on Katherine a scrutinizing glance; "I do not suspect you of any participation in the crime."

"May I request, sir," said Lawrence, with a desperate effort at self-possession, "to be informed of the grounds on which you found this very extraordinary charge against me?"

"Your secretaire has fallen into my possession," replied Mr. Hammond." "It has been taken to pieces, and important papers have been discovered within it."

"But remember, dear Mr. Hammond," interposed Katherine, still persuaded of the lunacy of her visitor, "that the house has for nineteen years been a lodging-house. In that time how many different persons must have deposited papers in the secre taire. Why should you suppose that those in question belonged to my husband?"

"And why," said Lawrence, "if you entertained any suspicion of me, did you not gain possession of the secretaire immediately after the death of your niece?"

"Because," replied Mr. Hammond, "a messenger from the grave has lately urged me to work justice on the murderer." And in a few but solemn words Mr. Hammond related the account of the apparition of the dead young lady, beheld in the lodging-house by two credible witnesses.

Katherine was about mildly to descant on the subject of nervous hallucinations, when she was arrested by a deep groan from her husband.

"I submit," he says: "I own my guilt. The hand of Providence is against me, a spirit from the other world has appeared to accuse me of my sin; I do not ask for mercy, I am willing to give up my life as a poor atonement for having taken that of my innocent and unoffending wife."

Katherine cast a wild glance at her husband, uttered a faint cry, and fell senseless to the ground.

London was in a state of great excitement and agitation. The exemplary Mr. Lawrence, a highly respectable country gentleman, blessed with a charming wife, and three amiable children, was tried for the murder of his first wife, found guilty, and sentenced to death. The evidence to which Mr. Hammond had alluded was of great importance. In a skilfully constructed drawer of Lawrence's secretaire, a book of chemistry had been discovered, in which different receipts for medicines had been marked with pencil; and a sheet of paper lay beside it, containing memoranda of the periods at which such potions had been administered to the invalid. When the medical men were examined in court, it was found that these secretly administered medicines had produced exactly the injurious effects on the patient which had been so perplexing to them, and so inconsistent with the improvement which they had expected their own prescriptions to work. Lastly, there was the receipt of the final fatal dose, and no further memorandum followed: it had given an effectual death-stroke to the constitution so long exhausted and debilitated from the deleterious effects of the preceding baneful draughts. The apparition of the dead young lady was mentioned in court. Mrs. Benson's maid and the charwoman bore witness to it; and Mr Hammond deposed to the fact of the book and papers found in the secretaire in the presence of Eldridge, and of the workman who took the secretaire to pieces, each of whom corroborated his evidence. Lawyers, however, do not think much of apparitions of dead young ladies. Allusions were made to the effect of novels and romances on the minds of lady's maids, and to that of penny periodicals on the nerves of charwomen, and Lawrence's clever counsel would doubtless have managed to represent his client's chemical administrations to his wife as merely the result of an enthusiastic love for trying experiments to bear out a new system of medicine that he had discovered, had his client been contented to leave the matter in his hands. However, Lawrence, when he had once begun to be sensible of the fact that a truly penitent sinner ought readily to confess his sin, showed himself quite willing to evince no niggard measure of penitence.

He confessed to the chaplain, and to the governor of the prison, to the philanthropist who came to visit him, and to the friends who were eager to listen to his declaration of innocence. It was quite impossible that the cleverest of counsels could do anything to benefit a client who practised confession on such an unlimited scale, and Lawrence was condemned to death. It appeared that soon after the lovely Katherine Nesbitt had become an inmate of his house, he had formed an attachment for her, the violence of which he did not attempt to control; but he had never dared to breathe a word of love to one so pure and virtuous. The illness of his wife first suggested to him the idea of the happiness that he might hope for, if her death should set him free to seek an alliance with Katherine; the symptoms of recovery, that ought to have filled him with pleasure, worked quite a contrary effect on his perverted mind, and the idea struck him that by making use of his chemical knowledge he might, without any risk of discovery, administer medicines to his wife which should counteract the effect of those sent to her by the medical men. At length, the last fatal draught was administered; and then, overpowered with horror at his successful crime, and suddenly awakened to the reproaches of conscience, he fled from the house, and never dared to return to it, to collect the evidences of his guilt; suspicion, he knew, was unlikely to rest on one bearing so high a character as himself, and the secretaire was of so peculiar a construction that it was scarcely possible that any one should discover the book and papers, or penetrate into their meaning if they did so; in fact, he thought of nothing but escaping to another country, and throwing off the deep load of remorse which seemed to weigh down his spirit. But he never threw it off: all went prosperously with him: he was united to his beloved Katherine, who daily became dearer and dearer to him; he doated on his promising children; he was esteemed by his triends, respected by his neighbors; yet was Lawrence a miserable man; he knew that he had done a deed hateful in the sight of God; the consciousness of his crime was ever before him, and he would long since have given himself up to justice, had it not been for the consideration of the disgrace and misery that would be entailed upon his wife and children by the publication of his crime. But the stroke came at last. Katherine died very shortly after the execution of her husband, and her children became as strangers to all their former friends. The gentle, affianced bride, the younger sister so fondly devoted to her father, the animated, high-spirited youth-all, with blighted prospects and breaking hearts, departed from their home; whither, it was not known, but probably to seek a place of refuge under feigned names in another country. It was truly a "household wreck," and many a tear was shed for the children by those who shuddered at the crime of the father.

Several years had elapsed. Mr. Hammond did not at all regret that he had been the means of bringing Lawrence to justice: he imagined that he had been acting the part of the "Avenging Destiny" in the ancient drama, and that he had done just what was right and proper in punishing the murderer of his niece. In regard to the broken-hearted Katherine and her exiled children, he philosophically remarked that "time out of mind it has been seen that the crimes of wicked people affect the prospects of those near and dear to them, which ought to be an additional reason for avoiding and resisting the temptation to do evil." Therefore, Mr. Hammond went on his way, a busy and prosperous city merchant, and after a time, seemed quite to forget that he had been instrumental to the execution of his nephew by marriage. There was another person, however, on whom the event made a far deeper impression. Eldridge could not forget that, although Mr. Hammond had been the nominal prosecutor of Lawrence, he had himself been the original investigator of the mystery and collector of the facts; he could not forget that it was to his own large development of the reasoning faculties, and excessive skill in tracing effects up to causes, that the apparition of a dead

young lady in a lodging-house bedroom had become in any way connected with the secret history of a man who had inhabited the same room in the same house nearly a quarter of a century ago. Had he been less prone to search into hidden matters, Lawrence would still have remained unsuspected; but he would not have escaped chastisement, since he would have suffered the daily punishment of an accusing conscience, while his innocent wife and children would have remained in the enjoyment of peace and happiness. Then, again, Eldridge was rendered exceedingly nervous by the certainty of supernatural appearances which was now forced upon his mind. Might not a visitor from the dead at any time appear to one who, like like himself, had shown such marvellous ability in discovering the murderous deed committed so many years ago? Poor Eldridge fell into a depressed state of spirits, and although year after year passed by without any other spectral wonders coming under his cognizance, he could not quite lose the impression that such things had been, and might be again.

Ten years had passed since the "Haunted Lodging-house" had earned its title, when Eldridge accepted an invitation to stay at the house of a friend in the country. Mrs. Hollingsworth had not seen him for some years in the familiarity of domestic intercourse, and was shocked to find that his strong mind and vigorous constitution were both so much and so prematurely the worse for wear. "You must see our young doctor," he said: "he is quite the popular man of the village; he has much medical skill, and great powers of intellect; he is a frequent guest at my table, and I am sure will take peculiar interest in endeavoring to dissipate the clouds that seem to hang over your mind." Dr. Mellish completely realized the high character given of him; and Eldridge derived great benefit both from his prescriptions and from his conversation. "I shall never forget the good that you have done to me by your cheerful spirits and sound sense," he said to Dr. Mellish, when they were walking together one morning in the grounds.

"Nay," said the young doctor, "I ought rather to ask your pardon for all the evil that I have done to you: I have been the unfortunate cause of the events that have so shaken and disordered your mind."

"I do not understand you," said Eldridge, looking at him with much astonishment. "What connexion could you possibly have with the Haunted Lodging-house; are you a practiser of unholy arts, and are you enabled to raise the dead?"

"In one sense of the word, I am," replied Dr. Mellish: "yet I trust there is nothing unholy in a practice which I should never have adopted were it not from my firm conviction that it conduced to the benefit of mankind."

Eldridge nervously proposed to go back to the house. It was quite evident to him that his clever young friend was suffering under a sudden aberration of his senses.

"I will explain to you the whole matter in a few words," said Dr. Mellish: "Ten years ago I was a medical student, and a lodger in Mrs. Hutchins's house. "One night, a 'subject,' which I had agreed to take in conjunction with a friend, was brought by mistake to my card of address instead of his. I could not rectify the mistake till the next day. I was aware the chamber next to mine had been for a long time unoccupied, and therefore laid the lifeless form (which was that of a fair young girl) on the bed, and little thought that any evil would result from my action. The next morning I breakfasted later than usual, and had just concluded my meal, when I heard the door open of the adjoining room, and shortly afterwards a fall on the floor, accompanied by a violent shrick, and the rapid flight down-stairs of another of the astonished intruders. I rushed into the room, discovered my old acquaintance the charwoman in a state of insensibility on the carpet, caught up my 'subject,' and had hurried into my own room and concealed it, before Mrs. Hutchins and her attendants had reached the scene of horror. Of course, I never put myself forward in the subsequent investigation that took place, and no suspicion rested on so quiet and insignificant a lodger as myself."

Eldridge was silent with amaze. He could scarcely realize to himself that there had been no apparition after all in the lodging-house, and that he was at liberty to be as incredulous sever about supernatural appearances. Poor Eldridge, however,

Digitized by Google

was no sooner relieved of one trouble, than he began to be additionally sensible of the weight of another. "Since then," he said, "there was no appeal from the grave to bring the murderer to justice, I am more than ever convinced of the culpable part that I acted in thus eagerly collecting a chain of past circumstances bearing proof of the crime of Lawrence."

"Do not make yourself unhappy by such reflections," said Dr. Mellish. "Were there the slightest doubt of Lawrence's guilt, I should quite share in your feelings; but remember it was not only proved by judicial evidence, but by his own repeated and unsolicited confession. It was evidently the will of Providence that the long-past crime should be discovered, but Providence thought fit to work by natural rather than by supernatural agency."

Many other good and sensible things did the young doctor say to Eldridge, who felt so much relieved in mind by his conversation, that he returned to London the next day a wiser and a happier man. Eldridge never made the secret known, and the apparition consequently still preserves its claims to public respect and consideration. Mrs. Benson retains her drawingroom apartments, Mitchell continues to be her faithful attendant, and Mrs. Hutchins is just as lively and almost as active as ever. The charwoman, also, is a frequent assistant of the household labors, and although Mrs. Benson's aunt has declined to shed the light of her presence on the haunted room, other persons have displayed more strength of mind, and the mysterious chamber has had many occupants, none of whom have been disturbed by any supernatural appearances. Still, however, the circumstances that created so much interest at the time, are frequently remembered and talked over in the neighborhood, and Mrs. Hutchins considers herself far elevated above the commonplace landladies of her acquaintance, when she recalls to mind the fearful and long-hidden deed of sin that was brought to light through the medium of her Haunted Lodging-house!

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

There is no question the world improves with every year, although the change is not so great as we could wish. What a strange picture of Glasgow ladies in the olden times this presents:

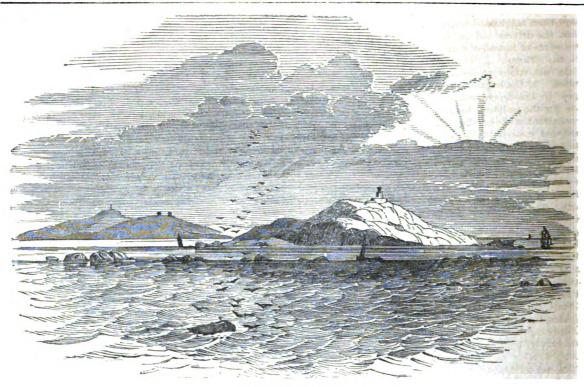
The Burgh Records of Glasgow from 1573 to 1581, of which literal tracts have been published by the Maitland Club, throw some light on the manners and the state of society, and also on the burghal or municipal customs. Glasgow was then a little town, and undistinguished from any other of its size, excepting in its university and a small commerce, chiefly of a coasting description. We see in these records all the common affairs of a petty town, but with the rough character common to an age of ignorance and ill-regulated feeling. The quarrels, flytings (scoldings), and acts of personal violence form by far the most conspicuous entries in these records. Men strike women, women clapper-claw each other, and even the dignitaries of the town are assailed on the street and in their council-house. Whingers (that is swords) and pistols are frequently used in these conflicts, and sometimes with dire effects. As examples: "April 8, 1574—Alexander Curry and Marion Smith are found in the wrong for troublance done by them to Margaret Hunter, in casting down two pair of sheets, tramping them in the gutter, and striking of the said Margaret. Surety is given that Alexander and Marion shall in future abstain from striking each other; and gif they flyte, to be brankit"-that is, invested with the kind of iron bridle with a tongue retroverted into the mouth. The punishment of branking, which was a customary one for scolds, slanderers, and other offenders of a secondary class, consisted in having the head inclosed in an iron frame from which projected a kind of spike, so as to enter the mouth and prevent speech. One common species of case is an attack of one female upon another, "striking of her, scarting of her, and dinging of her to the erd" (earth); in one instance, "shooting of her down in her own fire." Injurious words often accompany or provoke these violent acts. Bartilmo Lowteth strikes "ane poor wife" to the effusion of her blood, Ninian

Swan strikes Marion Simpson with "ane tangs" (a pair of tongs), and knocks her down—she, however, having previously spit in his face. "Andrew Heriot is (November 8, 1575) fund in the wrang and amerciament of cours for troublance done to David Morison, in striking of him with his nieve in Master Henry Gibbon's writing chamber, on the haffet (side of the head), and also for the hitting of him on the face with his nieve upon the Hie Gait, and making him baith blae and bloody therewith."

This little extract from a scarce book is curious when taken in contrast with the present times:

"THE ONREST," 1614.—Adrain Block launched from the sloping shore of what is now the foot of Wall street, New York, in 1614, a yacht of sixteen tuns, which he called the Onrest or Restless-a title prophetic of that unresting commerce of which she was the tiny germ. The Onrest became a famous explorer. Block guided her through the eddies of Hell Gate and the waters of the Sound, discovered and explored the Quon-take-ta-cut (Connecticut) River, and then visited the shores and islands of the coast to Nahant beach beyond Boston harbor. Then Captain Hendrickson took the helm and "discovered and explored certain land, a bay and three rivers situate between thirty-eight and forty degrees of latitude." The Onrest is said by De Laet to have had thirty-eight feet keel, was forty-four and a-half feet on deck, and had eleven feet beam. She is reputed the first decked vessel built within the limits of the old United States. Five years after her launch, in June, 1619, an English vessel came floating upon Long Island Sound, with all the dignity of a first discoverer.

INGENUITY OF THE ITALIAN WOMEN.—It is astonishing to see upon what a limited amount of information an Italian woman fits herself for general conversation; all her knowledge, like the ware in a French shopman's window, is on the tip of her blessed tongue; and she shows, better than any of her sisters beyond the Alps, how to turn her interlocutor's knowledge to her own account. Destitute as they are of well-grounded education at school, the Italian women "finish" themselves in their drawing-rooms. They are great hands at picking up bits and scraps, and pumping out anything there may be in their instructor's brains. Such women, however, are, I repeat, very scarce, even in Italy; and in Turin, for instance, out of ten citizens' wives, hardly one, I make bold to assert, is presentable. This, and only this, is the cause why, at almost every house where you are asked to drop in of an evening, you see Goldoni's play of "La Donna Sola" daily performed. It is not jealousy of her neighbor's beauty or accomplishments which prevents Madame Rosaura from including Madame Beatrice in the standing invitation by which the latter's husband Florindo is welcomed to her house. It is simply because Madame Beatrice's husband, if he dared tell the truth, is ashamed of his wife. "Madame Beatrice," the sly rogue will tell you, " is engrossed by her children's education and the cares of her household, or she is waiting on her aged mother or invalid sister, or she has a little circle of cavaliers of her own, or is too fond of music to miss one single air at the opera." In her box at the theatre every lady can "show." She is dressed up like "an altar," such is the phrase in Italy: and the talk between a recitative and a cavatina is the flimsiest, and silliest, and most desultory; and a lady fair can always easily get rid of an embarrassing question, or pass off a smart repartee, by turning from the speaker and evincing a sudden interest in the fate of the heroine upon the stage. In the salon it is otherwise: there the hostess must stand the brunt of the conversation, be it grave or gay; she must have an answer ready for every question, or, in her turn, she must puzzle the questioner by an adroit dodge, and escape by some witty saying which may make up by its smartness for its lack of pertinence or opportunity. I greatly regret to be compelled to add, that some of these queens of the salon have carried their amiable condescension so far as to allow their visitors to turn their drawing-rooms into cafés, or, to speak more correctly, estaminets. In more than one decent house in Turin, the cigarbox lies, amongst other articles of female industry or accomplishment, on the lady's work-table.



THE SCILLY ISLANDS.

THE SCILLY ISLANDS.

It is very probable that many of our readers have not heard so much as the name of this storm-buffeted group of islets, thrown boldly out into the Atlantic, like watchful sentries, to challenge all comers into England. Out among the chopping waves that come rushing eastward to thunder through the narrow strait which lies between France and Britain, they are placed, looking out upon the tempestuous sea, and huddling closely together as if in want of mutual aid and comfort in their lonely but eternal watch. Rugged and bleak and windy as they may be, the Scilly Islands are nevertheless the home of a hardy race, who would not exchange their humble dwellings for the most comfortable residence on the main land, and have been the object of ambition with the hereditary antagonist of England on the other side of the tempestuous channel.

The group is composed altogether of one hundred and forty-five islets, the majority of which are mere rocks of granite rising abruptly from the waves, but there are six of tolerable extent, and these only are inhabited. The largest is St. Mary's, followed by Tresco, St. Martin's, Brechar, St. Agnes and Sampson. They lie about thirty miles W. S. W. of the Land's End, the most extreme westerly point of the county of Cornwall in England, and cover a total area of about five thousand seven hundred and seventy acres. It is believed that these islands were known to the ancients under the name of Cassiterides, or tin islands, although no tin or lead mines exist upon them; but there is reason for believing that they were once connected with Cornwall by a narrow peninsula, now washed away, over which metal may have been brought to the islands.

Up to the year 1832 these islands were in possession of the ancient families of Godolphin and Asborn, who exercised absolute sovereignty over them; but in that year they lapsed to the crown, and are valued on account of their secure roadsteads and their importance as sentries over the approach to the British coast. A fort is built on St. Mary's, the largest island, where also Hugh Town, the capital, is situate. The population of the six inhabited islands is at present about two thousand six hundred and fifty, of whom the greater part are engaged in fishing and the manufacture of kelp. The granite rock is overlaid on St. Mary's with a tolerably deep and fertile soil, in which a little wheat and barley is cultivated, and which fur-

nishes pasturage also to a limited number of cattle and sheep. The climate is mild, with much fog and moisture.

Communication with Penzance in Cornwall is kept up by means of packets, but sometimes in winter it becomes impossible to approach the islands for many days. When thus imprisoned and cut off from the world beyond their horizon, the islanders-a simple race, with all the hardihood and ignorance characteristic of seafaring men-settle down in their habitations to manufacture and repair their nets, or to pursue the limited number of occupations called for in their monotonous existence. The capital, Hugh Town, possesses a few houses of some pretensions, and is inhabited by some hundred of the wealthier class and by the officials of the custom-house and fort. The government of the islands is deputed to a board or council of twelve persons, who have power to pass municipal regulations, grant licences, &c. During the summer months, Hugh Town is frequently the resort of many visitors from England, allured by the picturesque ocean scenery, the novel character of the inhabitants, and the fishing to be obtained in the island schooners. The group is also resorted to by naturalists for specimens of marine vegetation, many kinds of algae being found in Scilly which are discovered nowhere else in the British islands. We think it very probable, however, that these interesting islands have never been approached by an American visitor.

THE NEAPOLITAN DILIGENCE.

The diligence carries the mail; and a certain number of comfortable citizens who have purses in their pockets; and now and then a few bags of coin, which some Neapolitan banker is sending to one of his agents, with a view of profiting by the exchange, and who, instead of exchange, may meet with robbery. Sometimes those armed men, who travel like Cæsar "on the top of the diligence," allow themselves, unlike Cæsar, to be beaten by vastly inferior numbers. Their carbines will not go off, or if they do go off, they will not hit anybody. Nor (and this is the peculiar part of it) will anybody hit the carbineers. The brigands behave to them in the most merciful manner imaginable. Not only do they do them no harm, but they even do them a great deal of good. Thus they have been known to give gold and silver to them, after robbing the pas-

sengers in the most ruthless manner. However, in these cases. the Neapolitan magistrates sometimes interfere, and go so far as to punish the drivers and carbineers for having taken money from the robbers, instead of suffering the robbers to take money from them. There is one very certain means, though, of stopping this obnoxious proceeding on the part of the judicial authorities. If the brigands have paid a sufficiently large sum of money to the driver and his associates, it is considered etiquette for the recipients to hand over a certain portion of it to the president of the criminal tribunal, and after this it would be considered mean of the latter to take any notice whatever of the attack upon the diligence.

However, brigandage has of late years been much on the decrease in Italy. Some explain this by an improvement in the morality of the country. We, for our part, are inclined to account for it by the decrease that is continually taking place in its wealth. The travellers in the diligence are now so poor that it is scarcely worth a brigand's while to rob them, and in spite of himself he is obliged, for actual subsistence, to adopt some more honest if less agreeable calling. In other words, he is compelled to work, or at all events to join the lazzaroni, who, though they cannot be accused of industry, generally perform some species of labor in the course of the day.

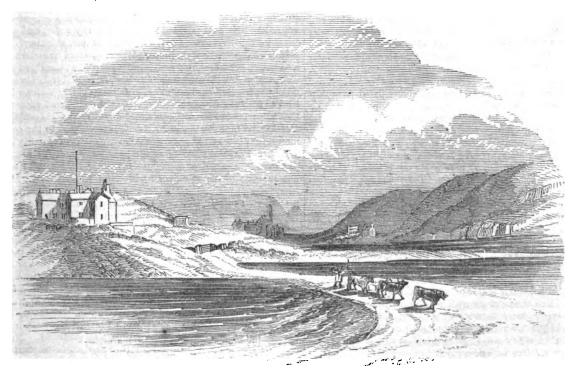
Most Englishmen—in fact, most Europeans—who have _ever visited Italy, suppose the lazzaroni to be a band of idle, desperate vagabonds, who live totally apart from the rest of society, and are only capable of handling a dagger or picking a pocket. They are simply, however, the lowest order of people, and all who live by labor and who are beneath the condition of mechanics, are comprehended under that name. "They beset strangers to carry their luggage," says an intelligent traveller; "they pursue them to act as guides; they defraud them as boatmen; and, ready for every service, they are sailors, fishers, porters, shoeblacks, grooms and laborers—all in turn. In fact, it has been said of them, that they follow more callings than they have limbs to their bodies."

The small gains necessary to procure the means of existence in Naples, combined with the oppression exercised in the provinces, and the want of employment there, tend constantly to increase the numbers of these poor creatures in the city. They are calculated to amount to above forty thousand; and, as a body, are perhaps the most good-humored, gay and undebauched mob in Europe, though, on the other hand, little scru- servants dress up in the traditional brigands' costume, and way-

pulous as to petty thefts, somewhat proud of their skill in cheating, and setting so little value on life, that they are most of them ready at any time to remove a worthy Christian to another world in the most expeditious manner, sometimes for love, but, above all, for money. "When the lazzaroni are unemployed," says Lord B—, "they lounge about in groups on the shores of St. Lucia, in the Toledo, and on the Molo, laughing, singing, gambling and disputing with one another, or sleeping in the sun. When hungry, they devour a half-rotten melon, or some other offal the rich have thrown away, or they help themselves to a bunch of grapes from other people's vines, or they go and hold a horse, or open a carriage door, to obtain a gran, which suffices to purchase a melon, or a plate of maccaroni, or a slice of bacon, all of which stand prepared for them at the corner of every street." However, there is a wide difference between these peaceable idlers and the lazy but audacious villains who infest some particular streets in the city. Many a fierce and threatening countenance may be seen beneath the red woollen caps of those who lounge on the quay, and who look out during the day for the persons they intend to plunder, or, if necessary, assassinate, under cover of the night.

Accordingly a brigand retired from business will make a very good lazzarone, much as he would have despised that occupation-or rather want of occupation-in the good old days of the road, when Fra Diavolo was not a mere operatic myth, and when mysterious visitors did really appear now and then, in the inns of Terracina, to the terror of carrotty-whiskered English noblemen, and the admiration of their sentimental, goldenhaired wives. But all that has now gone by like a dream, and soon will cease to be remembered altogether, except in as far as it may be preserved by M. Auber's undying music. Brigands are no doubt very bad things, but almost everything bad has its good side, if you can only discover the secret of looking at it in its proper light. Now, if there had been no brigands, there would have been no opera of "Fra Diavolo," and if there had been no "Fra Diavolo," we should never have seen Madame Bosio in one of her most charming parts, that of Zerlina.

Many travellers o. a romantic turn of mind regret the disappearance of the brigands from the principal high roads of Italy, and a story is told of an English lord, who actually made his



VIEW IN 'T MARY'S, SCILLY ISLANDS.

lay him on his journey from Naples to Castell-a-Mare. What would such an ambitious traveller do in the present day, when Castell-a-Mare has its railway? Yes, there is really a railway from Castell-a-Mare to Naples, and there is every reason to believe that several of the brigands have turned stokers. Such is the triumph of civilization over barbarism—such is the victory gained over poetry by prose!

ANECDOTES OF PAGANINI.

FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A DUBLIN MANAGER.

PAGANINI was in all respects a very singular being, and an interesting subject to study. His talents were by no means confined to his wonderful powers as a musician. On other subjects he was well informed, acute and conversible, of bland and gentle manners, and in society perfectly well bred. All this contrasted strangely with the dark, mysterious stories which were bruited abroad, touching some passages in his early life. But outward semblance and external deportment are treacherous as quicksands, when taken as guides by which to sound the real depths of human character. Lord Byron remarks, that his pocket was once picked by the civilest gentleman he ever conversed with, and that by far the mildest individual of his acquaintance was the remorseless Ali Pacha of Yanina. The expressive lineaments of Paganini told a powerful tale of passions which had been fearfully excited, which might be roused again from temporary slumber, or were exhausted by indulgence and permature decay, leaving deep furrows to mark their intensity. Like the generality of his countrymen, he looked much older than he was. With them, the elastic vigor of youth and manhood rapidly subside into an interminable and joyless old age, numbering as many years, but with far less both of physical and mental faculty to render them endurable, than the more equally poised gradations of our northern clime. It is by no means unusual to encounter a well-developed Italian, whiskered to the eyebrows, and "bearded like the pard," who tells you, to your utter astonishment, that he is scarcely seventeen, when you have set him down from his appearance as at least five and thirty.

The following extract from Colonel Montgomery Maxwell's book of Military Reminiscences, entitled "My Adventures," dated Genoa, February 22d, 1815, supplies the earliest record which has been given to the public respecting Paganini, and affords authentic evidence that some of the mysterious tales which heralded his coming were not without foundation. He could scarcely have been at this time thirty years old. "Talking of music, I have become acquainted with the most outré, most extravagant and strangest character I ever beheld or heard in the musical line. He has just been emancipated from durance vile, where he has been for a long time incarcerated on suspicion of murder. His long figure, long neck, long face and long forehead; his hollow and deadly pale cheek, large black eye, hooked nose and jet black hair, which is long and more than half hiding his expressive Jewish face; all these rendered him the most extraordinary person I ever beheld. There is something scriptural in the tout ensemble of the strange physiognomy of this uncouth and unearthly figure. Not that, as in times of old, he plays, as Holy Writ tells us, on a ten-stringed instrument; on the contrary, he brings the most powerful, the most wonderful and the most heart-rending tones from one string. His name is Paganini; he is very improvident and very poor. The D-s and the Impresario of the theatre got up a concert for him on one occasion, which was well attended, and on which occasion he electrified the audience. He is a native of Genoa, and if I were a judge of violin playing, I would pronounce him the most surprising performer in the world."

That Paganini was either innocent of the charge for which he suffered the incarceration Colonel Maxwell mentions, or that it could not be proved against him, may be reasonably inferred from the fact that he escaped the galleys or the executioner. In Italy, there was then, par excellence (whatever there may be now), a law for the rich, and another for the poor. As he was without money, and unable to buy immunity, it is

charitable to suppose he was entitled to it from innocence. A nobleman, with a few zecchini, was in little danger of the law. which confined its practice entirely to the lower orders. I knew a Sicilian prince, who most wantonly blew a vassal's brains out. merely because he put him in a passion. The case was not even inquired into. He sent half a dollar to the widow of the defunct (which, by the way, he borrowed from me, and never repaid), and there the matter ended. Lord Nelson once suggested to Ferdinand IV., of Naples, to try and check the daily increase of assassination, by a few salutary executions. "No. no," replied old Nasone, who was far from being as great a fool as he looked, "that is impossible. If I once began that system my kingdom would soon be depopulated. One half my subjects would be continually employed in hanging the remainder."

Among other peculiarities, Paganini was an incarnation of avarice and parsimony, with a most contradictory passion for gambling. He would haggle with you for sixpence, and stake a rouleau on a single turn at rouge at noir. He screwed you down in a bargain as tightly as if you were compressed in a vice, yet he had intervals of liberality, and sometimes did a generous action. In this he bore some resemblance to the celebrated John Elwes, of miserly notoriety, who deprived himself of the common necessaries of life, and lived on a potato skin. but sometimes gave a check for one hundred pounds to a publicharity, and contributed largely to private subscriptions. I never heard that Paganini actually did this, but once or twice he played for nothing, and sent his donation to the Mendicity, when he was in Dublin.

When he made his engagement with me, we mutually agreed to write no orders, expecting the house to be quite full every night, and both being aware that the "sons of freedom," while they add nothing to the exchequer, seldom assist the effect of the performance. They are not given to applaud vehemently; or, as Richelieu observes, "in the right places." What we can get for nothing we are inclined to think much less of than that which we must purchase. He who invests a shilling will not do it rashly, or without feeling convinced that value received will accrue from the risk. The man who pays is the real enthusiast; he comes with a pre-determination to be amused, and his spirit is exalted accordingly. Paganini's valet surprised me one morning by walking into my room, and, with many excellences and gesticulations of respect, asking me to give him an order. I said, "Why do you come to me? Apply to your master—won't he give you one? "O yes; but I don't like to ask him." "Why not?" "Because he'll stop the amount out of my wages!" My heart relented; I gave him the order, and paid Paganini the dividend. I told him what it was, thinking, as a matter of course, he would return it. He seemed uncertain for a moment, paused, smiled sardonically, looked at the three and sixpence, and, with a spasmodic twitch, deposited it in his own waistcoat pocket instead of mine. Voltaire says, "No man is a hero to his valet de chambre," meaning thereby, as I suppose. that being behind the scenes of every-day life, he finds out that Marshal Saxe, or Frederick the Great, is as subject to the common infirmities of our nature as John Nokes or Peter Styles. Whether Paganini's squire of the body looked on his master as a hero in the vulgar acceptation of the word, I cannot say. but in spite of his stinginess, which he writhed under, he regarded him with mingled reverence and terror. "A strange person, your master," observed I. "Signor," replied the faithful Sancho Panza, "e veramente grand nomo, ma da non patersi comprendere" (he is truly a great man, but quite incomprehen-

It was edifying to observe the awful importance with which Antonio bore the instrument nightly entrusted to his charge to carry to and from the theatre. He considered it an animated something, whether demon or angel he was unable to determine but this he firmly believed, that it could speak in actual dialograwhen his master pleased, or become a dumb familiar by the same controlling volition. This especial violin was Paganini's same controlling volition. It lay on his table before him, as his at meditating in his solitary chamber; it was placed by his side at dinner, and on a chair within his reach when in bed. It he woke, as he constantly did, in the dead of night, and the sudden estro of inspiration seized him, he grasped his instru-

ment, started up, and on the instant perpetuated the conception i he soon alluded to the late correspondence, and half seriously which otherwise he would have lost for ever. This marvellous Cremona, valued at four hundred guineas, Paganini, on his deathbed, gave to De Kontski, his nephew and only pupil, himself an eminent performer, and in his possession it now remains.

When Paganini was in Dublin, at the musical festival of 1830, the Marquis of Anglesea, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, came every night to the concerts at the theatre, and was greatly pleased with his performance. On the first evening, between the acts, his excellency desired that he might be brought round to his box to be introduced, and paid him many compliments. Lord Anglesea was at that time residing in perfect privacy with his family at Sir Harcourt Lees' country-house, near Blackrock, and expressed a wish to get an evening from the great violinist, to gratify his domestic circle. The negotiation was rather a difficult one, as Paganini was, of all others, the man who did nothing in the way of business without an explicit understanding and a clearly defined con-si-de-ra-ti-on. He was alive to the advantage of honor, but he loved money with a paramount affection. I knew that he had received enormous terms, such as £150 and £200, for fiddling at private parties in London, and I trembled for the vice-regal purse; but I undertook to manage the affair, and went to work accordingly. The aide-decamp in waiting called with me on Paganini, was introduced in due form, and handed him a card of invitation to dinner, which, of course, he received and accepted with ceremonious politeness. Soon after the officer had departed, he said suddenly, "This is a great honor, but am I expected to bring my instrument?" "Oh, yes," I replied, "as a matter of coursethe Lord Lieutenant's family wish to hear you in private." "Caro amico," rejoined he, with petrifying composure, "Paganini con violino e Paganini senza violino-ecco due animali distanti" (Paganini with his fiddle and Paganini without it are two very different persons). I knew perfectly what he meant, and said. "The Lord Lieutenant is a nobleman of exalted rank and character, liberal in the extreme, but he is not Cræsus; nor do I think you could with any consistency receive such an honor as dining at his table, and afterwards send in a bill for playing two or three tunes in the evening." He was staggered, and asked, "What do you advise?" I said, "Don't you think a present in the shape of a ring, or a snuff-box, or something of that sort, with a short inscription, would be a more agreeable mode of settlement?" He seemed tickled by this suggestion, and closed with it at once. I despatched the intelligence through the proper channel, that the violin and the gran maestro would both be in attendance. He went in his very choicest mood, made himself extremely agreeable, played away, unsolicited, throughout the evening, to the delight of the whole party; and on the following morning, a gold snuff-box was duly presented to him, with a few complimentary words engraved on the lid.

A year or two after this, when Paganini was again in England, I thought another engagement might be productive, as his extraordinary attraction appeared still to increase. I wrote to him on the subject, and soon received a very courteous communication, to the effect, that although he had not contemplated including Ireland in his tour, yet he had been so impressed by the urbanity of the Dublin public, and had moreover conceived such a personal esteem for my individual character. that he might be induced to alter his plans, at some inconvenience, provided always I could make him a more enticing proposal than the former one. I was here completely puzzled, as on that occasion I gave him a clear two-thirds of each receipt, with a bonus of twenty-five pounds per night in addition, for two useless coadjutors. I replied that, having duly deliberated on his suggestion, and considered the terms of our last compact, I saw no possible means of placing the new one in a more alluring shape, except by offering him the entire produce of the engagement. After I had despatched my letter, I repented bitterly, and was terrified lest he should think me serious, and hold me to the bargain; but he deigned no answer, and this time I escaped for the fright I had given myself. When in London, I called to see him, and met with a cordial reception; but

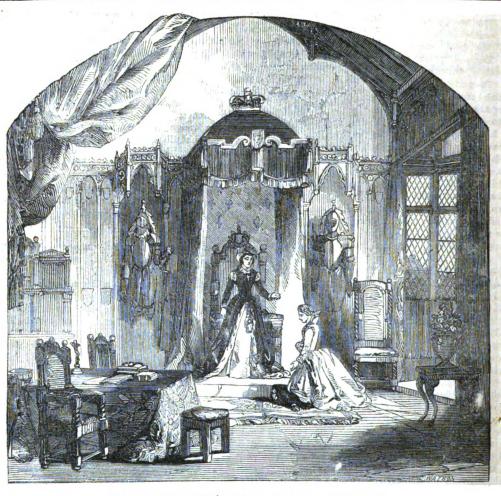
"That was a curious letter you wrote to me, and the joke with which you concluded it by no means a good one."

"Oh," said I, laughing, "it would have been much worse if you had taken me at my word."

He then laughed too, and we parted excellent friends. I never saw him again. He returned to the continent, and died, having purchased the title of baron, with a patent of nobility, from some foreign potentate, which with his accumulated earnings, somewhat dilapidated by gambling, he bequeathed to his only son. Paganini was the founder of his school, and the original inventor of those extraordinary tours de force with which all his successors and imitators are accustomed to astonish the uninitiated. But he still stands at the head of the list, although eminent names are included in it, and is not likely to be pushed from his pedestal.

THE BALANCE OF MUNDANE CONDITIONS.—Whatever be the varieties of human states and fortunes, some delicate turn of of the balance makes them equal. The scale is in the hand of God. The thrush sings in the cottager's garden, and the skeleton hangs behind the gold tapestry. Even the mute creation clears up dark passages in the economy of the intellectual. For one gift bestowed, another is taken away. The bird of paradise has coarse legs. The eye of the bat is too weak for the gloom it inhabits; therefore the sense of touch is quickened; it sees with its feet, and easily and safely guides itself in the swiftest flight. The sloth has a similar provision. Look at it on the ground, and you wonder at the grotesque freaks of nature; but follow it up a tree, watch it suspending its body by the hooked toes, and swinging from bough to bough, and you perceive its organization to be exactly suited to its wants. Paley notices the same principle of compensation in the elephant and crane. The short unbending neck of the first receives a remedy in the flexible trunk; the long legs of the second enable it to wade where the structure of its feet prevents it from swimming. The changes of light and shade are tempered to insect sensibility. In the deserts of the Torrid Zone, the setting sun calls up myriads of little creatures that would perish in its full brightness: while, in the wintry solitudes of the north, sunset is the signal for repose. The lesson of compensation is taught by the humming of flies along the hedges. The flutterer of a day has no reason to complain of the shortness of its life. It was a thought of Malebranche, that the ephemera may regard a minute as we look upon a year. The delusion is its recompense.

"ANTELOPES" AND "Cows."—Norman V. is famous in the annals of Arabia, chiefly because his reign approached close upon the rise of Islam, and he was the patron of several renowned poets who celebrated his name. But his end was darkened by disgrace and misfortune. Zeid, the son of Adi, resolved, by a stratagem, as singular as it proved successful, to revenge the murder of his father. He pictured in warm colors the charms of the women of Hira before the King of Persia, who readily adopted the suggestion that some of the fair relatives of his vassal might well adorn the royal harem. An embassy, charged with this errand, was dispatched to Norman, who, surprised and alarmed by the demand, expressed aloud his wonder that the monarch of Persia was not satisfied with the 'antelope" beauties of his own land. The term was equivocal, and Norman was denounced as having insulted the females of Persia by likening them to "cows." The wrath of the Chosroes fell heavily upon his ungallant vassal, and he fled from Hira. After vainly wandering in search of allies among the Arab tribes, he left his arms in the custody of Hani, a chief of the Bani Bakr, and in despair delivered himself up to the King of Persia. The unfortunate prince was passed in mockery between two long rows of lovely girls splendidly attired, and by each was taunted with the question whether she was a Persian cow. He was cast into prison, and there died or was murdered. Thus ended the Lakhmite dynasty in the year 605 A.D., having lasted for the long space of three hundred and twenty-seven



THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S RECONCILIATION WITH QUEEN MARY.

THE ROYAL HALF-SISTERS.

By the death of Edward VI., the young King of England, in 1553, the two daughters of his father, Henry VIII., became immediately the points of attraction to the leaders of the two great parties into which the country was divided. The bigot Mary received at once the allegiance of the Roman Catholic peers and bishops, while the heads of the Protestant party gathered around the Princess Elizabeth, to protect her as well from her half-sister, as from the designs of the ambitious Duke of Northumberland. That nobleman had succeeded in wresting from Edward, in his dying moments, a bequest of the crown to his cousin, the Lady Jane Grey, who had married Northumberland's youthful son, Lord Dudley, excluding thereby the rightful heir, Princess Mary, and after her the Princess Elizabeth. from the throne. Lady Jane Grey's enforced usurpation lasted but nine days after the death of Edward; the nation, and especially the metropolis, refused to accept the illegal sovereign, and "Queen Jane" and her consort were deposed after a nine days' semblance of royalty, to be executed shortly afterwards for a crime that was none of their own. Mary, the legitimate Queen of England, was solemnly proclaimed such in July.

Her half-sister, Elizabeth, who had been brought up in the Protestant faith, was among the first to proclaim her devotion to the queen. Although a mere girl in years, she already had all the wariness and craft of a mature politician; and she steadfastly resisted the entreaties addressed to her by her numerous enthusiastic adherents, having as their object an effort for the dethronement of Mary, and the proclamation of Elizabeth as queen. The daughter of Anne Boleyn knew too well that, however much a majority of Englishmen might fear and detest the daughter of Catherine of Aragon, the nation would not endure an usurping sovereign, and she patiently resolved to bide

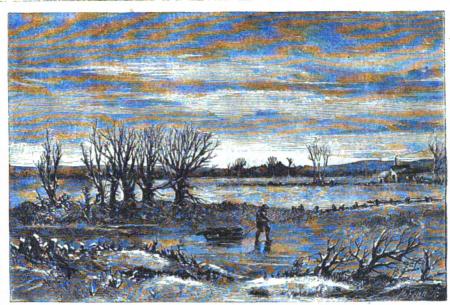
of her partisans, she left her mansion of Hatfield, and proceeded to London, where she notified Queen Mary of her arrival, and of her dutiful desire to pay her respects to her sovereign. It was many years since the sisters had seen each other; and many a heart was anxious in London as Elizabeth rode out from Somerset House, on the 30th of July, on her way to meet the queen as she entere I London.

The princess was followed by a brilliant cortege of Protestant gentlemen, with whom she awaited, at the village of Wanstead, the coming of the queen. She drew up her horse by the picturesque old windmill of the village, as the distant gleam of lances told her of the approach of her sovereign-sister, and calmly prepared for the fateful interview. It was impossible to divine how Mary would receive her, or to guess whether the next few hours would not find her the inmate of a prison-chamber in the Tower; but Elizabeth was resolute to face the possible danger, and to prevent the certain peril of remaining aloof from her sister. The queen's cortege soon appeared upon the brow of the gentle declivity near which Elizabeth was stationed; and a cavalcade of gentlemen, leading the van, bowed respectfully as they passed the silent princess. Behind them Mary rode, attended by her councillors, prominent among whom was Gardiner, the dark and plotting Bishop of Winchester. As she approached the windmill, Elizabeth deftly alighted, as did all her attendants, and hastened towards the queen, whose worn and sallow countenance looked sadly withered in comparison with the blooming fairness of the youthful princess A smile, however, in which melancholy mingled with an almost sweet expression of welcome, lighted up the queen's features as her sister approached, and she dismounted to meet her. Elizabeth knelt and kissed her sister's hand; Mary raised her, and imprinted a kiss upon her cheek. "You salute me," she said, as a queen: but I have a sister to welcome!" Then placing her time. Discegarding the entreaties alike with the warnings her hand familiarly on the shoulder of Elizabeth, she glanced

long and mourafully over her features. The two parties of attendants, meanwhile, comprising nearly all the most prominent nobles of England, gazed with feelings widely dissimilar upon the scene. The party of Elizabeth glowed with exultation at the signs of royal favor bestowed upon their princess; while Gardiner and his Roman Catholic colleagues looked with bitterness of heart upon the sisterly recognition and salute. They had been kept in ignorance of Mary's intention, and had hoped to gratify their hatred of Protestantism in the sight of a rebuff administered by the queen to her sister.

Elizabeth, meanwhile, had read the countenances of her sister's courtiers, and made a sudden resolve of following up the advantage she had won, in securing so open a testimonial of affection. With great fervor she

begged to be permitted to accompany her sister to the palace, in order to enjoy for a little longer period her converse; and the queen, surprised but secretly pleased at the apparent affection and respect thus manifested, graciously extended her permission. The Roman Catholic dignitaries were not a little astonished when they beheld the princess mount her palfrey, and take up a position on the right hand of Queen Mary; but they sedulously concealed their mortification, and respectfully fell behind the royal ladies. On arriving at St. James's Palace, Elizabeth, who had artfully permitted herself to appear half convinced of the errors of Protestantism, in consequence of an carnest lecture from the queen, begged to be permitted to see her sister in her own presence-chamber, in the royal apartment itself. Mary conducted her thither, when the princess taking her by the hand, led her to the chair of state. The queen, wonderingly, placed her hand upon the gilded chair, and her sister, with a simulation of enthusiasm of which she alone was capable, threw herself upon her knees and exclaimed, "God save Queen Mary! God save your grace!" She then rose, and in an apparent spontaneous outburst of loyalty, which, nevertheless she had carefully prepared upon the journey, assured her sister of the devotion felt by herself and her adherents



WINTER TWILIGHT-GEO. H. BOUGHTON.

to her cause, the impossibility of an attempt on her part to wrest from her elder sister a rightful inheritance, and her own indifference to the cares of a mighty kingdom. Mary was no match for her sister in the arts of deception, and she was so completely convinced of Elizabeth's sincerity by this artful display, that when, somewhat later, almost absolute proof of the princess's complicity with traitors were discovered, she refused to lend credence to the statements, and Elizabeth escaped the penalty that her many enemies would have delighted in affixing to the crime.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN PARIS.—A TALE OF THE CLUBS AND THE SECRET POLICE.

CHAPTER VII.—COTILLON FLIRTATIONS.

Paul was in despair. Then he would not have an opportunity of dancing at all with Madeleine. She would sit out, or perhaps go away, and he, Paul, would have to stay and do penance with his wretched little partner. Suddenly he caught a pair of mild kind eyes beaming upon him from the opposite side of the room. They belonged to de Coucy. Paul glanced meaningly

at these eyes, and then at Madeleine. De Coucy caught his meaning, and followed his look. The next moment he was leading Madeleine to a seat in the ring, much to the amazement of Paul, who, in the first place, had never in his life seen the republican dance; who knew that he was here only on political business, and who could scarcely credit the assurance of a girl who could refuse one man and accept another the next minute; a crime, yes, a social crime in France or Germany.

Paul glanced at once at Ludowsky, who was livid with rage and disappointment, and rose more than once, as if to protest against this conduct. But it seemed as if he conquered this foolish impulse, for he sank back again, and commenced a lively conversation with his red-faced part-



LAKE NEMI-S. R. GIFFORD, N. A.

ner, who supplied the absence of personal attractions by what middle-aged people term "so much good sense, so much in her," or Scotchmen condescendingly call "a wee chatty body."

No Frenchman is fit for the possession of power. This dictum, proved by the revolutions of the last hundred years, is no less illustrated by the cotillons of to-day—to speak after the manner of Sir Archibald Alison, &c. &c. The dapper, pert, brushed-up little Frenchman who led the cotillon on this occasion, was open to the same imputation as the ouvrier turned minister in February 1848, or the concierge at an official residence. He was determined to make his temporary authority felt, and he knew no other way of doing so than making himself generally disagreeable. He rushed frantically about within the circle of seated dancers, gave commands instead of making requests, shouted violently into the ears of the timid or doubtful, grinned familiarly at the more expert, and when it was his own time to dance, snatched up his partner-an English girl, by the way, who looked thoroughly disgusted—as if she had been a bundle, whirled her round twice, and then leaving her to take care of herself, rushed off to push some one else into their right places. The result of all this was, that the cotilion was a very lively one, and was not allowed to go to sleep; but at the same time, I fancy some of the men would have given anything to be allowed to kick its leader into the conrtvard

"Now then, sir, will you choose two ladies, give them each the name of some flower, and take them to some gentleman to select from: now, sir, come."

This was to Paul, who knowing the cotillon well enough, was not long in obeying. Without hesitation he chose first Ludowsky's red-faced partner, and then Madeleine. The contrast was striking enough. He led the young ladies into the middle of the room, and asked them each what flower they would be called by. Of course the red-faced damsel, with the usual deludedness of red-faced damsels, said she was a lily.

"Then I will be a rose," murmured Madeleine with half a

Paul, with a wicked satisfaction, led them up to the count.

"Lily or rose, my dear Ludowsky!"

- "Ah, this is embarrassment," said the count,; "two such lovely flowers!" pretending to cast a look of admiration at the red-faced damsel.
- "But butterflies, M. le comte," said Madeleine smiling, "always prefer roses."
- "Then, mademoiselle, since I am too constant to be a butterfly, I shall choose the lily," and he rose and moved towards Madeleine.
 - "I beg your pardon, sir, I am the rose."

It is impossible to describe the look of vexation that the count could not repress. Paul saw it, and the next moment whirled off with Madeleine round the circle.

- "I am saved," laughed the young girl involuntarily.
- "Saved?" said Paul doubtingiy. "Ah, mademoiselle, you are either an arch-deceiver, or a base flatterer."
- "You are complimentary, sir, but I am neither; and as a proof of it, I hope you will do your best to-night to prevent my dancing with your friend."

Paul was amazed. He had been told that these two were engaged. He had with his own eyes seen upon what terms they were; and so he could only interpret Madeleine's words by supposing that some lover's quarrel had taken place this very evening. He preferred, however, to take a far more hopeful view of the case.

- "Are you joking, mademoiselle?" he asked.
- "I never joke," she answered coldly. Then she added as if to herself, "I wish I had a heart light enough to jest. But for two years at least I have lost that power." Then suddenly looking up straight into Montague's face, she asked, naively: "Are you very fond of your friend, Count Ludowsky? Perhaps I offended you in saying that I could not bear dancing with him? Is he an intimate friend of yours?"
- "Oh, it was not that you offended me, for he is merely a ballroom acquaintance, positively nothing more. For a man of his
 mould and class, I like him. He is generous and off-hand; but
 I know nothing more of him. No, when I asked you if you

were jesting, I felt so astonished at your speaking in that way of a person for whom I supposed you would naturally feel—feel——'

- "Well, feel what?"
- "Well then, feel some kind of affection."
- "I! affection for Count Ludowsky! You must be mad, sir. What could make you dream of such a thing?"

This was the first time Paul had seen anything like warmth of feeling in his partner. He had believed her an icicle before, but he was beginning to be undeceived. He felt that he had put his foot in it this time, and in self-defence he muttered, "I was told that you were engaged to him, mademoiselle."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when his arm was seized violently by the leader of the cotillon.

"My dear sir, we cannot possibly go on with the cotillon, if you will not stop dancing. We have been waiting for you this five minutes."

Montague cast a hurried look round, and found that all eyes were turned on him. The fact was that the leader had been clapping his hands impatiently for at least three or four minutes, but the two had been so engrossed in their conversation, that they had not perceived it. When Paul turned again, Madeleine had escaped to her place, and he made hurriedly for his own.

"It is very unkind," said his little partner, with ill-concealed jealousy, "to interrupt people in the middle of their dance. I am sure you were not preventing the cotillon from going on at all."

"Oh," said Montague, "it was mere absence. I am subject to absent fits, occasionally."

And he made this an excuse to be very absent indeed for the next ten minutes, thinking over what had passed. He would have acted differently if he could have seen the face behind his chair. The little man who was fixed there was vexing his great soul terribly at Paul's conduct.

"Madame de Beaufort," he whispered to his wife, "did you see that? Ein? what do you think of it? She is rather a flirt; do you not think so? It is terrible to see young ladies expose themselves like that. Clothilde would never have done so; never."

When Paul had summoned courage enough to look up, he saw De Coucy and Madeleine looking first at him, then at one another. It was clear that they had been talking about him, and from De Coucy's kind smile, he knew that it could be nothing bad that they were saying of him. He thanked him with a look.

Meanwhile the cotillon was going on rapidly. A chair had been placed in the middle of the circle, a young lady was placed in it, and a little looking-glass was put into her hands. One by one the gentlemen were brought up behind her chair. She turned the glass upon them, and if the face reflected in it pleased her, she rose and danced with its owner, if not, she passed her handkerchief across the mirror.

It was soon Clothilde's turn to be placed on the stool of judgment, but before she rose, the little man behind her whispered mysteriously in her ear, "The Englishman."

Now Paul had grievously offended the leader of the cotillon, who in consequence declined to bring him out, until Clothilde had refused every other dancer in the circle. As each man was rejected, he was forced to place himself by her side, so that in time almost all the gentlemen were standing round her, twirling their thumbs and looking very much bored. Paul of course was chosen. Then there came upon the little man's face a look of satisfaction.

"I wonder, my dear," said he to his little wife, "if the Englishman will keep it up with Clothilde as he did with that bold girl?"

But his wonder was short-lived, for Paul, having nothing particular to say, took good care this time not to interrupt the progress of the dance. The little man's face fell, but he turned at once to his wife—

"I told you so. You see how anxious he was to prolong the walts with Clothilde, but she would not allow it. Oh, she is a thoroughly well-bred girl, is Clothilde—one of us, my dear, one of us."

Ere long Maddeleine was in the chair. Her radiant beauty made every cavalier anxious to be chosen, and each conceited for might be seen thrusting himself eagerly before the notice of the leader. who rushed round choosing his friends first, and then the others. But all in vain. Madeleine sat calm and haughty, and scarcely deigned even to shake her head, as the disappointed creatures were ushered behind her. At length two only remained sitting-Ludowsky and Paul.

The leader looked round for others, but, finding none, led up Ludowsky first. Madeleine raised her mirror expectingly. She could not catch his face at once. The count thought he was chosen, and came forward. Madeleine half rose, glanced thim and then shook her head vehemently. The disgusted leader was forced to bring up Paul, but before he was even half way to the chair, Madeleine rose and received him with a smile. Everybody looked significantly at his neighbor. Every one except Ludowsky, who walked to his seat, muttering to himself, "She is only making a fool of him, just to annoy me. Let her go on. Let them both go on. Let him be duped, and she be compromised. It will give them both a lesson.'

The cotillon was scarcely over when the little man came up to Paul.

"Mr. Montague, I have to thank you for taking so much care of my niece. She is so very young, only just presented, and, as you saw, very timid in society. Miladi Plantagenet told me I should find you a careful guardian for her. She has spoken to me so much about you, that I am induced to hope you will afford us an opportunity of making your acquaintance more nearly. May I trust that you will do Madame de Beaufort the pleasure of calling on her in the Rue Caumartin ?"

At this moment Paul caught De Coucy's eyes anxiously beckoning to him.

"Oh yes," he answered, bowing himself away, "I shall be most happy, most honored. When-when-'

"Madame de Beaufort receives on Saturdays from two to four.'

"Thank you. I shall do myself the honor next Saturday."

'Madame de Beaufort," muttered the little man, "we have

caught the Englishman. Congratulate Clothide." "Mademoiselle de Ronville wishes to speak to you," said De Coucy, as Paul rushed up. Madeleine was hanging on his arm, and looked more beautiful than ever. For the first time that evening there was a pleasant, good-humored smile upon her

"Mr. Montague, I have an apology to make you."

"You, mademoiselle!"

"Yes, I. In dancing with you the first time this evening, I was not only cold to you, I was almost rude."

"Oh, no, no?"

melancholy face.

"I think so. Well, I had my reason. But since then, I and Monsieur de --, really I do not know your name," she added, turning to De Coucy. "You remember, sir, that you were never introduced to me. Well then, I and M. de Coucy—is it? have been talking about you. The reason that I had for my conduct is completely gone since this conversation, and I am there'ore sorry that I did not make myself more agreeable to you. Whenever we meet again, I trust I shall not repeat my fault.''

As she said this her eyes bent upon Paul's face, guistened with something more than good-nature. Montague was quite amazed. Such a speech from any one would have been astonishing, for it was quite uncalled for"; but from a French girl it was astounding. He bowed profoundly, but could find no words to answer.

Soon after the ball broke up, and Paul seeing De Coucy gliding peacefully away, rushed after him, and took possession of his arm.

"Take care, my dear fellow," whisper De Coucy; "wait till we are clear of these people. We must not be seen together on any account."

When they were once safe together, Paul burst out—

"My dear old boy, you are an eternal trump. How the deuce could you manage to read my look so well? How could you know that I did not want that lovely girl to be left out of the cotillon? Isn't she beautiful—confess it. I dare say you have

been flirting awfully, you two, though, and you don't regret doing me a good turn, as you had the best of it after all."

De Coucy smiled in his own quiet, good-natured manner.

"Oh yes, of course we have been flirting desperately, but as you know the subject of our conversation, you cannot object?"

"How do you mean?"

"Why, did not your beauty herself tell you we had been talking about you?"

"Yes : but--"But what ?"

"Well, never mind, what did you say of me, or rather what

did she say of me? Tell me all about it?"
"My dear boy," said De Coucy paternally, "are you really such a fool as to go and fall in love, or is this only one of those ballroom enchantments which always vanish after a good night's sleep?"

Paul thanked the night that it covered his boy's blush. But he did not mind betraying himself to De Coucy, whom he loved like a brother.

"Oh! I am not a man to fall in love at first sight; not a bit of it. But, you know, I never enjoy a ball unless there is some little romance about it; and this girl with the blue eyes and black hair has filled for to-night what-would otherwise have been a considerable vacuum.''

"True; La Plantagenète's balls are rather brilliant than romantic. But you know, my friend, that you must positively not fall in love just now. We have need of your head in its clearest state; we have need of all your interest and affection; and a foolish diversion like this may do more damage than any actual treachery, and all the espionage in Paris."

"My dear fellow, don't be at all afraid. Surely a little trifling, a little amusement after a ball, is excusable, and not very alarming. As you say, to-morrow morning I shall have forgotten the existence of this enchantress."

"I hope so, but am not confident."

De Coucy paused. He knew what pleasure it would give the young man to hear all that Madeleine had said of him. He thoroughly appreciated her beauty, and was not a little alarmed at the peculiarity of her character, for he well knew that Paul would never care beyond a night at most for any commonplace beauty; but the consideration of their common political interest made him steel his kind heart against the indulgence he was longing to heap on this boy that he loved so well, and he remained silent.

Paul, too, walked on without a word. He was struck by the unusual earnestness of his friend's words. They were just about to part, when he remembered that he had something yet to say

"By the way, I have received a strange proposal this evening from no less a personage than the Count Ludowsky."

" Ah!"

"He wants to join us."

"Ha, ha! the deep fox."

"But there may be some advantages in such a union."

"If in this matter he represents his party."

"Which he affirms to be the case."

"But which, for my part, I think extremely doubtful."

"Because I know him to be a consummate and clever intriguer, who, because his case is a bad one, is the less principled in the means he takes to support it."

"Well, you can have an opportunity of hearing his assertions from his own lips, if you will come to me to-morrow morning'

"Oh! it has reached that point, then?"

"Yes; but mind you come early, as I should like to talk to you before he arrives.'

"I will; now, good-night. I need not wish you pleasant dreams."

"One word, cried Paul, unable to control his curiosity. "Did she speak well or ill of me?"

"A little of both, but very little. Stay, if you are a good boy, I will tell you more to-morrow. Au revoir."

And muffling himself in his cloak, De Coucy hurried down the dark, empty street.

"As good a man as ever lived," murmured Paul, looking after him. "Heigh-ho! to my little lonely rooms now."

CHAPTER VIII. - THE USE AND ABUSE OF CLOSETS.

To be jilted is never pleasant; and not the most modest man ever born could be insensible to such a shock to self-love. But to be jilted by a girl whom you have been loving for years, in favor of a man whom she sees for the first time, and that man introduced by yourself—fool that you were! and that man, moreover—and this is the worst of it—a foreigner, is much worse than thumbscrews. The Count Ludowsky, blinded by jealousy, believed himself to have been thus treated—very unnecessarily, though, for Madeleine had forgotten all about the Englishman long before she tossed herself on to her little bed that morning—and felt wrathful in proportion.

"What do I care, though?" he muttered to himself. "I'll marry that girl yet, if it takes ten years to subdue her pride. I have the old lady in my favor, and the governor more pro than con; but as for Montague, curse him! I shall pay him out beautifully. To-morrow morning I shall be in the thick of his secrets. I shall hold him entirely in my power, and if he's troublesome, I'll have him packed off to Belleisle in the galion noir. An Englishman, too, to interfere with French politics! Hang his impudence."

But his rage was quite superfluous, for, as De Coucy had guessed, Paul rose the next morning after a good sleep, with a pleasant recollection of the night before, but much more in love with his politics than with his heroine.

Philosophers, when not lodged in tubs, are mostly found in garrets; and time was when conspirators, in like manner, were supposed to be necessarily a sort of subterranean being, having their peculiar dwelling in very gloomy quarters, and meeting in shivery caverns and vast cellars, without any wine in them. If we believe the romance-writers of no very remote date, a mask and a huge Spanish cloak were the necessary adjuncts of the member of a secret society. Alas! for the degeneracy of these latter days. Conspirators are very unromantic gentlemen now, living in ordinary apartments, dressed as becomes their ordinary position or business, and mixing in public places with the most worthy and commonplace of their neighbors.

Few men can devote all their time and all their thoughts to conspiracy. To do so would be to suckle a monomania, which in time would turn and devour its nurse. The best conspirators of the present day are men who give their days to their usual employments, and turn to politics in their hours of recreation.

Paul Montague's rooms were free from all pretension. He had taken a small separate apartment in a respectable house. It contained a drawing-room, a dining-room, a study, two bedrooms and a kitchen. He had the sense to keep a single servant, an active man, who could and did do everything that was wanted in a bachelor's household—cooked a meal and waited at it—dressed his master and scrubbed the floors. Paul well knew the troubles of keeping servants, with good living and little to do for it.

But though his apartment was so thoroughly unpretending, it had its advantages in the eyes of an acute conspirator. Imprimis, it had two staircases, and therefore two entrances. In the next place, it was furnished with a goodly number of closets and cupboards, which were brought into requisition on many occasions. His study, which was his sanctum, contained two of these hiding-places; and Paul had so improved them, that their, doors could be securely shut, and yet leave a little creak sufficient to enable the person concealed to hear every word which was spoken in the room. Moreover, one of these closets communicated with his dining-room, through which, if necessary, an escape might be made.

In this study he was seated on the morning after the ball, when De Coucy entered according to agreement.

De Coucy was decidedly a handsome man to those who looked into his face, for it was by no means striking enough for young misses to care much for. But whether you thought it handsome or not, you admitted it was pleasing, and the more so in France, because it was full of a certain honesty and trueness which is there hard to find. Then there was a certain benevo-

lence about his mouth; though a young man, you could have sworn he was the father of a family, and doted on children, yet he was a bachelor, and had taken a vow of celibacy. His eyes were deep brown, large, and set under the shadow of a large brow. They were kind and beaming, not brilliant, but yet thoughtful, and at times a little melancholy. For the rest, he had a plebeian figure, short and rather thick-set, and his dress was that of the bourgeois rather than the dandy.

One word describes De Coucy's character-Sincerity.

This rare quality had been put to many a rough test, for De Coucy, from being a politician only, had become a conspirator; and conspirator and Jesuit are the two classes which rank highest among liars. Yet De Coucy never lied, never tricked, never intrigued, never deceived, at least not intentionally; but at the same time it must be admitted that his very sincerity was continually deceiving those who were accustomed to naught but deceptions, and was looked upon as the highest attainment in the art of intrigue. Thus De Coucy obtained a reputation for subtlety, while really the most open man in all Paris.

His history is briefly told. He belonged to a good Norman family, one of whose ancestors had been degraded enough to become a Huguenot—terrible depravity indeed! And because he had escaped the pleasantries of St. Bartholomew's night, his worthy fellow-Christians had laid himself and family for ever under a sentence of excommunication from their society, which I am ashamed to add, caused little loss to be felt by the excellent man and his descendants.

This young De Coucy was, therefore, born, as it were, in an Opposition. The French Protestant is never a quiet being. More than any other he frets himself at all he sees around him. His cousins and relations, perhaps even his sisters and brothers are Romanists, and the abuses of that religious despotism are constantly thrust into his most familiar relations. It was no wonder that the young De Coucy, from hating the established religion of his native land, learned to find fault with many of its other institutions. No wonder if he sighed for an hour of regeneration and purification, and no wonder on the Continent—where reform is always impossible—if he saw no hope for this but in revolution.

Brought up under the strict rule of Calvin, this young man, though well to do, and introduced into the Paris world, was in his own life a model of what he would have seen every citizen become. Not his direct enemy could impute a vice to him, save the vice of holding a free opinion. Though rich, he made himself poor by his charities, of which no one knew, and in the midst of the gay world led a life which amazed his friends by its frugality and even austerity.

As a very young man, De Coucy had once been in love, but only once. He had loved the daughter of a great family and a Romanist. He had had the boldness to prefer his suit, and been rejected as a heretic. Soon after this the revolution of '48 broke out, and De Coucy, who had long cherished dreams of regeneration, threw himself into the whirl of it, and gave himself over, life and soul, to politics.

Such was the man who, gentle as a lamb and tender as a woman, was now the president of a Socialist club.

"Well, Paul, how have you slept?"

"Admirably; and you!"

"Thank you, I have been writing the greater part of the night. But how have you dreamed? Have you already forgotten that you are in love?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Paul. "My heart's as free as a bird this morning."

"I am glad to hear it. But after all, there is no reason, now I think of it, why you should not fall in love a little later, when our heavy business is over. And let me tell you, for your comfort, that the damsel is not unworthy of your regard. You know I had much conversation with her last night, and she pleased me greatly. She is not like your general run of young ladies. She has the aplomb of a woman, with the modesty of a young girl. But better still, she has the mind of a man, and the education of a philosopher. Will you believe it, our topic last night, during that gay cotillon, was the argument in favor of the divine right of kings? She put, forth a very clever defence of the doctrine, to which I had nothing but

the stale old truths to oppose; but I was amused to find that | she could not hold ground on the question of hereditary right. She ended by assuring me that I must not take her for a legitimist, because she looked upon all parties in France as equally foolish and miserable; those who possessed power, because they had not the talent to keep it, and lived in continual apprehension; and those of the opposition, because they were continually striving after a gnat and swallowing a camel, laboring for a government which experience had proved would be as bad as any other, whatever it was, and for this trifling change-great in name, but nothing in reality-shedding the blood of their brothers and fellow-citizens. I assure you, Paul, your young beauty quite overpowered me; and what with her face and the vantage-ground she held as a woman, I was driven back into abject submission."

Paul reflected.

- "So this was the style of your talk? Then why did you tell me last night that you had been talking about me?"
 - "Because we did talk about you a little."
 - "And what did she say of me?"
- "Will you promise not to fall in love till our business is
- "My dear fellow, you are talking nonsense. I am not in love, in the first place; and in the second, I cannot fall in love with Mademoiselle de Ronville, because she is already engaged."
 - "I know it-to Ludowsky. But that is the very reason-
- "De Coucy, I am an Englishman. I cannot do a dishonorable action.'
- "Oho! great patriot! And have you no dishonorable men in your isle of virtue? Have you no swindlers, high and low -no baronets in the best society, who rob the widow and the half-pay officer? No noblemen who are forced to seek protection of your bankruptcy court? I think your newspapers must teem with lies, if you have none of these."
 - "But I trust you hold me a little higher?"
- "Yes, as a man of honor, but not as an Englishman. Permit me to say that your countrymen are too fond of throwing your honor in our faces, as if we had none of it. A gentleman is a gentleman anywhere, and I think we have a few even in France. If we have fewer than in England, it is because of our religion, not our nationality. Romanism is so full of loopholes, that some sins which are considered quite venial cannot afford to be thought dishonorable. Where the conscience of a man, as a Christian, can be so easily absolved, his conscience as a gentleman will soon accommodate itself.'

Paul was silent.

- "But come-you are dying to know what Mademoiselle de Ronville said of you."
 - " Well ?"
- "Well, she said that she was a physiognomist, and liked your face. But that, on the one hand, you had been introduced by a man whom she despised. Who was that?"
- "Is it possible? It was Ludowsky who introduced me. Can she, does she, despise the man she is engaged to?"
- "Strange, I admit. But so she said. Then she complained that your attempts at conversation had been very commonplace, and did not show any great amount of originality. This was in reply to my praise of you."
- "Ha, ha! I should think not, indeed. She so froze me, that my tongue and brain alike refused to act."
- "Then she had some reason for her indifference, my young hero. However, I gave you such a capital character that when she had looked at you once or twice again, she thought very much better of you. Now, are you satisfied?"
 - "Yes; but I cannot understand her dislike of Ludowsky."
- "Nor I. But you expect him here very soon, do you not? What are we to do with him?"
- "That is what I ask you. What do you think of this coalition ?"
 - "That it will not come off."
 - " Why ?"
- "Because both parties are too proud to make the advances, and the more prudent will see the danger of a fusion. Again, though we have a common enemy, we have nothing else in

common, and our hopes and objects are directly at variance. Overtures may be made and received, but when the conditions of an alliance come to be discussed, each party will have so much to require, that nothing will be done.

"Then I must refuse Ludowsky's offer?"

"Not so. You must accept it, with the proviso that the club agree to it. 'As one individual, Ludowsky may be of use to us. If we cannot unite, it is at least worth while to have good information of the doings of the legitimists, and to hold them somewhat in our hands.'

At this moment the door-bell rang.

- "There he is!" exclaimed Paul, ringing his bell violently. "Fortune," he added to a thin man-very thin indeed, with a face half comic and half melancholy, who at once entered, "if that is the Count Ludowsky, admit him, and show him in here. If any one else comes while he is here, show them into the dining-room, or still better, send them away.'
- "In here?" asked De Coucy, as the servant glided out again. "Then I must be off."
 - "No, no. I shall want your advice. You must stay."
 - "But I cannot meet the count."
- "No, but you can be present at our conference. Do you not understand? That closet; there is a chair in it.'
- "Impossible! My dear Mr. Honorable Englishman, me eaves. dropping!"
 - "Then stay here."
- "Equally impossible. But I can go altogether."
 "That you must not." And Paul deliberately pushed him into the closet, and shut the door, just as Fortune announced the count.

That gentleman had not been two minutes in the room before Fortune was again called to the door by a ring.

- "Is Mr. Montague at home?"
- "Yes, sir; but my master is engaged on private business."
- "But I can wait for him."
- "I fear, sir, my master's business will last a considerable time."
- "But I must see him this morning, and he might go out-My business with him is of the greatest importance, and cannot be put off."
- 'My master, sir," replied Fortune, eyeing the stranger, who looked like a dun, from head to foot, "has given orders that no one should be admitted."
- "But I must make an exception. Mr. Montague, I know, will be very much disappointed, if I go away again, as he is very anxious to hear the news that I bring him."

Fortuné began to relent.

"Perhaps monsieur would send in his card?"

But monsieur declined. Mr. Montague would not know his name. No, he would simply wait till Mr. Montague was at liberty; and as he accompanied his words with a very determined push through the door, Fortune was obliged to give way, and ushered him into the dining-room. Then retiring to his little kitchen, the faithful servitor began to peel some potatoes, having set the door open in such a manner as to see any one that left the apartment, for Fortune had great suspicions of the honesty of the new comer.

The count, meanwhile, entered with a little air of mystery, and glanced suspiciously at the doors of the two closets. Then throwing himself into an easy chair, he exclaimed with a yawn: "I am quite exhausted by that cotillon last night. I had begun to think that my dancing days were passing away, but when one has a partner such as I had, one feels quite a boy again."

Paul smiled as he remembered the red face of the said partner.

"She was decidedly plain," the count ran on, interpreting his smile; "but such an admirable waltzer, and so much esprit -a great deal more indeed than many of your petites femmes du monde; quite enchanting, I assure you. I haven't had such a hop as that for these last five years. And how did you get on? I saw you were victimized. But, after all, you were better off than your friend De Coucy. Mademoiselle de Ronville wanted me to dance the cotillon with her, but I told her at once I was

engaged—a lie which you would easily pardon, if you knew what a bore that girl is."

"Count," said Paul gravely, "do you speak in this manner of your intended?"

"Oh, my dear fellow, that is quite a myth. Some one must have been humbugging you. The fact is that the girl is an only child; and as the baron has large estates in Brittany, I proposed for her two years ago, when I was somewhat in debt. Fortunately we could not agree about the settlements just then, so it has dropped through, and I am released. The truth is, that as I have a chateau close to the baron's, I am obliged to be civil, and the world, which never gives the devil his due, believes I am still looking out for the money. And then papa and mamma love me like a son, and have some idea, poor creatures, that I shall still marry their daughter. But though she is handsome, and will have a very pretty property, I can't stand her stupidity and her pious airs."

Meanwhile the stranger in the dining-room had cast a practised eye round the place, and at once guessed that the door in the corner deserved inspection. He therefore opened it, and entered a kind of long closet, with another door at the other end. A well-known voice from the room within drew him to this door, and he applied his ear to the creak in it, just in time to hear this last speech of the count's.

"The vile hypocrite!" murmured the stranger to himself. then he added, "But this is fortunate. These words may one day be valuable; and as these two seem to be here alone, I may perhaps make a good thing of this closet."

He redoubled his attention, and the conversation proceeded thus:

PAUL.-"I did not find her stupid, but cold."

COUNT.—"Just what the world calls it in the case of a beauty like Madeleine. If she had the face of my partner, for instance, people would call it stupidity in her; not coldness."

PAUL.—" Pardon me, count, my curiosity; you say your engagement is broken off?"

COUNT.—"Yes and no. With her it is quite so. But, as I said, the deluded parentage still hope; though, I am sure, they have no earthly inducement to do so. However, if you find her more amusing than I do, you are quite at liberty to put in your claim. I only warn you that she is a most peculiar young lady, and will, in all probability, treat you in a manner that will border on rudeness."

PAUL.—"You are very kind, count, but really I have too much business on hand now to think of marrying."

COUNT (not the less satisfied that Paul will take the bait).—
"And so have I. And that brings me to speak of our last night's conversation. Have you seen De Coucy since?"

PAUL.—"I spoke to him last night."

COUNT.—" What does he say to my proposal?"

PAUL.—" He is anxious to know the conditions that the Faubourg club offers to make. But at the same time he has very little hopes that our party will accede to them, whatever they may be."

"And yet you said that the question had already been mosted?"

"Yes, but not favorably received."

"Well, I have come this morning empowered to make definite proposals. We suggest, first of all, that a proper interchange of members should take place, with a view to facilitate future negotiations; that a certain number of the influential men of each club should be sworn into the other."

"There is no great difficulty in that, provided men can be found in each to take the requisite oath."

"Oh! in an affair like this, a little absolution will be allowed to one's conscience in consideration of the public good to ensue. I for one shall be ready to take any oath."

"And abide the awful consequences of a breach of faith?"

"Which there is not the remotest chance of my committing."

"Well, granting that that arrangement can be made, what do you propose next?"

"The object of a coalition of two parties with such opposite interests as ours, can only be demolition. When that is effected it will be time enough to draw out the designs for a re-construction."

"You are a bad architect, count. Do you think men in earnest, as we are, will consent to aid you in pulling down a palace, when they do not know whether it is a prison or a manufactory that will be built upon its foundations?"

"True. But when that palace is a crying evil in the ears of both parties, so that they can no longer endure it?"

"But the prison in which you would lock us up would be a worse evil still for us."

"Well, my dear fellow, the metaphor is not interesting. 1 can only go the length of my instructions. But, on my own responsibility, I may say, that a constitutional monarchy, with however free a parliament, would be more acceptable to us than the present government."

"Count," replied Paul firmly, "Claremont has seen the last sovereign that the French people will have allowed to dupe them with that sugared poison—a constitutional monarchy."

"You are an Englishman, and say this?"

"Yes, because I speak from a French point of view. A free parliament under a monarch can only succeed where there is a middle class and no subversive parties. It succeeds now in England and Belgium on those conditions. In France there is no middle class, and it will take many revolutions and many changes to amalgamate the several interests that hold the country. Take the imperialists, for instance. If any party should have died out in these five-and-thirty years, it was surely that which worshipped the Corsican, and yet we see what even the echo of his name could do to revive all its energies. Again, through how much disappointment, through how much even of ridicule, unjustly awarded, it is true, has your own party lived! It will take years of gradual radical change of national character to destroy the Napoleonists and the legitimists. And as for republicanism, it must exist in France, as long as the people exists and starves. No, there are only two governors that can hold the reins now for any length of time—a military despot or an extreme republic. I do not say a socialist republic, for that requires its way to be paved first. Socialism cannot be enforced. it must grow. But I mean a republic which is not "moderate," which has no president, which can stand without the army, by means of the proper organization of popular classes, and which will make no weak compromises between liberty and respectability. Liberty, entire and unrestrained, must be given in. It will be abused at first, but, if time be granted, it will most certainly find its balance again.'

The count smiled incredulously.

"Have you any right to say this with '93 and '48 still fresh your memory?"

"Yes," answered Paul, proudly. "As for the first revolution, the French are now quite another nation. Sixty years have taught you to smoke and to love money. The first has calmed your passions. The second has raised the position of the bourgeois. Then, as to '48, I deny that it can be cited against us. All revolutions must begin as it did. But a fair trial was not given it. France was not patient enough to let the fury of a mushroom press work itself out, and the moderate government in qualifying liberty smoothed the path for despotism."

At this moment Fortune threw open the door, and stood pale and trembling in the threshold.

"Oh, sir," he cried, with a look of despair that was perfectly ludicrous. "Oh, sir, forgive me! I have been three years in your service, and have never disobeyed your orders before. Sir, I have an aged mother, whom I support, and a blind sister who lives with her. Sir, if you dismiss me we must starve—all starve. Oh, sir, have pity on me, on my aged mother, on my blind sister."

"What on earth is the matter?" cried Paul in amazement.

"Is the man mad?" said the count, laughing.

"Sir, if you will listen to me I will tell you all. I will confess, sir, but I implore you to have mercy."

"Go on, go on."

"Well, sir, you gave orders that no one was to be admitted, did you not?"

"Yes, and you have broken them?"

"Oh, sir, do not say so, I was forced; I was over-per-suaded."

Digitized by Google

- "Well, but is there any harm done?"
- "Well, monsieur, listen. Two minutes after Monsieur le Comte had arrived, I heard a ring at the bell. I opened the door, and a man asked if monsieur was at home. I told him monsieur could not see him."
 - "What was he like?"
- "A young man, sir, rather well-looking, with a respectable appearance, which deceived me. I took him for one of monsieur's tradespeople. He was tall and well-made, with short brown curly hair, and little whiskers on each side of the face."
 - "Was he an Englishman?"
- "No, sir, from his way of speaking, I should say a west-countryman, from Brittany or La Vendée."
 - "Well, make haste, what did he do?"
- "Well, sir, he said he had matters of the greatest importance to communicate to monsieur, which monsieur would be very glad to know of."
 - " Ah !"
- "Sir, I still objected. I dared not disobey monsieur's orders, but the young man pushed his way in, and thinking from his familiar manner that he was known to monsieur, I yielded weakly—oh! very weakly, I confess—and showed him into the dining-room."
 - "Where he is now?"
 - "Oh! sir, wait a minute-"
 - "Is he gone, man, or not?"
- "Oh, sir, we are ruined if you do not hear me! I left the kitchen-door open. I was peeling the potatoes for monsieur's breakfast. I thought I could see, or at least hear, if any one went out."
- "Oh, I see," said Paul severely—but really enjoying the man's confusion. "You have allowed me to be robbed, M. Fortune."

Fortune fell on his knees and stretched out his hands imploringly.

- "Oh, sir, remember my aged mother, have pity on my blind sister; do not ruin us, do not kill us!"
 - "Come, come, finish your story."
 - "Well, sir, the plate was in the dining-room."
 - " Fichtre! then we are robbed."
- "Do not say so, monsieur. I have not had the courage to look. But the man is gone, and must have taken something; oh, sir! oh, sir!"

And Fortune fell to sobbing. Paul quietly got up, and drew the servant after him into the passage, and thence into the dining-room, where, to his amusement, and Fortune's delight, they saw the stranger standing quietly at the window, having wisely left the closet at the first exclamation of the servant.

"Who is this, Fortune?"

The poor man turned paler than ever, and murmuring something about the power of invisibility, and the arch-flend, crept timidly to the sideboard, and opened it.

"We are saved, sir, the plate is here!"

The stranger turned and bowed respectfully.

- "What is the meaning of this, sir?" said Montague, gravely.
 "My servant tells me that you were not in the room a minute ago."
- "Then, sir, your servant must be somewhat shortsighted. I have not quitted this window."
- "Oh, mon Dieu, mon Dieu!" exclaimed the wretched Fortuné.
- "And what is your business here, sir?" Paul asked severely.

 The stranger replied by drawing three fingers across his fore-head. Paul mechanically gave the answer.

"Fortune, you may go."

Then shutting the door close after the thin serving-man, he approached the stranger, and looked searchingly into his face.

- "I presume I am speaking to Mr. Paul Montague?"
- "Yes, sir. But I do not know you."
- "My name is Antoine Lefebvre. I come from Nantes, and I am the bearer of a letter to Mr. Paul Montague."
 - " From---- ?"
- "From the President of the Provincial Committee," replied the other, lowering his voice, and drawing a letter from his breast-pocket.
 "All breast-pocket."

Paul opened it, and turned it over and over, but saw nothing written on it.

- written on it.

 "I believe the ink is sympathetic," suggested the stranger.
- "Ah! just so;" and lighting a candle, Paul held it up and dried it slowly, till one by one the characters came out first yellow, and then black. The letter was written in masonic cypher, a series of angles and parallelograms, some with a dot on them, some without, which Paul read with case, as follows:
- "We send you our well-beloved brother and fellow-craftsman, Antoine Lefebvre, well skilled in the use of the square and compasses; and one who can readily turn the rough ashler into the perfect cube. We have sent him to you, because we know that the Grand Master has too much business on hand to pay him the attention which we wish him to receive. We request that you will initiate him into the Grand Lodge, and that you will make good use of his services, which he is very zealous in proffering. We have sent him to Paris for the express purpose of assisting you to build our glorious temple, and he will communicate to you, and to the Grand Master only, some suggestions and proposals which we deem it hazardous to commit to writing. May the Great Architect of the universe keep you! (Signed) The W. M., Nantes."

There was no name affixed. Paul reflected a moment.

"If you are not pressed for time, and can wait five or ten minutes till I have got rid of a friend who is in my study, I will introduce you to the Grand Master himself, and you had better reserve your communications till then."

The stranger bowed.

Meanwhile, curiosity had been at work in the count.

"These closets are very mysterious," he murmured, when Paul was well out of the room. "I must just steal a look at them. It may be useful-some day."

He then went on tiptoe first to that in which De Coucy was hidden, and tried the door, but finding it bolted inside, he shook his head very doubtfully, and carefully made his way to the other one. He found the door of this one open, and hearing the voices in the next room, slipped into the long closet, and applied his ear to the door next to the dining-room.

"Ha! this is good," thought he; "this same stranger is a mason, it would seem. Perhaps I shall pick up as much information this way as by being initiated. I can always slip out again when I hear Montague making a move."

But for all the cunning of the fox, his hole will sometimes be stopped up, and the count was destined to be more perplexed than enlightened on that day. For De Coucy had heard his movements, and guessed that he might possibly be listening to something which he ought not to hear. He therefore issued quietly from his lurking-place, very softly turned the key in the door of the long closet, and, taking a scat, quietly waited the result.

The moment the unconscious count heard Paul moving towards the passage, he rushed back to the door which communicated with the study, and made desperate efforts to open it, which De Coucy listened to with malicious delight.

"Sacré mille noms d'un nom!" growled the count furiously. "This cursed door closes with a spring. I must take my chance and escape by the other. Confound that stranger!"

At the same moment the said execrated individual returned to his listening-place, fearful of losing a single word of the conversation between the count and Paul; and the two listeners met face to face at the door. Mutually convicted, and mutually afraid of one another, for each was in the other's power, the two stood for a moment in eilent confusion of mind. But it took no long time to see which of them had the advantage. The count was only an amateur in the art of caves-dropping; to the Breton it was part of his profession. Again, the Breton knew the count, but how was the count to remember a mere Breton gamekeeper? Antoine, therefore, smiled with glee, as he saw that he had caught his enemy.

- "Aha!" cried he, "I thought so. I fancied there was a listener somewhere within a dozen yards, and it seems I am right."
 - "Allow me to pass immediately," said the count haughtily.
 - "What! after you have heard every syllable of a private

and particular conversation between me and Mr. Montague? You must be mad, my dear sir!"

The position of the count was at best provoking, but the coolness of this inferior creature, who dared to oppose him, made it ten times more intolerable. He measured the Breton's stalwart figure with his eye, and half raised his fist. But the other kept his ground quietly, and only laughed. The count made an attempt to push by him, but failed signally. Then he was silent a moment, and reflected. The Breton saw the change with pleasure, and at once took advantage of it.

"I beg, sir, that you will be reasonable. I put it to you whether you would yourself allow a man to escape who had overheard a conversation of the private nature of which ours

has been ?"

"But, my good fellow!" shuffled the count, "I have not listened to a syllable. You cannot, you dare not, impute such a thing to me. I was merely anxious to make my way from the next room to this in search of Mr. Montague."

"Mr. Montague is in the next room; you can go to him

through that other door."

"No, it has shut on me with a spring."

"Oh, then, I can call Mr. Montague here, and take his opinion on the matter. Mr. Mont—," and he began calling. "Stop, stop, for heaven's sake!"

"I thought you wanted Mr. Montague?"

"But I prefer going to him."

"But I cannot allow you to do so."

"Allow me, indeed! Who are you, man, to talk of allowing the Count Ludowsky?"

"Oh! a count, is it? oh, indeed, a thousand pardons, M. le Comte," said Antoine, in a tone of mock servility. "Fancy what a fortunate man I am to be speaking to a count!"

"A truce to this nonsense. Will you let me pass or not?"

"Oh! M. le Comte, if you only knew what pain it gives me to refuse you. But it is impossible, quite impossible!'

The count, in rage and despair, and fearful of making the least noise that could attract Paul's attention, took to the last resort, and drew out a portemennaic full of gold.

"How much will satisfy you to let me pass, my good man?"

"Oh! M. le Comte, you cannot mean that; you cannot be so impolite, so ill-bred, I may say, as to offer money to me. You a count, too! Do you not know, count, that it is one of the first rules of good breeding never to insult an inferior? If I were a count now, you might have done it with impunity,



FABIAN'S IRINE.

for I have heard that some of them are not averse to a bribe! but to me-a bourgeois-fie, count, fie!'

Foiled again, the count turned his back impatiently on his

cruel mocker, and stamped his foot:

"Count, be reasonable," said Antoine, suddenly moved by a new idea; "let us make honorable conditions. In a few minutes, at most, Mr. Montague will seek you here, as he is, doubtless, already looking for you elsewhere, and your character for honor will be gone. Make me one promise, and I will do all I can to save your reputation. Say that if, by accident-if course, by accident—you have overheard a single word of my conversation with Mr. Montague, you swear never to repeat it. Will you do so?"

"With pleasure, since I have not heard a word of this mys-

terious conversation.'

"So much the better. Then you swear it?"

"I swear it. Now let me go.

"Count, count, do not be rash! If you stir, you are done for. Mr. Montague's servant, perhaps Montague himself, will see you in your flight. You will be discovered. On the other hand, they will believe now that you left the apartment altogether during our conversation. You must remain. For your better security I shall lock you in and take the key, so that no one can discover you; and then, when a safe opportunity presents itself, I will manage to release you."

"Do you think I can be taken in by such trickery, man?" "Oh, as you like it! You have sworn to keep my secret-I have promised to preserve your reputation as a man of honor. If you impede me in the fulfilment of my promise, I shall take

my own measures."

The dread of discovery at length overcame Ludowsky. Antoine turned the key upon him, and then looking round, beheld in the doorway the laughing faces of Paul and De Coucy, who had come to watch the upshot of the adventure.

Paul beckoned silently to Antoine, and all three repaired to the drawing-room, which was quite out of reach of the count's

sharp ears.

"You see," began Paul, "he has not heard a word in our interview that he could use against us. Fortunately I did not read the letter aloud."

"But, sir," the Breton put in, "he is now aware that we have a branch at Nantes." He knows my name. He knows that I am sent with a particular missive; and if my conversation with him has irritated him to any degree, he might choose to denounce me the moment he was free.'

"Then what are we to de with him?"

"Punish him in the first place, for his curiosity, sir, by keep ing him locked up there for a few hours."

"Yes, and then more incensed than ever he will denounce us all."

"My dear Montague," interrupted De Coucy, "you do not see our brother's drift. He means that we should make a mason of him, after intimidating him with a lengthened imprisonment. Do not suppose that I blame the count, for owing to your wicked compulsion, I have been forced to do myself what he has done. But he is too dangerous a man to have for an enemy. This very circumstance shows his sharpness and his want of principle. We must make him one of us.'

"Then we will hold a lodge of emergency to night in the study. We shall only have time to collect a quorum, but it will be just as well, for we shall have an opportunity of inf-

tiating our brother here."

Antoine bowed.

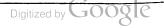
"And now," continued Paul, we are going to breakfast in about half-an-hour. Will you not join us, brother Lefebyre! We can give the count the benefit of our conversation, and I promise you we shall mystify him not a little. He shall learn that listeners never hear any good of themselves.'

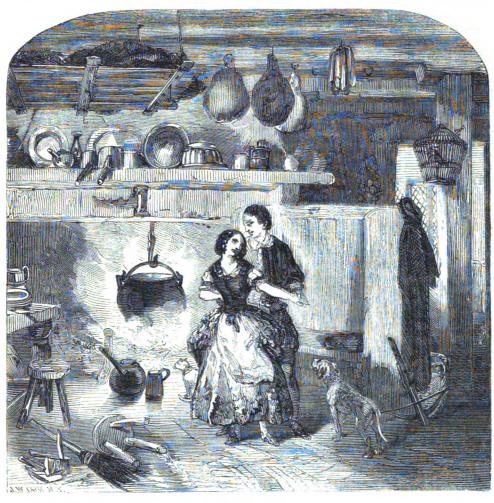
"You are very kind, sir," replied Antoine, "but my business will not permit me to join you. Besides, I have breakfasted

already.

He bowed himself out, and rushed down the stairs laughing to himself.

"Ah! my little Antoine—Antoine Lefebvre—Antoine de Briou Legrand, whichever you call yourself. fortune still favors





THE STOLEN KISS.

you, and this time you have acted your part no worse than usual."

Muttering thus to himself, the professional spy went home, changed his disguise, and then repaired to the minister's, to report progress and receive fresh orders.

CHAPTER IX .- "IS THE LODGE CLOSE TILED?"

Next to bread and butter and beer, personal liberty, that is, the power of exercising one's body and its muscles, without material obstacles, is the chief necessary of life. Put a man under any amount of moral restraint, make him the slave of your will, so that he shall fear to stir two yards' distance without your leave or your command, and he may still be happy; nay, it has been said, or if it has not, it might be said, that two-thirds of mankind are the absolute slaves of the remaining third; and of the remaining third not a tenth perhaps are absolutely their own masters. But put the same man in fetters and handcuffs, and hear how he will howl. Oh! the veriest republican that ever crowed Liberty, Fraternity, Equality, like a cock on the top of—not a dunghill—but a barricade, would gladly sell those cherished theories, for the power to roam at will, when he finds himself in a cell six feet by eight.

The turning of the lock made the count miserable for the moment, but he instantly recovered himself, in the confident hope that Antoine would not be long ere he came to deliver him. He therefore contented himself with cursing his luck, and his curiosity, and then amused himself by squinting through the respective keyholes of each door. The prospect from these apertures was not very lively. Through the one he could see a few yards of carpet, an arm-chair, and a piece of wall, a carpet, and an arm-chair. Then he took to listening. But this was even less entertaining, for in horror he heard the outside door of the

apartment open and shut, and it occurred to his mind that either Paul or Antoine must have gone out. Now if Paul went out, Antoine must have gone too, because he could have no excuse for staying behind. But if Antoine had gone out, he was left to the chance of Paul looking into the closet, and discovering him. He therefore again cursed his luck, his curiosity, and this time, both Paul and Antoine, in addition. But the consolation imparted by a mental oath is short-lived, and by the time ten minutes had elapsed, and the count could catch no sound in all the apartment, he grew very weary and very miserable.

"Sacré matin! I have not breakfasted. Sacré peau de chien! I promised Madame de Ronville to call this morning Ah! what a pretty sermon I could have administered to that proud girl."

Then he sat down on the floor, there being nothing else to sit upon, and reflected on this subject. But his reflections were by no means agreeable to him, and in five minutes at the most he was sick of them.

"What a time that fellow is hang him! I must have been here an hour. I shall be late for my appointment with P——, if he does not make haste."

Then he tried to think of all his business transactions, of his intrigues, political and others, of his neighbors in general, and anything else; but the count was a man of action, and not much reflection. The necessity for prompt action had induced a habit of prompt thought; and slow thinking was therefore intolerable to him. Another quarter of an hour crept heavily by, and the count began to despair and be very miserable, when the door of the dining-room opened, and brought him some relief,

He immediately applied an eye to the key-hole, and was in time to see the lower limbs of a slim figure pass into the room.

"Not yet. It is not the Breton. Those legs are neither Paul's box his."

Presently, however, he heard this individual fumbling about the table, and from peculiar noises that proceeded therefrom, he shrewdly guessed that it was Fortuné laying the cloth.

"Ah!" thought he, "if this faithful servitor were open to a bribe, he would let me out immediately. But how to manage it? He is such a timid, pitiful wretch, that if I made a noise to attract his attention, he would rush off at once to his master, and tell him there was a thief hid in the closet. The exposure would be terrible. No. I cannot brave it. I must wait."

He did wait: but it was some consolation to him to mark the various sounds that indicated Fortune's progress in the art of preparing the board, and to smile at the little sighs that every now and then escaped from that melancholy servitor. He would have given gold only to hear him speak, but Fortune was born a Trappist, and contented himself with his little sighs.

At last a ray of hope beamed for the captive. The outer bell rang.

"This is the Breton come back on some excuse or other," thought he. But no. In the passage he could distinguish the steps of more feet than two, and his doubts were soon made certainties by hearing a ringing laugh from Paul, who directly afterwards entered the dining-room with some other individual.

"Is the other one the Breton?" Ludowsky asked himself.

"Well, old fellow," cried Paul, "I hope you have an appetite."

"Yes, an excellent one," replied a voice, which the count recognised as that of De Coucy. Here was another disappointment.

"Then let us have up breakfast at once."

And he heard the two draw their chairs to the table.

For the first time for many years Ludowsky felt thoroughly hungry, and, of course, as it was the first time, he had nothing to eat.

"They are going to breakfast. I shall hear it all, and smell it all, and die of hunger. Damn that curiosity of mine! damn that Breton! damn everything!"

And just then, to tantalize him yet more, Fortune entered, bearing a dish of the most savoury meats, the smell of which was wafted through the key-hole right under the count's nose. He could stand it no longer, and sat down at the door to nurse his miserv.

The rattle of plates, knives and forks began, and he was doomed to hear the hungry gourmands even munching their food.

"A capital ragout this," said De Coucy, in a loud tone, intended most cruelly to reach the closet.

"Yes, excellent: so well spiced, so tender. Upon my word I think Fortune is one of the best chefs in Paris. Ah, the count has lost something by running away."

The count! What count?"

"Why, Ludowsky. Just fancy what a shabby trick the fellow served me this morning. He came to me on the plea of talking politics, but really, entre nous, to breakfast here, for he knows Fortune's powers, and is awfully fond of his ragoûts à la sauce piquante when he is hungry. Well, we talked our politics, but we had also some conversation about last night. I fancy I must have let slip some idea that he did not like about Mademoiselle de Ronville, the girl he is engaged to, for he took advantage of my being called off for a minute, to leave the house without a word of explanation."

"Very ill-bred, to say the least. But what did you say about this young lady, who, by the way, is a charming girl? I danced with her last night, and found her as agreeable as she is lovely.'

"Oh! I did not say much. But the count, who is not so sharp as he thinks himself, endeavored to make me believe that he did not care a rap for her, whereas I know they are still engaged; and, in fact, he told me a downright lie about it."

"Indeed!" answered De Coucy, "I thought the count was a man of such strict honor and truthfulness. I have heard him declare himself to be so; and I always believed that he was an exception to most intriguers, and would never the rly or dishonorable means to advance his ends."

In this strain the conversation ran on, all being intended expressly for the delectation of the unfortunate count; while every now and then, as if it was not sufficient to attack his vanity alone, Paul or De Coucy would exclaim, "How capital this is!" "What a superb young duckling!" "Where do you get that rich old Bordeaux?" and so on through the whole of a French breakfast, from the ragout à la sauce piquante to the coffee and the chasse-case after it. When at last the two young men, satisfied and comfortable, lit up two excellent cigars, the poor count was so exhausted, that he could scarcely listen to the politics which they began to talk, and which he was most particularly anxious to hear.

The politics were dished up in the same style as the earlier conversation, nothing being said which Ludowsky could use against them; but while they deplored the fate of France, they laid the whole blame of it to the legitimists, and that, too, not without reason. De Coucy directly attacked the count, while Paul pretended to defend him, but like our defenders in general, he admitted the existence of so many and great faults in him, only to assert some paltry virtue, that the count, who

was now listening attentively, grew quite desperate.
"I admit, my dear fellow," said Paul with affected warmth, "that the man is vain, vain beyond usual vanity; that he is frivolous, and much fonder of his curls and his waistcoat buttons than of the interests of his country; nay, I am ready to concede that he is among the most selfish of selfish Parisians; that he is a fearful liar, a consummate bully, and, par consequence, a consummate coward; but, my dear De Coucy, you cannot deny that he is a good waltzer, and that he is much betterlooking than Fleury."

Now Fleury was the ugliest courtier in Paris.

"Take care," said De Coucy; "take care, my dear friend. Have you confidence in your servant Fortune? He might be listening at this moment. It is a servant's trick, and he might report what you say."

"Oh, as for that, we will soon see. There are only two doors in the room. I open this one. He is not in the passage. He might be in the closet, it is true. I have perfect confidence in him, but still it is as well to look."

At these words the count trembled from head to foot. The long-dreaded moment had arrived, but he summoned up all his courage, and prepared to make the best of it.

"Holloa! how's this! Why, this door is locked, and the key gone."

So saying, he rang the bell.

"Fortune, what has become of the key of this door?"

The man denied all knowledge of its disappearance.

"Well, never mind now; you must look for it, Fortune, and if you do not find it, send for a locksmith to-morrow morning. To-morrow morning! The words fell like ice on the count's ears. Perhaps he was to be left there to starve till the next day.

"Oh! that Breton. If I catch him, I will flay him alive." Ere long Paul and De Coucy rose to go out, the former coolly

declaring his intention to visit the De Ronvilles.

Then came the worst part of Ludowsky's imprisonment. From one o'clock, which it then was, until eight in the evening, he was left completely alone. Not a sound was in the house. It seemed as if even Fortune had left the apartment. Then the wretched prisoner had recourse to all kinds of expedients. He attempted to force the doors open, but in vain. He had no knife in his pocket, but he had a magnificent pearl pin in his scarf. With this he worked away at each lock, but neither of them yielded. At last he gave himself over to despair and fell asleep.

Whether he dreamed that he lay at Vincennes in a dungeon -for no prison less respectable than Vincennes would do for him; or whether, like Messrs. Bunn and Balfe, he dreamt that he dwelt in marble halls, with vassals and serfs by his si-i-i-de, we do not pretend to say; but he suddenly became aware that the study was filled by a silent concourse, who, with heavy steps and in regular order, moved into it from the passage, and took their respective places.

The count rubbed his eyes, and opened them, whereupon they were immediately dazzled by a bright stream of light that shot through the keyhole. His first idea was rather a confused

The heavy treading in the next room was that of a band of soldiers. He was in bed at home. In a few minutes an officer would enter, show him a warrant for his arrest, and lead him away. But this idea though terrible enough was soon succceded by one yet more so. He recognised his place of confinement, and remembered the events of the morning. Was it possible that the Breton had only deceived him? He had heard of the fearful punishments inflicted by Masons on those who betrayed them, or overheard their secrets. Was it possible that the Breton and Paul had called a number of their confederates together for the purpose of despatching him? It seemed more than possible, it seemed probable. The count was indeed a brave man by nature, but he had a terror of death, such as one finds in thoroughly worldly men, and a day's starvation to one who never missed a meal, a day's imprisonment to one whose will was never thwarted, had quite unnerved him. He therefore listened with a beating, fearful heart, upon which he pressed his hands in vain, so loud it beat.

The assembly was still silent; and by this time appeared to be seated. A voice from the end of the room soon broke this silence however, and solemnly inquired:

"Brother senior warden, is the lodge close tiled?"

This voice the count recognised as De Coucy's; whereupon another voice, which he knew to be Paul's, demanded:

"Brother tiler, the most honorable grandmaster asks if the lodge is close tiled?"

"Brother senior warden, the lodge is most closely tiled?" This voice, which proceeded from the door which led into the pussage, was easily recognisable as Fortune's.

This coincidence somewhat consoled the prisoner.

After all," he thought, "it may only be a trick, got up by Montague and De Coucy to annoy me, and the other men may have nothing to do with the matter."

"Brother junior warden, will you then collect the names of the members present, and instruct the brother scribe that he

may take a procès-verbal of our proceedings."

The junior warden then walked slowly round the room, and appeared to be taking down the various names, which he asked each member to give. The count felt interested at this, as he well knew the value of these names; but they were given in so low a tone, that he caught one only among some thirty or thirty-five, and that was Henriot, pronounced in a gruff, defiant tone. After some further proceedings, Montague's voice was again heard.

"Brethren," he said, "I have to propose to you that we should admit to the enjoyment of the privileges of this our grand lodge, an earnest and excellent brother from Nantes, by name Antoine Lefebvre, who came to me this morning, with a strong recommendation from the worshipful master of the branch lodge in that city. This brother brings us interesting accounts of our brethren there. Is he to be admitted?"

"Yes," replied some thirty voices.

"Brother tiler, call our brother Antoine Lefebvre into the inner court, that we take cognisance of his fitness.'

Fortune opened the door and called Antoine by name. The spy responded; and taking his stand at the door, was questioned by the president in a long catechism, which we will spare our readers, as indeed we can scarcely remember it ourselves. In this as in the rest, Antoine had been well grounded by Girardon, and the result of the cross-examination was sufficiently satisfactory to enable the president to order that the "bandage be removed from the eyes of the petitioner, and that he be permitted to enjoy the perfect light of this assembly."

The ceremony, long and tiresome as it was, was full of deep interest for Ludowsky, who did not allow a single word to

escape him.

"Well," thought he, "I may be mistaken. They may be thoroughly unaware that I am here, and this catechism is too like business to admit of the idea of trickery."

"Now, brother Lefebvre, since thy soul has been illuminated by the brilliancy of our superior wisdom and purity, open thy heart to thy brethren here assembled, and inform them of those things with which you are come charged."

"Most honorable grandmaster, and light of our society, I

one of the greatest importance, the privacy and mystery of which was too great to admit of its being consigned to paper, I must make a few prefatory remarks. I have been told that the present meeting is a lodge of emergency. I am informed that this is not your usual place of convention. I can surmise that however precise the precautions taken to insure privacy here, there may possibly be some unforeseen danger at no very great distance. I have full confidence in our brother the tiler, but for my own satisfaction, and for that of the lodge from which I come, I must request that the operation of untiling and retiling be gone through."

"Nonsense, nonsense," cried several voices, "we are perfectly secure here. We have met here before, and our senior warden has always taken the requisite precautions."

"I appeal to the president," said Legrand, nothing moved.

"Brethren," said the president gravely, "let us not oppose the first wish of a new comer. Brother tiler, search the lodge."

"Good heavens," thought the count, half-dead with fright, "there is no hope now. Mon Dieu, if they should go to extremes!"

However, the passage was long, and completely dark, so that when Ludowsky had flattened himself against the farther door. he still cherished some hope of being passed over.

He had to endure this fearful suspense, moreover, while Fortune, in blessed ignorance—for the secret was only known to the three conspirators-was looking everywhere but in the right place, and raising spark after spark of hope in the breast of the trembling count. At last, however, the door of the closet was opened, a light thrust in, and the thin face of Fortune searched anxiously into the farthest corners. One moment he had caught sight of the count's figure, and uttered an "ha!" of amazement, the next he was laid flat by a blow from the fist of Ludowsky, who leaping over his body, rushed into the study, and striking out right and left among the astonished crowd, made for the door. But this was fastened, and even while he was shaking it with all his might, two or three vigorous arms pinioned him and threw him upon the ground.

"Murderers! villains!' shouted the count in terror. "Help. help, help!"

But a huge fist thrust between his teeth put an end to his cries, and while some held him down, others bandaged his eyes, and another again tied his feet together. His hands were then fastened behind his back, and more helpless than an infant, the count was carried to a chair, to which he was thus bound, while his mouth was properly gagged.

When this was effected, the tumult subsided at once, each member returned to his place, and complete silence reigned in the assembly. De Coucy, as president, was the first to break

"Brethren," said he solemnly, "the suspicions of our new brother were not unfounded. There can be no doubt that this man, in whom I regret to say I recognise one of the leaders of a political party having the same enemy as we have, has been concealed for the purpost of gathering what he could from our meeting. It rests with you, in the position of an extempore jury, to decide whether the fault lies solely with him, or has been prompted by some more important motor; whether, in short, there is treachery in the camp. It will then be for me to decide whether we shall secure our secresy by forcing this spy to become one of us, or shall cut off all chance of betrayal by that terrible death which we reserve for traitors and intruders." The count breathed again. An alternative once allowed was sufficient ground for hope.

"Who is he? Who is the cowardly listener?" demanded some voices.

"Don't you recognise him?" responded others

"I'll tell you who he is." cried a rough savage voice above the tumult; it's a sacré aristo, and we'll have his blood."

"Silence, Henriot! Silence, all!" shouted De Coucey, from his presidential chair. The effect was magical. The whole assembly became voiceless as ghosts. Paul rose.

"Brothers!" he said. in a tone of decision and authority; "if the suspicion of having concealed a listener for any villainous purpose could fall on any brother here, it would be upon will presently obey your commands. But since my missive is | me, and I readily admit that the ground for such suspicion is

large and ample. I invite you at the eleventh hour to assemble, not in our usual meeting-room, but at my own house. The serving-brother and tiler happens to be my own man. All this is against me. To meet it I only appeal to your own feelings with respect to me. Every brother here, except the stranger who has been just introduced, knows me well, knows my sincerity and my honesty. I ask you openly and frankly to tell me, if you can possibly suspect me of such an act."

"No, no, no!" cried some twenty voices; "never, never!" But amid the uproar Henriot had risen, and such was the influence which this man seemed to possess, that all were silent

again, and looked to him to speak.

Perhaps a more hideous being than this Henriot would be hard to find. He was precisely of that type which prowls before daylight about the refuse of the markets, and is seen by his fellow-citizens only on those grand festivals of the people, when barricades are thrown up, and powder and bulleis let off for fireworks. His figure was large and muscular.. His dress, a short dirty blouse, and a pair of well worn corduroy trousers. The lower part of his face was covered with thick black stubble. which mounted on his cheeks almost up to the eyes. With the natural bad taste of his class, he had preferred cutting this luxuriant beard with a pair of scissors, to allowing it to grow into the handsome ornament it might otherwise have been. His forehead was low and round; his nose flattened upon it like a prize-fighter's; his mouth was coarse and prominent; his little black eyes twinkled with a kind of savage glee.

"Come, brothers," said he, jerking his head, "don't let us be taken in by the chaff of these fine gentlemen. I'm not going to say that there's treachery here; but I'm determined you shan't be bamboozled, and so I shall tell you what I know, and then you shall judge for yourselves, whether there are traitors in the camp or not."

A murmur, or rather a growl, followed these words, while De Coucy bent his quiet eye upon the speaker, and it was clear that Henriot liked it not.

"Well," he continued, fess impudently; "I was out last night watching the mouchards, to see what they were up to. I took my place near the estaminet "Aux Trois Emissaires," as I knew they would be there in good force, and presently who should I see enter it but citizen Girardon, one of us, whom some of you know as belonging to the other lodge. He went in and stayed there perhaps half an hour. When he came out again, who should be with him but that cursed old rascal, Le Père Michaud, and another mouchard, who was dressed up like a Breton. I followed the three, my brothers, to the house of the head of the police. They were there perhaps ten minutes. When they came out again, old Michaud left them, and the other two went on to the minister's in the Tuileries. I waited for about an hour and a half, and at last the Breton came out alone. Oh! thought I, I shall learn something now; so I followed him too, and may I die a galley-slave if he didn't go to Girardon's cellar, where his wife was lying ill. and take her some money. Now, brothers, I denounce Girardon as a traitor, and where there is one black sheep, there are often more than one. Look to it! look to it!"

Every one was thunderstruck, and whispered to his neighbor. The sensation grew stronger and stronger. Strange glances were cast at Montague, and strange whisperings were going on, until at length the murmur broke out in a clamor.

"We will not be betrayed!" cried a dozen voices together; "we will have an explanation about this aristo, or-

"Or we will have blood," cried one voice.

"The senior warden is an aristocrat," suggested another.

"Ay, and the grandmaster too," added Henriot.

De Coucy bent his quiet eye on Henriot as he spoke, and the man reddened and turned his face away. Still the tumult was growing louder, and the looks and words becoming more threatening, when the new brother rose, and motioning silence, began to address them.

"My good brothers," said he, in an easy off-hand tone, "you are distressing yourselves quite unnecessarily. If you will only allow me to speak, I think I can explain to you satisfactorily how this same aristocrat-for doubtless he is one, being a legitimist—came to be found in yorder closet. It is cant now be admitted to see the light of this assembly."

simply this. I was here this morning, having brought a letter from the worshipful master at Nantes, to your excellent senior warden, whom you have suspected most unjustly, and, than whom I am prepared to say, there are few better men in France, though he is an Englishman. I was left in the dining-room while he was talking to this Count Ludowsky-for that is his name, and a very pretty one too-when, for some reason or other, the count wanted to pass from this room to the diningroom through this closet, which has a door at each end. In a moment of fun, I, hearing him come, locked the door upon him, and put the key in my pocket; here it is, you see. Well, the door at this end shut with a spring, which of course, I could not know; the mouse was trapped, and as soon after we all left the apartment, he has been kept a prisoner there ever since. The affair is as clear as daylight; the only thing to consider now, is this. The count, whether willingly or not, has overheard our proceedings. We must secure ourselves and our secrets. There is one way of doing this, which one member has suggested, namely, by taking the life of the listener. I can only say, that nothing was ever more absurd than such a proposal. Nothing could more endanger our cause than some such act of folly. The government, always longing for an excuse to rout us out, would find it in this. Murder will out; and the disappearance of a man of the position and wealth of this one, would create no small sensation. Inquiries would be made, and then those devils, the mouchards, would be down upon us. Besides all this, I must remind you, that the very first principles of our society are peace, mercy and brotherly love. If, brethren, you allow so new a member as I am, to advise you, I would suggest, that our safety be insured by forcibly making a mason of this man."

The speech was received in silence, no one moving but the pinioned prisoner, who turned his head towards the speaker. and nodded in the direction from which his voice came.

"Yes," thought the count, "this is a true man after all, and I wronged him. He succors me in my hour of need.'

Henriot indeed rose to reply, but a stern look from De Coucy quelled him, and he contented himself with saying, "Well, if we can't get rid of the aristo, we had better make the best possible use of him. Let's swear him in, brothers."

"Your decision is just," said the grandmaster. "Brothers. senior and junior wardens, initiate the supplicant."

Paul rose, and drew from a cabinet a small oriental dagger, and a silver cup, highly chased and ornamented with masonic symbols and figures. Into the latter he poured a spoonful or two of thick oily liquid, from a large bottle, and then handing it to the junior warden, took his place on the right hand of the candidate for admission, and proceeded to tear open his waistcoat and shirt, so as to leave the chest bare. He then placed the point of the weapon exactly upon the spot beneath which the heart was beating, and deliberately pressed it into the flesh. The count winced, and would have cried out, if he had not been gagged.

"Do not be afraid," said Paul, soothingly. "The dagger will only be employed if you refuse to take the oaths, and the junior warden on your left will then have the pleasure of administering the poison which he now holds to your lips. Most honorable grandmaster, we are ready."

"Man," said De Coucy, sternly, "repeat the words that I shall utter, and let your heart go with them."

The gag was withdrawn, and the prisoner looked relieved. The oath was then administered.

"May my soul be eternally damned in hell; may my father curse me from his grave; may my children spit upon, and despise me, and life be for ever a burden to me, until my own hand shall do away with it, if I ever repeat or reveal a single word that I may have heard, or may yet hear, in this place, or in the meetings of this brotherhood. Nay, more, if I shall be at any time found a traitor, and shall reveal one of the secrets of this society, I will willingly allow my brothers to tear the tongue from my mouth, and to dig the heart from my bosom."

"Good," continued De Coucy, when the count, in a firm voice, had repeated the oath word for word. "Let the suppli-

Thereupon Paul removed the bandage, and Ludowsky, tossing his head, threw a scornful look round upon the meeting.

"Brother senior warden, have the kindness to lead the new brother round, and to instruct him in the signs, symbols and mysteries of our fraternity. And now, Brother Lefèbvre, for your communication from our brethren at Nantes."

Now, what the proposition was which Antoine brought or rather pretended to have brought from Nantes, we must not yet divulge, for fear of spoiling a good story, but it is only fair to say, that its announcement created a sensation full of awe. Three men supported the proposition—three who could not have been in collusion-namely, Antoine, the count, and Henriot. Two men vehemently opposed it—De Coucy and Montague. Upon a show of hands, there were six votes in favor of the proposition being discussed, and seven, including the president's, against it. The other eighteen members declined to vote one way or the other. It was finally settled, that a large general lodge should be held that day week, for the purpose of discussing the matter, and the president was just about to dissolve the lodge, when Henriot cried out-

"And how about Girardon?"

"Girardon!" replied De Coucy. "Oh! let him appear and make his defence at the next lodge. We will take care to have him summoned, and if his guilt be proved, the opinion of the general lodge will be taken about him. Meanwhile we will make every inquiry about him."

"And let the traitor get away to Belgium or England?" growled Henriot. "Well, well, all I say is, that if I find him, I kill him without a word or question."

So saying, he pushed his way out of the place.

The count was among the last to go, for he had to receive his lesson from Paul. Antoine dropped behind and came up to him.

"Well, brother," he said, with mock friendship, and giving him the masonic grip on his knuckles, "I dare say you were disgusted with me this morning, but I have kept my promise, and have saved your reputation in the only way in which it could have been saved. Every one here to-night believed my version of the affair, except perhaps Montague and the president-what's his name-and even they cannot account for it in any reasonable manner. They will pump me to-morrow, and I promise you I will mystify them not a little."

And with these lies on his lips, this excellent spy and doubledealer went off by appointment to the Tuileries, where we shall soon find him

(To be continued.)

A CHAPTER OF WIT, ANECDOTE AND HUMOR.

OLD BURTON in his "Anatomy of Melancholy" says, that the nature of man is jocose, and Dryden, in one of his lyrics, sings, "It is better to laugh than to cry." Against this we have the sacred axiom, that "There is a time for all things; a time to laugh, and a time to mourn." The question is, what ought a man to laugh at? Rochefoucauld says there is something in the misfortunes of our best friends not altogether unpleasing to us. But we think this is one of those paradoxes that look truer than they are. Talleyrand, who took the worst possible view of human nature, observed with reference to this far-famed apothegm, that it could only be true on the supposition that the cheerful spectator of a friend's sorrows made something handsome out of them. The most genuine creator of laughter is humor, or practical fun. Anything that is unexpected makes us laugh. Men are generally startled into a hearty peal. Coups d'état of fun are generally rewarded with a roar. If Jones, when he has had one tod too many, suddenly clutches John Graham's wig and hangs it on the gas burner to blaze like a bundle of hay, everybody laughs-more especially those who were not aware John wore another man's crop. If Pompey misses his footing, and spins down the room, launching his scalding soup into a parson's lap and his own ebony person upon a lady's knees, the effect is electrical. This is an illustration perhaps of Rochefoucauld's maxim. If we had received the the laugh would not have come in at the right place, or from us.

Few people laugh at wit that appeals to the mind. Talleyrand was famous for the concise elaboration of his point. It was as fine as a needle:

A single word was often sufficient for his keenest retort. When a A single word was often sumcient for his Reenest retort. When a hypochondriac, who had notoriously led a profligate life, complained to the diplomatist that he was "enduring the torments of hell," the answer was "Dėja?" (Already?) To a lady who had lost her husband Talleyrand once addressed a letter of condolence in two words, "O, Madame!" In less than a year the lady had married again, and then his letter of congratulation was, "Ah, Madame!" Could anything be more wittily significant than the "O" and the "Ah" of this sententions correspondence. sententious correspondence.

An unexpected conclusion sometimes creates fun-as when a romantic sentiment is converted into a bit of commonplace-

A line of one of Moore's songs reads thus: "Our couch shall be roses bespangled with dew." To which a sensible girl, according to Landor, replied: "'Twould give me the rheumatiz, and so it would

Fzw things have created more fun of late years than the lady's hoops—they have been turned every way, and bowled up and down till ingenuity and industry are exhausted. Even the Tribune introduces them into an article on French extravagance, by saying:

It has been said that the wild Indians and civilized ladies only dif-fer in this—the former whoop only in battle, whilst the latter hoop always.

After this melancholy attempt, we trust even the Free Lovers of that clever Journal will leave the ladies' hoops alone; at all events, keep their hands off when a pen is in them.

We heard a clergyman once give an example of the difficulty of listening patiently to truth, even when we have asked for it:

Two bachelors who lived a very quarrelsome life for a good many years, but who had been at camp meeting, were slightly converted!

"Brother Tom," says one, when they had arrived at their homes,
"let us sit down, now, and I'll tell you what we'll do. You tell me all my faults, and I'll tell you yourn, and so we'll know how to go about mending of them."

"Good," says brother Tom.

"Well, you begin."

"Not, you begin, brother Joe."
"No, you begin, brother Joe."
"Well in the first place, you know, brother Tom, you will lie:"
Crack: goes brother Tom's paw between brother Joe's blinkers, and a considerable of a "scrimage" ensues, until in the course of about ten minutes, neither being able to come to time, reformation is postponed sine dis.

Some people find considerable amusement in churchyards. to get a laugh out of the epitaphs—this may be truly called grave joking, few can understand. To a certain extent there is something laughable in the excellent characters the dead always leave behind them. If the tombstones were to be polled, six out of every half dozen are sacred to the memory of tender husbands (who, no doubt, when alive, beat or deserted their wives), affectionate fathers (who neglected their children), faithful friends (who swindled their intimates), and good Christians (who amused themselves by breaking the decalogue). We have ourselves read in Greenwood some of the most extravagant fiction that ever came from the brain of a madman. Men notoriously bad, had characters carved in stone fitted for a Howard and a Franklin. It is therefore a treat to find in Texas a little bit of truth carved on a tombstone, and wasting its sweetness on the desert air of a churchyard. Not wishing to wound the feelings of the dead, for we have no compunction in lacerating those of the living, we withhold the names:

> Underneath this turf doth lie, Back to back, my wife and I. Generous stranger, spare the tear, For, could she speak, I cannot hear. Happier far than when in life—
> Free from noise and free from strife; When the last trump the air shall fill, If she gets up I'll just lie still!

What a terror to the wicked would a truthful epitaph be! As soup upon our own kerseymere trowsers, or our wife the waiter, it is, one of the great terrors is removed, and secure of a lying epitaph, men live like brutes and rascals. If justice were done, men would have a wholesome dread of hearing the passers by their grave read a true description of themselves.

Our friend, John Smith, says he can always tell the calibre of an editor by reading the little bits with which he fills up his columns. In an Albany paper he found the following helps to the printer:

A question for the Spike Society. "Would the devil beat his wife if he had one?

Guess not-for the women generally beat the devil.

It is evident this editor is a bachelor, or has tamed his wife. The next is:

"I am afraid I shall come to want," said an old lady to a young

gentleman.
"I have come to want already," was the reply. "I want your daughter!"

The old lady opened her eyes.

The two next complete our portrait of the Albany editor:

An advertisement in a country paper begins: "To be let immediately, or sooner if required."

"You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend."

"Yes, I have been straightened by circumstances.

"Let us be joyful" there is no office in the State of Joke Selector or we think his want of merit would inevitably lead to his nomination.

WE notice some young unfledged punster has been trying his dictionary upon the electric telegraph, saying, among other things, that the Agamemnon was well selected for taking part in the task, since he was the father of Electra and Orestes, whose name he brings in as a capital one to rest his cable onbut enough of this slow joking upon lightning.

THE indifference with which we all treat gratuitous exhibitions is well hit off in Swift's saying, that if a fee were to be charged to see the sun rise, nine-tenths of the world would be up in the morning before dawn, just as people crowd to see the curtain rise at Niblo's. Nothing so increases the value of a thing as the having to pay pretty handsomely for it. We had an instance of that the other day in a Jerseyman, who, being told by his servant that Barnum had made an offer for a five legged pig he had, sold it to him, and actually paid his quarter a month after to see his own curiosity, although he never even looked at it when it was in his own pigsty.

THERE is something suggestive in this:

The best description of sea-sickness, as we recollect it, is contained in the reply of the Frenchman. One morning the cabin boy came for his boots. "Boots," feebly founded from the berth, "ah, sare, you may take zem—I shall want zem nairy more!"

The utter despair of a man who gives his boots away is very touching. It may be called his last step.

THE following atrocities speak for themselves:

Some one speaking of a celebrated bass-singer, said, "He led a cry abandoned life." "Oh, yes," replied Sealey, "the whole tenor of his life has been base."

After this we shall not be surprised to hear some allusion made to soft soapranos, saying nothing of Mario's having swallowed his beautiful falsetto teeth.

After such it is a relief to come upon such mild outrages as these:

Why are ladies like bells? Because you can never get out their metal until you have given them a ring.

This naturally leads to one on marriage:

To a friend who had married a lady who was on the point of taking the veil, Jerrold said, "Ak, she evidently thought you better than nun!"

Nor long ago we heard a notoriously idle man express his astonishment that another artist of inferior ability had succeeded better than himself. Men, especially intelligent men, forget that genius is an inert mass-mere granite-the raw material out of which the Hamlets, Paradise Losts, Zauberflotes and Cartoons are made. An artist who will not labor diligently

can never rise above isolated performances, the result of purposeless efforts:

Richard Burke being found in a reverie shortly after an extraor-dinary display of powers in Parliament by his brother, Edmund Burke, and questioned by a friend as to the cause, replied: "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talent of the family; but then, again, I remember, when we were at play, he was always at work." The force of this anecdote is increased by the fact, that Richard Burke was considered not inferior in natural talents to his brother. Yet the one rose to greatness, while the other died comparatively obscure. Don't trust to your genius, young man if you would rise, but work, work!

EVERYBODY knows the humbug of what is called popular elections. It is, however, rather understood than acknowledged. Now and then an impudent or an honest rogue lets the cat out of the bag-ecce signum :

In the account of the late Democratic State Convention of New York, is the following amusing report of a conversation between a rural delegate and Peter Cagger, who held the state and fixed things generally

-"Well, Mr. Cagger, who are we to have for State Rural Delegate-Prison Inspector ?"

Cagger—"Well, I don't exactly know (eyeing him suspiciously).
There are a good many candidates."
Rural Delegate—"Yes, but who is our man—who is on the

elete ?" Cagger--" Well, there's a number of first-rate men named. The

Convention will doubtless make a good selection."

Rural Delegate, (astonished)—"H—l and d— -n, Mr. Cagger, Rural Delegate, (astonished)—"H—l and you don't mean to leave it to the Convention ou don't mean to leave it to the Convention—do you."

Explosion of laughter, in the midst of which Mr. Cagger left.

This we have the authority of the Daily News for, an undeniable one in such matters.

WE had hoped the following style of facetize was out of existence, since there is demi-profanity about them revolting to a pious mind. In giving place to the following, we do it merely to give our idea of utter stupidity embodied in the profane, like a fly in amber:

An itinerant preacher travelled along the north-western counties of the State of Illinois. He was mounted on an animal whose appearance betokened very bad keeping—the mere framework of what once been a horse.

Riding up to the door of a country inn, he inquired of the landlord the distance to the next town.

the distance to the next town.

The host, coming out, was so forcibly struck with the appearance of the animal upon which the querist sat, that he walked twice around him before giving the desired information. He then asked:

"Who might you be? if it's a fair question."

"I am a follower of the Lord," was the answer.

"Followin' the Lord, eh?" demanded the host.

you what it is, feller" (eyeing the horse again), "there is one thing certain—if you stop often on the road, you'll never catch him with that hoss!"

THERE is considerable neatness in the following compliment: A lady wished a seat. A portly, handsome gentleman brought one and seated her.

"Oh, you are a jewel," said she.
"Oh, no," replied he. "I'm a jeweller, I have just set the jewel."
Could there have been anything more gallant than that?

Ir is a great fashion with many to admire the sharp things said by Jerrold. We confess to having no taste for those personal retorts which between gentlemen are considered insults. Many a duel has been fought, and many a life lost for words far less offensive than one-half of Douglas Jerrold's witticisms. A few are sufficiently subdued to come within the scope of s laugh, such as this :

When Morris had the Haymarket Theatre, Jerrold, on a certain occasion had reason to find fault with the strength, or rather want of strength, of the company. Morris expostulated, and said:
"Why there's V—, he was bred on these boards!"
"He looks as which he was bred on these boards!"

"He looks as though he'd been cut out of them," replied Jarrold One of our best actors—Neafie—was not cut out of boards,

but was a cutter of them, being brought up as a carpenter. And Jerrold's saying when he heard the Bishop of London had been thrown from his horse, that the beast ought to have credit for spreading the gospel, is of a mild order.

REFORTS are allowable when made in reply to some radeness, as the following instance:

"So, here I am, between two tailors," said a fop at a public table where a couple of young tailors were seated, who had just begun business for themselves.

"True," was the reply, "we are new beginners, and can only afford to keep one googs between us."

Here the rebuke was invited. It was also allowable for the Quaker, when a baker told him he had invented a new kind of yeast, to say: "Yea, verily, friend, thy yeast makes the bread so light that a pound of it only weighs eight

THERE is one species of fun which is almost indigenous to our people. It is the outré. This is as peculiar to America as the brogue joke to Ireland, or the pointed sarcasm to France. None but a Yankee could have made the following:

A tipsy loafer mistook a globe lamp with letters on it for the

queen of night, and exclaimed:
"Well, I'm cussed if somebody hain't stuck an advertisement on the moon."

This, though given to a western editor, is stolen from a

A western editor says: "It is supposed that angels do not wear dresses. Our fashionable ladies are getting more and more angelic every year."

THE Irish are proverbial for their happy compliments to women:

Paddy is often poetically polite. On picking up and returning a lady's parasol, which had been blown out of her hand, a gallant Irishman said:

"Faith, miss. an' if ye was as sthrong as yer handsome, be jabers, a hurricane couldn't have snatched it from ye."

And he has also a happy method of metaphorising:

"Do you believe in second love, Misther McQuade?"
"Do I belave in second love? Humph! if a man buys a pound of sugar, isn't it swate? and when it's gone, don't he want another pound, and isn't that swate too? Troth, Murphy, I belave in second love!"

Sometimes even the most serious advice becomes a joke, owing to the difficulty of taking the first step, as in the directions "How to Make a Paradise:"

Buy one acre of ground. Fence it. Build a neat cottage on it. Plant it with shrubbery, and make a grand, beautiful garden all around it. Marry an angel in hoops, and take her home to the cottage. Go home to the cottage yourself. Abstain from all villainous drinks. Join the church and become a good Christian, live uprightly before God and man, and you will have regained all the original Paradise that has survived the fall.

It is easy enough to say buy an acre, build a house. Where's the money? Easy enough to say marry an angel. Where is she?

Some would-be wags now and then try their hand on burlesquing novels and romances. The two solitary horsemen of James are nearly ridden to death. The California papers more especially rejoice in these jeu d'esprits. The shortest we can find is, "A One-Horse Novel:"

Violetta started convulsively, and turned her tear-drenched eyes wildly upon the speaker; for to her there seemed something familiar in those low, rich tones. Their eyes met; his beaming with love and tenderness—hers gleaming with wild uncertainty. "Violetta!" "Allendorf!" And the beautiful girl sank, from excess of joy, upon his noble heart, throbbing with the pure, holy, delicious love of other days. Allendorf bent tenderly over her, and bathed her pure white temples with the gushing tears of deep though subdued joy. While doing this, Violetta's father, Rip Van Snort, was seen approaching the lovers with a flail. Allendorf saw the aged patriarch, who, just as he was turning the corner of the red barn, gave him a lift with the flail that placed him on the "other side of Jordan." Violetta, driven to distraction, threw herself upon the grass, and for a long, long hour, was deaf to every consolation. hour, was deaf to every consolation.

THE joke of this class of literature consists in its incoherence :

Remember, though box In the plural makes boxes, The plural of ox Should be oxen, not oxes.

And remember, though fleece In the plural is fleeces, That the plural of goose Aren't gooses nor geeses.

And remember, though house In the plural is houses, The plural of mouse Should be mice, and not mouses.

All of which goes to prove That grammar a farce is; For where is the plural Of rum and molasses?

The over medical attendance kills more than the total neglect of it in serious sickness. How often do we hear parents recapitulate all that has been done for a child, and yet it would die. The following is no fancy sketch or exaggeration. We dare say thousands of our readers have heard something very similar to it from the lips of surviving relatives:

"You have lost your baby, I hear," said one gentleman to an-

other.

"Yes, poor little thing! it was only five months old. We did all we could for it. We had four doctors, blistered its head and feet, put mustard poultices all over it, gave it nine calomel powders, leeched its temples, had it bled, and gave it all kinds of medicines, and yet, after a week's illness, he died."

It is a lamentable fact that while few care about their manners, everybody does about his skin; as our old friend Dr. Gouraud says, "Politeness is the complexion of a man's soul, and rudeness is the yellow jaundice." An excellent writer thus epitomizes a gentleman's toilet:

For preserving the complexion, temperance. To preserve the breath sweet, abstinence from tobacco. For whitening the hands, honesty. To remove a stain, repentance. Easy shaving soap, ready money. For improving the sight, observation. A beautiful ring, a family circle. For improving the voice, civility. The best companion at the toilet, a wife.

THE following little jokes speak for themselves:

Why is the letter D like a sailor? Because it follows the C.

We may always joke when we please, if we are always careful to please when we joke.

Which are the laziest fish in the sea? Oysters, because they are always found in bed.

Concerning Kisses .- "The kiss," says an ancient womanhater, "is the Aurora of love, but the sunset of chastity."

After the first kiss there follows a second, then a third, and so upward on the many-runged ladder of love to the ultima thule. One kiss is very little, and yet very much. It is the wordless interpreter of two hearts, which by this one breath tell each other more than by myriads of words. The kiss is the high priest who initiates the heart into the Eleusinian mysteries of

The ancients counted three kinds of kisses:

Basia, that between friends and relatives.

Oscula, the kiss of veneration.

Suavia, the kiss proper—that between lovers.

The monks of middle ages—great theorists—divided the kiss into fifteen distinct and separate orders:

- 1. The decorous or modest kiss.
- 2. The diplomatic, or kiss of policy.
- 8. The spying kiss, to ascertain if a woman had drank
- The slave kiss.
- 5. The kiss infamous—a church penance.
- 6. The slipper kiss, practised towards tyrants.
- 7. The judicial kiss.
- 8. The feudal kiss.
- 9. The religious kiss (kissing the cross.)
- 10. The academical kiss (on joining a solemn brotherhood.)
- 11. The hand kiss.
- 12. The Judas kiss.
- 18. The medical kiss for the purpose of healing some sickness.
 - 14. The kiss of etiquette.
- 15. The kiss of love—the only real kiss. But this was also to be variously considered, viz:—given by ardent enthusiasm, as by lovers; by matrimonial affection; or, lastly, between two men—an awful kiss, tasting like sandwiches without butter or meat.



HIGH GUNNING-Not a bad plan when the birds fly high.



As long as some fool down helew does not mistake you for a bird.



Advice to Sportsmen—In winter do not be too long in taking aim, as snow is apt to collect on the barrel and interfere with your sight.

Advice to Sportsmen—Vever askia gentleman the time of day inst as he is on the point of firing.



Mr. Potts adopts a capital dodge to enable him to arproach the birds when out shooting. He disguises himself as a bird.

Approaching a form house, he is mistaken for the coil one by the proprietor thereof, who fires at him.







FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR NOVEMBER.

WHAT TO BUY, AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

The fashionable season has now fairly commenced; the occupants of the palatial up-town mansions have returned to winter quarters, our business thoroughfares and principal establishment are once more throughfares and principal establishment are once more throughfares which distinguish wealth in this great metropolis.

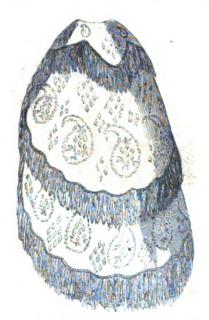
The opening of this season offers a brilliant contrast to the social and commercial depression of the last. On every hand are to be seen evidences of renewed activity in trade and manufactures, while the demand for costly foreign fabrics is every day increasing, and indicates a complete restoration of public confidence, and the disposition to return to the luxurious habits of former times.

Another evidence of the prosperity of the times, is the efforts made by the caterers to the operatic and dramatic taste of the community, and the encouragement bestowed where it is

9. BONNET-JACKSON, PAGE 471. Vol. 111., No. 5-30

deserved. The advent of the beautiful Piccolomini commences a new era in the fashionable world. Piccolomini hats, Piccolomini cloaks, Piccolomini fans, Piccolomini perfumes, Piccolomini everything is now the rage, and the opera house is again the scene of costly display in costume and toilette, invented to do honor to the bewitching little songstress who wins all hearts by her beauty, her grace and naiveté.

We have seen most exquisite opera cloaks at Genin's Bazaar, designed expressly as a tribute to the lovely Italian singing bird and named in her honor. The material is the whitest and finest merino, ornamented with border or a quille design in delicate moss velvet, sometimes in solid colors, others in diamond blocks of blue and white, rose color and white; the cord and innumerable tassels with which they are decerated being made exactly to match. Wide sleeves are universally adapted



4. INFANT'S CLOAK-GENIN. PAGE 470.

to the present style of opera cloaks, and add much to the grace | and beauty of their appearance; instead of the hood, a sort of pointed berthé slopes of from the shoulder, and is richly trimmed with fringe or pendant buttons.

We have also seen at this establishment elegant black velvet cloaks in the Polonaise and also in the Raglan style, ornamented with the superb embroidery designed in the form of military epaulettes, terminating in rich fringe lace or pendant tassels; the design is very unique, and is exclusive to this house.

Spe king of opera tellette, we may mention the "Norma Searf," a light and vapory tissue in silver gauze or colored silk worked with gold, now considered the most reckerche protection from the chill night air, and also susceptible of the most distangued effect when disposed as a head-dress, the ends forming a delicate and graceful drapery for the neck and shoulders.

This establishment is famous for the excellence and variety of the children's ready-made clothing, which is always to be found here. From the fine embreidered robe and pretty lace can of the infant to the jacket and troucers in which young America steps so proudly, every intermediate stage of the wardrobe is tilled with exquisitely haished little garments, adapted to the requirements of vouthful existence, and exactly calculated to gratify the maternal pride of the fond mother, who loves to see her darling attired in a mode which cannot fail to heighten his beauty, and set it off to the best advantage.

The sharp penetrating breath of the chill November atmosphere suggests warmer wrappings than the light Riglans and pretty mantle shawls, which during the early part of the season created such a furore. In this department Mr. George Bulpix presents an unusual variety of those elegant and recherché styles for which his establishment is celebrated. Cloaks in black welvet ornamented with lace on the richest embroidery are observed in combinations of extraordinary beauty and magnificence. Rich black velvet Raglans are superbly decorated with embreidery in a quille pattern, finished with rich fringe and heavy tassels. The shape and style have that poculiar and distinguished effect always observed in the designs of this establishment.

A novelty for November is found in the "Cable" cloak, composed of fine velvet beaver cloth, and ornamented with thick twisted silk rope, terminating in rich, heavy tassels. Another splendid novelty is a black velvet circular or deep talma, trimmed with rich velvet in square blocks of bright blue and green. This combination is peculiar to this season, and is called the "42d Plaid," after the 42d Regiment. It is found in many of the most elegant imported silks, in wreaths and coiffures for the hair, and is the rage among ladies of the highest ton in Paris and Lendon.

At Mr. George Propie's new establishment in Broadway, we have seen elegant styles in velvet, trimmed with a profusion of real guipure or Chantilly lace. The design was a double skirt, the upper one cut square up in front, forming a very stylish and graceful sleeve. A rich lace berthe terminates in exquisite barbes of lace, and the fastenings in front are composed of bands and pendant buttons, à la Duchesse.

The prettiest Raglan of the season is to be found here, and is called the "Eglantine." It is composed of ashes of roses, ladies' cloth ornamented with crimson velvet, and rich crimson silk tassels; the shape is perfect, and the contrast of colors admirable.

For heavy winter dress goods we know of no establishment superior to that of Unspell, Penson & Lake, and the great variety of fabrics offered in this line embrace everything to suit the most fashionable as well as the most humble testes. In all wooll in materials, merines occupy the most prominent position; they are no longer confined to the plain solid colors in which they have heretotore appeared, but comprise a handsome variety or printed styles in two or more contrasting shades, and are even robed to represent the deable skirt, rober à meile and ro'es à Les. Another feature are the beautiful noveliles in silk and wood - Valencius. It has of these are imported in the rich mission to think in very condition from present various combinations of politins of such exquisite texture, here distins, or admirable the hays lere and a guille design, the stripes in the last instance also yellated the entirely around the shirt, forming robe a les-

We cannot firster membering the handsome French and covering than can be found at any other house.

English printed cotton goods, far exceeding in beauty of style and finish any which have ever been imported into this market. Many of them are, in pattern, as hundsome as that of an Indian cashmere, while others have the dark lawn ground so often seen in Thibet cloths and rich delaines, sprinkled with bright yet delicate chintz figures.

For mourning garments the establishment of Mr. William JACKSON continues to hold the highest as well as the most popular place in the estimation of the public. The making-up department, in the experienced hands of Mrs. Jackson, combines the most admirable taste with that excellence and durability which are essential to the perfection of articles of this description.

A noticeable feature is the exquisite degrees by which the plain garb of deep mourning is gradually softened down until it expresses only the tender recollection of a departed sorrow. The milinery department is conducted with especial care and taste, prices being uniformly moderate.

A. T. Stewart & Co. have recently enlarged their magnificent edifice on the corner of Broadway and Chamber street, to the extent which makes it the most spacious building in the world for the purposes of trade, used by one firm.

The extension which has been last built is seventy-five feet by one hundred and fifty, making the whole extent of the building one hundred and seventy-five feet by one hundred and fifty and eight stories in height, including the underground floors. With the increase of business it was found necessary to introduce steam power, and accordingly steam hoistways have been constructed, by which goods can be conveyed from the lowe t to the highest floor with facility and despatch. The motive power is furnished by one of Corlies' improved engines of fifteen horse power. This is situated on the lowest floor, where also will be placed the appliances for heating the entire building with steam.

The lowest floor of all is used as a storage for goods not required for immediate use. The next floor is the carpet department, where carpeting of every description and quality can be found, On the floor above, which is on the level with the street, is the retail department, where silks, tapestries, linens, and all kinds of goods are to be had. This is well arranged and in every way adapted to the purpose. The floors above this are occupied for the wholesale department exclusively. The first floor above for embroidery and silks; the second, linens; the third for blankets and flannels, cloths and vestings; and each floor above has its particular department. The upper floor is used as a department for the fitting up and upholstering of private and public houses, vessels, &c. Here workmen are constantly employed in executing orders, and about an average of eighty females find employment at work on sewing machines, and other sewing. Sometimes it has been necessary to employ two hundred when executing orders speedily. In addition to these, some three hundred to five hundred women are furnished with employment at their houses. In the old building is a large dome, and in the new are two domes, which give light to each floor from the roof. This is a principal and important feature in the establishment.

The whole building is under a perfect system. Here everything in the shape of dry goods can be found, of every variety of price and quality. The store will well repay a visit from all who wish to see with what order, precision and regularity such a vast business is conducted.

The fine large building now in process of erection for LCRD AND TAYLOR in Broadway, will soon be opened with a superb stock of first-class goods, which their extraordinary facilities enable them to provide at an unusual advantage. In the meantime at their large warerooms in Grand street, a tine and various assortment of those manufactures for which this house has obthined a deservedly high reputation, is offered at remarkably low prices. These include French and English weetlen fabrics of every kind and quality, all of the very best makes, and many of them in exclusive styles. Nowhere else are to be found Irich chales of color. Merinos also, at a reduction of twenty-five per cent., finer, softer, whiter in tenture and more brilliant in The embroidery department is especially worthy of attention, being constantly supplied with very fine goods of their own selection and direct importation, at prices much below the market value.

The housekeeping department is too well known to need more than a mere mention. The stock of linens, linen damasks and cotton goods are always of a superior quality, being manufactured under their own supervision and imported expressly for their own trade.

In cloaks and shawls, they exhibit as usual a large variety, adapted to every class of purchaser. The same is also true of their silk department; but we may notice especially some exquisite evening robes, with double skirts, ornamented in velvet to represent lace drapery.

A prominent feature in the desoration of elegant dresses is the profusion of ribbons which are everywhere displayed. Probably this may be traced to the example of the French Empress, with which this species of trimming has always been an especial favorite. It is doubtless also due to the fine effect produced by their graceful arrangement, superior every way to any other style of trimming in voque.

Mr. Licetenstein's large establishment is the only one where every variety of ribbons adapted to the most costly as well as the simplest uses can be procured. From the magnificent conduce wern by the most fastidious belle to the pretty inch wide bows for the wrist of an undersleeve, every style, quality and color may be found in designs adapted to all sorts of uses. Besides ribbons we find here a variety of elegant bonnet materials in the different styles of silks, chenille, plain and fancy velvet. There are also pretty chenille wreaths for the inside of fall and winter hats, and a full assortment of plain wide taffetas ribbon with a broad contrasting edge on one side intended for bonnet strings.

The gradual movement of our population up town has given rise to many splendid establishments in the upper part of the city, and of these the most important is that of James Gray & Co., 729 Broadway. This house occupies the same position in the fashionable world which that of Beck did when in its prosperity. It is noted for its choice and recherché novelties, its silk goods and laces are the finest, and of the most exclusive styles; we might particularise some recent exquisite importations, but must leave them for the present, probably to recur to them again.

For variety and novelty in rich dress trimmings and costly bij interie, we know of no establishment equal to that of S. M. Peyson, 487 Broadway. His importations this season selected by himself in Paris, are especially novel and attractive. Among them we notice the fine jet and steel wrought fringes, so much admired. There is also the illuminated trimmings and buttons, now all the rage among the French ladies, for ornamenting the most distinguished cloaks of dark velvet beaver. New buttons in steel and velvet, steel and gold, and in variegated enamel, are displayed in infinite varieties. We should not forget also a specialité of this establishment, and that is the magnificent pins and ornaments for the hair. These are displayed in the form of wreaths, diadems, branches, and also coiffures of silk and gold lace, to fasten which are imported superb Moorish and Spanish pins in Tuscan setting.

Our readers were formerly familiar with the name of Molynews Bell, from whose elegant establishment we have frequently had the pleasure of presenting some of our most distinguished and elegant models of cloaks and mantillas. They are also aware that Mr. Bold was succeeded by Mr. James G. Aitken, who sustains the high reputation of the house, and has enlarged by adding to it a millinery department under the management of a most accomplished artiste. A recent opening of French goods by Mr. Aitken displayed some exceedingly recherche styles of black velvet mantles, richly ornamented with velvet and real lace. A charming garment for November, suitable for young ladies, is the Polonaise, composed of dark glossy cloth, trimmed with bright dark plaid velvet.

A now mantilla store has also been opened at 409 Canal street, which promises soon to take its place among the first. The proprietor is Mr. H. Edgerron, and much taste is exhibited

in the selection of goods, while the most moderate prices only are charged. We particularly admired some heavy cloth and beaver Raglans, simply and gracefully trimmed, and also the stylish cloth (ribbed and velvet beaver) as well as Lyons velvet cloaks, the latter distinguished by the fine embroidery and the costliness of the crochet fringe with which they are decorated.

The opinion of a celebrated French milliner, that the smallest part of the value of a bonnet could be reckoned by the cost of the materials, would find many supporters if they could once compare one of Alexandrine's bonnets now exhibiting at the establishment of Madame R. HARRIS & Son, 571 Broadway, with what so frequently passes under the same name, even in our great metropolis. In truth there is a superb originality about these charming inventions which captivates the imagination at once. The shape is a complete innovation on the little peaked affairs which we have been content to carry on the back of our heads so long. The design is unique, and would astonish weak nerves; the result, however, is so elegant and distingué that our readers will acknowledge an obligation in calling their attention to them. One of the most attractive features is the profusion of lace, which is used in the shape of exquisite barbes and confures.

For superb flowers, feathers, and all the finer styles of millinery goods, we recommend our readers to S. & J. GOULDING, No. 18 John street. In feathers especially, the variety of the most elegant kinds is perfectly bewildering; it seems as if the plumage of all the most brilliant tropical birds had been collected into one glittering wavy mass. One of those which produce the most perfect effect is the marabout plume in colors, with ostrich tips; others are expressly adapted for coiffures, and are sufficiently recherché to grace a court. Among the novelties are many exquisite ornaments, whic fire, however, perfectly indescribable. They are a mixture of flowers and feathers in delicate colors, and so fine that they might have been traced with the fingers of a fairy; others represent small and beautiful birds alighting on a branch, or revelling in the sweets of the most charming blossoms, while still others imitate branches of soft foliage, with enamelled insects floating amid lovely flowers.

So long as the present style of dresses, double skirts, wide stripes, broad plaids and flowing flounces, continue in vogue, hoops will remain invincible against all attacks from friends or enemies. The enormous quantity which are now made, and the great variety thrown upon the market, is pretty good evidence of their constantly increasing popularity, but it also makes it exceedingly necessary that the purchaser should be cautious in making a selection, as many of these are utterly worthless, and got up merely to sell. In order to be certain, it is better to buy only those which are manufactured by some well-known house. Douglas & Sherwood is the most reliable, and where, instead of being confined to one style, a choice embracing seventy different kinds is offered, all containing the latest improvements, and offering every advantage which long experience and wonderful facilities can present. During the past season they have employed eight hundred girls, and turned out from three to four thousand skirts a day. Their "latest" will be found illustrated on another page, and cannot fail to be greatly admired.

We desire also to call the attention of our lady readers to the illustration of the Princess Royal bridal skirt in another part of the Gazerre, with the Piccolomini bustle attached. This is a novelty in hooped skirts, being reade without stitch, so that it is impossible it should fall apart, and is also very handsome and durable. A model of this skirt, invented by W. H. Reed & Co., 127 Duane street, was displayed on its first appearance without the busile; the latter is, however, a great improvement.

The art of making wax-flowers is beginning to be appreciated to an extent scarcely imagined by even its most sanguine admirers. It is now considered a necessary part of every young lady's education who desires to be versed in modern accomplishments, and has arrived at a degree of perfection hardly credible, except by those who have examined recent and perfect specimens. A call upon the most accomplished artists in this department, now resident in New York (Mrs. Williamson,

of 625 Broadway), gave us a new idea of what might be done by the assistance of taste, delicacy and a natural genius for whatever is true and heautiful. Mrs. Williamson's flowers in wreaths, bouquets, clusters, branches, or in the single specimen, are almost more lovely than nature. The perfection of the resemblance to the originals, and the exquisite purity, as well as brilliancy of coloring, could not be surpassed by any foreign efforts. We advise all who wish to obtain ornaments of this kind, or to acquire this accomplishment for themselves, to call and examine this exhibition.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

THE "Mantle" shawl, with the lower corner rounded, has been the novelty of the season, and the Balmoral is the prettiest we have seen of this style. It is composed of a new material in black and white check, called "basket"

bright plaid velvet is attached, and terminates in a thick fringe of goat's hair.

The most stylish garment for November, especially for young ladies, is the Polonaise, called in this style the Princess Frederic. It is a basquine of very graceful and elegant shape, which fits every form and imparts a certain air of dainty coquetric, which is wonderfully attractive. The material is dark, glossy cloth, ornamented with a border of dark rich plaid velvet on the ample drooping sleeve, and rather deep pointed collar.

Another favorite style, not quite so new, however, is called the Eglantine. It is a very pretty Raglan, with loose, tasselled hood and wide sleeve. The material of ashes of rose cloth, trimmed with crimson velvet and heavy crimson silk tassels. The contrast is exquisite. Real India shawls are becoming objects of great ambition with ladies of high and cultivated tastes. The principal fault of our countrywomen is the accumulation and a profusion of cheap finery, but this is giving place to the great desire of fashionable Europeans, viz., the acquisition of costly lace, diamonds and a real Cashmere.

The most elegant cloaks of the season are of black velvet, trimmed with the richest Chantilly or guipure lace without embroidery. These cost from two to six hundred dollars. Many are also elaborately embroidered and ornamented with fringe, with deep guipure beading, but these form a a higher cost than one hun-



CLOAK-BULPIN. PAGE 470.

styles has a double skirt very richly embroidered and trimmed with lace and fringe, which is cut off square in front, forming a very stylish sleeve. The shape of a pointed collar is described in embroidery round the throat. The latest designs for embroidering velvet cloaks are in à quille bands, which present a very distinguished appearance. Opera cloaks are all made with sleeves, and elegantly ornamented with bright soft

dred and fifty dollars. One of

the most distinguished of these

moss velvet in rose color, blue, scarlet, crimson, or the gay "Stewart" plaid; of course, tassels which are worn attached to every available part of the wardrobe decorate them in profusion.

A few ball costumes have been imported this season of great beauty, and excited so much admiration that efforts are being made to obtain more of the same design, but as The yet without success. material is an exquisitely fine

-cloth, very soft, thick and warm. A deep double border of | white silk tissue, embroidered in delicate wreaths, or clusters of flowers, with gold or silver, and crystalized foliage, traced with the rare delicacy of frosting upon a window pane. They have double skirts and are accompanied by a sort of gold or silver grass, or fringe for decorating the sleeves and corsage.

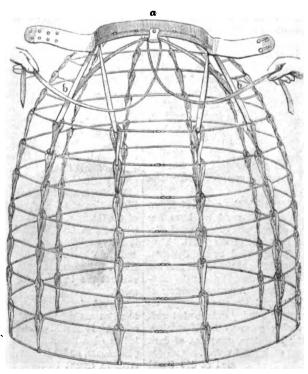
> Steel is very much in vogue as an accessory to various kinds of trimming, especially black and chenille fringes. It is also employed in buttons as centres, for example, set in gilt or velvet, the last being generally pendant.

Plain taffetas is exceedingly fashionable this season, and great

offorts have been made to render it additionally attractive by the introduction of new and lovely shades of color. The brilliant bright green and pale lavender, received with such enthusiasm last season. was as much in demand as ever, and very difficult to obtain. With these we have now a charming and new shade of drab which is a cross between ashes of roses and mouse color, a gentle, but sweet and gracious as the face of a beautiful Quaker. We have also the "dahlia" color already spoken of, in velvet and silk; it can be obtained at only one house in New York, and the dye cost thirty cents upon the yard more than any other color.

Small figured black silks, with the ground very thickly covered, are considered extremely elegant, they are also imported superbly brocaded in colors.

A few robes in pale lavender have been received, with flounces decorated with bon-



second class, and rarely attain 11. REED'S FRINCESS ROYAL BRIDAL SKIRT. WITH THE PICCOLOMINI BUSTLE. PAGE 471.



PAGE 478. 2. FRENCH HEAD-DRESS.

A very beautiful novelty in evening dress silks is of plain blue, green, white or straw colored silk, with a double skirt, the is for their choicest fabrics.

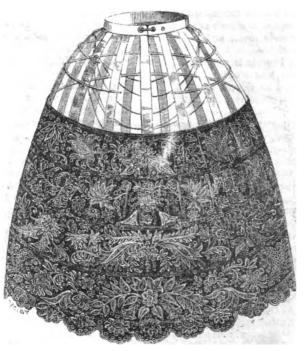
upper one of which is covered with a rich lace pattern in velvet or brocaded satin. This reaches nearly to the bottom where it is enclosed in a splendid festooned border, which also extends at intervals up the skirt, separating it into stripes. A border to match accompanies the robe to trim the waist and sleeves.

Parasols and sun-umbrellas are now replaced by the most charming little sun-shades, in solid colors-green, lavender, brown and drab-ornamented with a border of swans' down or marabout, dyed the same shade as the silk. The handles are very short, and the tops round and flat, with centres of glass or enamel.

STYLES FOR THE MONTH.

THE principal feature of the fall styles is the extreme brilliance of coloring and costliness of the material used; in this last respect a great differ-

quets of flowers, broché upon a white ground, terminating in | ence is observed between the present and preceding seasons. Last fall anything would do, provided it was cheap enough; now, on the contrary, our merchants find the greatest demand



10. DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD'S HONITON SKIET. PAGE 471.

A perfect mania appears to exist for plaids in very high colors, and plaid velvet is a principal accessory on nearly all fall bonnets. With the rage for plaids another fashion has been introduced bringing into conjunction two colors never before permitted side by side, but which is now considered the very height of la mode. This is a brilliant shade of green and bright dark blue; alternating in square blocks they form "42nd" plaid, the pet plaid of the fashionable world, indicating the colors of course of the 42nd regiment (Scotch), after whom it is named. This plaid is imported in very rich silks for dresses. cross-barred with black velvet, and in the form of velvet makes a superb border for black velvet mantles.

For winter bonnets, velvet is the only material used in Lyons; terry, spotted and imperial, and the most elegant styles are in a single, or

a contrast of two solid colors. The decorations are simple but exquisite, and extremely distinguished rare coiffures, and barbes of lace being very much used, and the flowers or feathers only slightly added here and there, consisting of the rich of a shower of tiny blossoms, wild delicate trailing tendrils. tropical kinds, made with the rare delicacy of Parisian art | Garniture for fall costumes comprehend the decoration for the which almost transcends nature.

In addition to the novel and distinguished shapes of the imported bonnets, so different from the usual stereotyped designs of home manufacture, there are new shades of color of great purity, brilliance, and at the same time exquisite delicacy, very rare and exceedingly difficult to obtain. One of these is called the "Dahlia"-a charming tint, which is not lavender or purple, but more levely than either. Another is a pure violet blue, the color which the Empress has adopted in future for her own, but which has an expression too tender, thoughtful and loving to be imperial. A brilliant light green and pale tint of lavender, and the royal shade of red known as mauve, comprise the novelties in colors, which are only seen in a very few houses.

An elegant bonnet in violet blue velvet had a centre of white lace, over which was placed a long black lace barbe, which descended over the curtain and formed double strings. and the others consisting of wide plain velvet of the exact shade of the bonnet. No other ornament was visible, with the exception of a bandeau of violets in shaded velvet and small black lace barbe, formed into a bow, and ends descending on one side of the ruche. We claim the distinction rests altogether on the superb design and exquisite beauty of the material.

Another was of Lyons velvet, in dahlia color, drawn plain over the foundation, and ornamented with folds placed across the top of the crown, and the ends knotted behind, over the curtain. Surrounding the front, and forming a border was a coiffure of rare and exquisite blende, which arrived at a deep point at the centre, and descended over the forehead; its extraordinary length permitted this to be so arranged that the ends were twisted into the knot of velvet behind, and extended over the curtain. This coiffure, with its long ends like barbes, would make a magnificent decoration for the hair. The wide plain velvet strings exactly matched the hat in color, and were edged with narrow blonde. The bandeau inside was of lace, with a white camelia in the centre, and a sprig of heliotrope on each side, fresh and natural as if just plucked.

A charming opera bonnet was composed of rose pink Lyons velvet, with a border of white imperial silk, covered with rich blonde, and a wreath of fine buds in blue, green, rose and lilac, mixed with a full yet delicate greenbriar foliage.

A bridal bonnet of white moss velvet was ornamented with a perfect mist of blonde, of rarest fineness, a superb oriental cactus, with its white blossoms and blonde leaves, and inside a full bandeau of white violets and hyacinths.

A singular style among the French bonnets is composed of black velvet, with curtains of blue, green, mauve or lilac. A fall of very rich lace surrounds the edge, and an elegant plume of ostrich feathers, the color of the curtain, placed very low, is the only ornament on the outside.

The strings are becoming a most important part of the new Parisian styles. In addition to the long, wide ends of velvet ribbon, which hang loosely from the bonnets, narrow ones of taffetas, edged with blonde, are now placed over them in order to tie. Sometimes the strings are of wide taffetas, edged with velvet, with long costly barbes of blonde over them, as previously described.

We cannot forbear mentioning here the rare perfection of flowers, patterns, and other decorations, the finest made in the world. With the long trailing ostrich and marabout plumes are brilliant peacock's feathers, birds of Paradise, cocks' tufts, and little humming birds, besides the plumage of various tropical tribes, arranged in an infinite variety of forms and affording an opportunity for the most novel and brilliant effects. In flowers, with the oriental cactus, the japonica, and the white orange blossom, are mingled the sweet rural treisures of the fragrant mignonette, the rustic thistle, the pretty violet, and the splendid crimson poppy, with its pendant wheat and wisp of straw, so lifelike as to seem to have been just snatched from the field.

Besides the ornaments for bonnets, these include very rich and elegant styles of wreaths, and coiffures for the hair; some being made of magnificent exotics, with branches, and others hair, the bouquet for the corsage, and also for looping the skirt. We have seen one, made in Paris, which is an exact model of the one worn by the Princess Mathilde, at the Emperor's grand ball.

The head-dress consisted of a full wreath of the double Marcissus with leaves, and branches of full light green foliage, and long trailing tendrils. On one side were arranged loops of beads in crimson enamel, which have the most brilliant effect by gaslight. The bouquets for the corsege and skirt matched the head-dress in every particular, and altogether presented a group exceedingly striking, and distingué enough to satisfy the most inordinate desire for the rare and exclusive.

Later importations of cloaks are perfectly magnificent in material and finish. Indeed the styles are such as might be properly worn by a duchess, and are almost too rechards for the parrenu tastes of New York society. We have seen here three cloaks which there are only three others in the United States to match them, in style and magnificence. The cost of them is about six hundred dollars each, and they are composed of black velvet, and a profusion of superb Chantilly lace. The design is not only distingue, it is truly imperial.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

No 1. Bulpin's cloak. We have the pleasure of presenting this month three different and admirable styles of clegant winter cloaks from the large and well-known establishment of George Bulpin, corner of Canal street and Broadway. The first is a magnificent velvet Raglan, of that superb quality for which the garments from this house are always famous, ornamented with a quille bands of the richest embroidery in a very striking pattern. Each of the bands terminate in three points, from which handsome tassels of goat's hair are suspended. An embroidered berthe edged with very rich fringe, and ornamented with tassels, takes the place of the hood, and is finished by long pointed tabs in front, to which also tassels are attached.

No 2 is the "Princess" talma. It is less elaborately ornamented than the first, and not quite so ample in its proportions, but the style is exceedingly graceful as well as charming from its simplicity; and looks best on a youthful figure, dressed fully up to the prevailing mode as regards crinoline, &c. The form of a pointed yoke is described by a very deep and rich silk, and chenille fringe, with handsome crochet heading; and the wide sleeves decorated with heavy tassels, gives an air distingué to the entire garment.

No 3 is called the "Cable" cloak, in honor of the Atlantic telegraph cable, and we dare to promise would prove much more durable and satisfactory than its namesake. The material is a fine black velvet beaver cloth, with an almost invisible rib. The shape is a combination of the Raghan and circular, the sleeves being defined by a pretty pendant trimming put on in shallow points. On the back of the sleeve is a thick twisted silk rope laid in coils, and terminating in heavy tassels. Thick chenille fringe, put on in points, and finished with handsome tassels in the centre, ornaments the space between the shoulders, and decorates also the upper part of the front of the

No 4. This is one of the pretty baby cloaks from Gunin's BAZAAR. It is a double talma, composed of fine white French merino, exquisitely embroidered in palm leaves and lozengeshaped blocks, each bordered with rich white silk tringe, and lined with white figured silk. The collar is scalloped, and trimmed to match. We have often had occusion to speak of the perfection and delicacy of the workmanship exhibited at this establishment, especially in the ladies' and children's making-up department, and our admiration is even renewed by a fresh examination of the novelties constantly received. The materials are always the finest and exceedingly well chosen, equalled by any similar European ostablishment.

No 5 is also from Genin's Barann, and presents a becutiful little shirt, vest and jacket for a baby boy. The material is soft gray French merino, ornamented with inserted pufnings of Nepoleon blue slik folded 20-00s, and edged with narrow gray tuited trimming. The skirt and sleeves of the jacket are edged with marrow fringe, and the vest is buttened with small eval chased steel buttons set in a fine gold rim.

No 6 is an elegent head-dress of velvet lace and ribbon from GENIN'S BAZAAR. The arrangement of the braid of violet velvet is novel, but has a very striking effect. Full bows and ends of plain violet velvet, and camary-colored ribbon edged with velvet, are placed at the sides, and droop low down, leaving only a small portion of the braid and the fall of lace attached to it visible. Ince of the same costly pattern is also mixed in with the bows on one side.

No 7 from GENIN'S BAZAAR, is one of the most novel and successful styles among the many beautiful bonnets which have been introduced this fall. The crown and central part consist of rich Lyons velvet in the new and rare shade of violet blue which has been adopted by the Empress for her own. The border and curtain are of white fancy velvet, edged with a very rich bleade. The looped bands commencing at the centre of the front and felling low on one side are of violet blue velvet, while on the other side a mag, iffcent white marabout plume with ostrich tips, descends over the curtain. A bandeau of velvet and narrow blande is finished by a bow and long ends of velvet edged with narrow blends, and the wide strings of white taffetas ribbon have a broad velvet edge.

No. 8 is a charming design from the same establishment, and will win the suffrages of all our fady friends. The extreme front is of white Engenie velvet, which has a peculiarly soft and silvery tint. A soft cap crown is covered by a superb ceilfure, beneath which are bands of dahlia colored volvet, edged with narrow blon le. The coiffure is surmounted by a band of velvet, which passes across the top. Below the confure a fall of enquisite blonde extends over the velvet curtain, and the only other ornament is a magnificent oriental cactus with drooping tendril and blessems.

No. 9 is a half mourning hat from Jackson's well-known establishment, 551 Broalway. The "shell" crown consists of black Eugenie velvet with bands of fine silk chenille; the border and curtain is of purple and black fancy velvet, nearly covered by a very full wreath of rich velvet flowers and leaves, mixed with fine jet. A bow an lends of purple and black velvet ribbon deem to one side, and a most becoming bandeau is formed inside of purple violets with jet centres and full ruche; very wide purple strings with black edge.

No. 10. We have much pleasure in presenting to our lady readers a model of Douglas & Shunwood's celebrated "Honiton" skirt, which is just now experiencing such flattering marks of public, or, at least, feminine favor. The illustration presents a very correct idea, with the exception that it appears somewhat smaller-not quite so expensive or emple as in the original. The lower part is made of a very Calek and handsome Lee, through which enslays are woven, abaliting seven covered steel springs of that poculiarly light, finallile and finely tempered character positive to their Canufactues. The well-known and admirable "adjustable buttle" is adopt d to the other part, and terminates in a band fistened with silvered clasps. The shape and design of this skirt is peculiarly graceful and lady-like; it is compressed very readily and with the greatest ease. The lace foundation entirely obvious the difficulty of ! which some ladles complain, of "calching" their feet in their hoeps; and, finally, is elegant enough to permit of being seen in case of accident without exposing the wearer to mortification or andovance.

No. 11. The universal suffrage which hoops have received from women of all clases has suggested an infinite variety of styles to inventive people. Our readers will remember an illustration, in a former number, of the "Princess Royal Bridal

while the design and execution cannot be surpassed, and is not !mini" bastle attached. The modes operandi is as follows: Both ends of the builte hoop are held fast by the guards on either side of said skirt, into the pockets of which they enter; two bustle strings are fastened, one on each side of the bustle guards, from which they pass over the hips, crossing each other at the loop eyeletted into the back and centre of the skirt band, and are simply drawn together in front by the wearer and tied around the waist like any ordinary skirt. By this simple operation of tying the bustle is adjusted and may be elevated to any degree the wearer may desire. It is unlike any other skirt, inasmuch as it cannot break down when adjusted. The makers are W. H. Rend & Co., 127 Duane street.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FLATE.

Our lady readers will not fail to admire with us the exquisite colored plate this month offered to their inspection.

Fig. 1 represents an in-door costume of bayadere chené silk with a brocale stripe. The trimming is plain gros de Neples, separated into puffings by medallion bands about an inch in width. The corsage is high rounded at the waist, and finished with a belt fastened by a jewelled clasp. Cellars of Maltese lace and full mull understeeves, with Maltese lace flounces. Biacolets, plain gold band with pendune tassel; the other, a tarsted serpent amid small enamelled flowers. Head-dress of nowers with drooping tendrils, and bow of pink ribbon with on is.

Fig. 2. Promenade dress-skirt and caseque of plain rich taffettas, ernamented with black velvet. The body of the assague sits perfectly to the figure, and the sleeves are cut square and open, à Saltana. The undersleeves are of tulle, very full, and separated into two immense pasts, ornamented with a garniture of narrow mauve ribbon. The chuming bonnet a Marie Stuart is composed of dahlia colored velvet, ornamented with a wreath of Pompadour roses, and an enging of fine blonde. A single rose in its leaves is placed coquettishly just inside the point of the brim, over the forehead, the ruche being the only other ornament.

NEW COLOR IN PRINTS.

THE Providence Print Works have succeeded for the first time this season in adapting the beautiful color known as Napoleon blue to printed cotton goods. The result is highly satisfactory, being perfectly fast and durable, and elicits great admiration. The first instalment of one thousand pieces sold immediately, and orders have been received for the "new color" faster than they could be executed. The effect is said to be equal every way to French prints, while the cost is only twelve and a half cents at retail.

TASHIONABLE LORETTES.

It is becoming quite the rage among young ladies to cut the hair off at the sides and wear it in a profusion of short, frizzed curls, which are combed back from the temples, and formed into rows one above another, the general effect being somewhat irregular, and very coquettish. "Charming" is the general verdict, and a farere is the consequence among boarding school misses and those fair demoiselles who like to produce a sensition on the promenade, as well as in the hearts of their admi rs.

The fever has been caught, ospecially in some of the provincial towns and cities, and hundre is of acknowledged belies have surrendered part of their glossy ringlets to the reigning barber, the postession of which would have produced unspeakable emotions in the breasts of aspiring young gentlemen who fill the "poet's corner" in the weekly newspap as.

Probably nothing but the dictates of fashion could induce the fair owners to part with any partion of their "treasure" of Skirt," made without a stitch. We present this month, in this plank and golden heir; but are they aware of the quarter from illustration, a model of the same skirt with the "Piccolo- whence this mandate of the goodless issued? We imagine not.

They must therefore be informed that the style they patronise with such enthusiasm is "Lorette" fashion in Paris, and would not there be adopted by any respectable woman. It originated with them, and was imported into New York by two distinguished members of the sisterhood. It will readily be recognised by all travelled gentlemen, who are doubtless surprised on returning to their native country to find so many fashionable "Lorettes."

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

It will soon be the season for balls and parties, and all those social amusements for which New York is so famous, and which are expected to be especially brilliant and numerous during the coming winter, to make up for the scarcity of the last. Weddings are taking place with fearful rapidity, matrimonial stock is above par, and any quantity of i" happy couples" will return just in

time to pursue a round of Christmas and New Year's festivities.

Every one will be delighted to hear that at social parties professional singers are to be ignored, as well as all amateurs who insist on boring crowds of people who want to enjoy themselves, and then expect to be applauded for the indulgence of their vanity. Only sufficient music will be permitted to serve as an interlude, and give a proper impulse to Terpsichorean enjoyment. Young ladies with "bad colds" are to be excused at once, and musical prodigies allowed to exercise their genius at home. If this idea is carried out it will certainly indicate the



7. BONNET-GENIN. PAGE 471.



beginning of the Millenium.

The literary and fashionable world have been very busy lionizing Madame Le Vert and Mrs. Cora Mowatt Ritchie. The former lady has visited "Idlewild" and "Sunny Side," the residence of N. P. Willis and Washington Irving. Agrand soirée was given in her honor at the St. Nicholas, where she remained during her stay in town.

The opera at the Academy of Music is a great success. All the fashionable world have returned to town, and, together with southern visitors, crowd the house every night. Many of the toilettes are extremely elegant, and, besides being unusually active, everything betokens a brilliant and prosperous season-a decided contrast to the last.

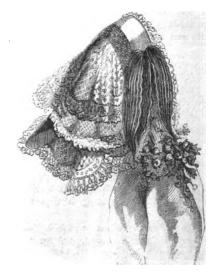
THE sound of the guns fired at Cherbourg was heard at Lyme Regis, on the coast of Dorsetshire, a distance of about eighty-five miles.

THE OLD MAID'S STORY.

CHAPTER L.

"MADAM," said I, "much as I admire these fine trees, yet to ride beneath them during this fearful storm would be highly dangerous. Will you therefore allow me and my horse to shelter under yonder shed until the rain gives over?"

"Sir," replied the old lady, opening her door a little wider, the shed will prove but indifferent shelter from the fury of



8. BONNET-GENIN. PAGE 471.

such a storm as this; but if you will leave your horse there, and take a seat in my parlor, it is at your service."

The invitation was not to be declined, and I soon found myself within an apartment so neat and clean, that my conscience pricked me as I perceived the marks of my damp feet upon the white drugget. The precision scrupulous with which the little nic-nacs were arranged, the pet canary, the sleek white cat, all told me that the dwelling belonged to one of those unprotected females familiarly known as old maids. Yet my hostess was not by any means a sour old maid; she had passed the vinegar and cream-of-tartar period of single blessedness, and whatever her feelings may once have been, her unruffled brow and gentle voice told me she had forgiven my sex for whatever neglect they had displayed towards her.

By degrees we grew friendly; the vivid

flashes of lightning and the roaring thunder formed a subject in common for us to regard with awe, and upon expressing my wonder that she who betrayed so much fear of a storm should yet have sufficient courage to inhabit a house situated far from any other dwelling, and on an unfrequented road, she volunteered to tell me the history of her settling there, modestly adding: "there is not much to interest you, sir, in so simple a tale as mine, but it will while away the time until the storm permits you to proceed." After a brief hesitation, and a little fluttering of her thin, white hands, she thus commenced:

CHAPTER II.

"You will, perhaps, smile, sir, at an old woman's vanity, when I tell you that this face, now so wrinkled, was once fair; this white hair once golden; these sunken eyes once brilliant; that I was the beauty and the pride of the village through which



5. CHILD'S DRESS - GENIN. PAGE 471.



3. CLOAK-BULPIN. PAGE 470.

you just now passed. In that village my father was a wealthy farmer, and I was his only child. His gold, and my fair face, brought me many suitors. I chose one whom, with a woman's penetration in love, I knew wooed me for myself alone; but unfortunately, my lover was the one of all others that my father dis-My father approved. was proud of his wealth; prouder still of the antiquity of his family. He loved to boast that the 'Flowers' had for three generations held the farm on which he was born, and it was with rage and mortification he learned that Frank Stopford, the son of the gamekeeper at the Hall, was the chosen lover of his daughter Jessy.

"The story of our love is brief—'tis but the history of a day. I, with many of my village friends, had started in the morning to visit a spot dear to every English heart, the birth-

place of Shakespeare. We wandered through the time-worn rooms, and spelt out many a name upon the walls—some lowly and unknown, others noble and kingly. At length it was proposed that we should separate and seek amusement for ourselves. Frank Stopford begged permission to show me the churchyard and the tomb of the great poet. We soon reached the row of noble trees that overhang the Avon; under their shade we walked, while Frank, with eloquent words, pictured to me the life of England's noblest son, his wild youth, his love, his genius, his life in London, his end so sad and so inglorious. Then he proceeded to speak of himself, and to tell me that the solicitor in Warwick, to whom he had been articled through the influ-



6. HEAD-DRESS-GENIN. PAGE 471.

ence of the squire, had spoken favorably of his abilities; and jeven your father shall not scorn for his son-in-law your fond, that in two more days he would leave for Lendon, to try his fortune in the great city, where so many hopes are blighted, so many hearts erushed.

"My quivering lips and startled tears emboldened him. 'Jessy,' he said, 'I go without fear, if I go armed with your love; it will be a beacon to guide me in time of trial, to cheer me in moments of despondency. Tell me, dearest, is it mine! I feel that I shall someday win a name worthy for you to share; we are both young; tell me, Jessy, can you love and wait? With a wildly throbbing heart, but clear firm voice, I replied: For you, dear Frank, I will love and wait and hope.' Taking my hand in his with a lock from his fine blue eyes that sank into my heart, he spoke to me in faltering tones of his deep abounding love. I could not reply, for my heart was too full. There are moments into which the feelings of a life seem compressed, and this was such to me. I would have given worlds to have told him how long, how passionately, I had loved him; but the words died upon my lips, and in silence we left the spot and rejoined our companions.

"During the homeword ride, we conjured up bright visions of our future life; I spoke with hopeful confidence of his talents and success. He, with a lover's enthussism, declared that possessing me, he was alre dy rich. At parting he pressed upon my lips one long, close kiss; and full of hope, sprung across the fields to meet my father, and acquaint him with our mutual love. That night, as I laid my head upon the pillow, the world seemed to me to overflow with joy, my path through life to be strewn with roses.

"The following morning, when my father and I were seated at breakfast—I should have told you that my dear mother died when I was quite young-I noticed that a cloud rested on his brow. Presently he said: 'Those Stopfords are unbearably presumptuous. Yesterday evening that young upstart lawyer's clerk asked me for you, Jessy, and when I flatly refused to hear him, he dared to hint that you loved him. I told him that my daughter, Jessy Flower, was far too handsome and sensible a girl to marry a fellow like him, and that if you had given him any encouragement, it was because you were ignorant of his circumstances, which I would take care you should be acquainted with soon enough; so, Jessy, in future you take no more notice of the fellow.'

"'Father,' I cried, 'what have you done, driven him away, and insulted him too? him with his sensitive mind and noble

"'Trash about his noble heart,' broke out my father in a towering rage; 'is it possible you are such a fool as to care anything about him?'

"'Care for him,' I answered, through passionate tears; 'I love him dearly, better than any one, more than life."

"In a cold, calm voice, as he left the room, my father said, Mind, girl, if you have anything to say to Frank Stopford, you may die in a ditch before a shilling of my money shall save

"All that day hung heavily upon my hands. I longed to see Frank, and wondered if he would write or send me some token of remembrance; but I was doomed to pass the week without a word of acknowledgment. At length, as time wore on, I concluded that pride with him had conquered love, and that I was forgotten; but I wronged him by these thoughts, for, the morning after my father's harsh refusal, he sent me a letter, which was delivered into my father's hands, who quietly locked it in his desk, where it lay undisturbed for years, until at length I discovered it.

"The letter ran thus: 'My Jessy, I have spoken to your father, and can hardly wender that, proud of you as he justly is, he should have scorned my humble suit. Assured of your love, I can trust to time to overcome his objections; but, dearest, he told me that which, if true, will grieve me to the heart. He said that his daughter too would scorn me did she know that her lover, unfriended and poor, trusted only to his own ability and energy. Jessy, is it so? Have you already lost faith in me? if not, send me one word before I go, that you will be true to your promise to love, and wait, and hope. I ask no more.

devoted lover, Frank Stopford.' This letter I never received. and Frank left our village, with sad and bitter thoughts in his heart, of the proud village beauty, who could so soon plight and break her troth.

CHAPTER III.

"The weeks I counted from our parting grew into months, the months into years, and I heard nothing from Frank. Two years after he left us, his aged father died, and his mother went to London to join her son; so all communication between him and our village ceased. Once a London newspaper fell into my hands, and I read of a trial in which the prisoner was eloquently defended by Mr. F. Stopford. Once, too, I saw a notice of a book, of which he was named the author, and the high terms in which the critic spoke both of the work and of the writer, made me feel how far above me my former lover was placed. and how soon one so humble as myself must have been by him forgotten.

"Time passed on in our old farm-house with quiet strides. My father, wrapped up in his crops, noticed not the shadow his too proud fondness had cast over his daughter's life. It was one sultry evening in autumn that my father and I rode over to the market town, to place in the bank there a sum of money which he had received for his corn. As we entered the town we noticed that a strange excitement seemed to pervade it; well-dressed men were running to and fro with faces expressive of anger and anxiety; and as we approached the bank we perceived a large crowd collected before it, noisy, surging, and clamorous for the doors to be opened. As my father drove up, the throng made way, and, amid a silence that struck ominously upon my heart, we alighted. One brawny fellow pressed forward, and with a look of sympathy inquired, 'Hast much in, measter?' Another said, 'Farmer Flower, the bank's broke! they're all gone off to 'Meriky!' while others crowded round with tales of their own losses and consolation for ours. Concolation my father would none of; without a word he re-entered the car, and it was not until he was in his accustomed scat by the fireside, that he seemed to realise the extent of our calamity. Then, with tears streaming down his furrowed cheeks, he burst forth: 'Oh, Jessy! Jessy! the money I've been so long saving for thee, and thy grandfather's savings too-all gone! and I thought it so safe, too! Fool that I was to trust them ?

"It was in vain to seek to comfort him; from that day the old man drooped; his beloved gold he could not forget. By degrees he took less and less interest in the farm, and suffered many things to be neglected. The consequence was, that the land, badly cultivated, produced poor crops; this, of course, reduced the profits, so that, on the second half year after our loss, my father found himself unable, as usual, to go to the Hall with his rent in his hand. The new squire—a harsh, unfeeling man-vexed to see his best farm going to ruin for want of care, was only too glad to tell my father that a new tenant had offered a higher rent for it, and would take possession as soon as we could leave. This news came upon my poor father like a thunder-stroke; and he strode from the Hall, vowing vengeance on the squire and all that was his.

CHAPTER IV.

"When it became known in the village that Farmer Flower had received notice to quit his farm, indignation ran high; and Squire Maxwell lost much of the popularity he had gained through erecting a new school-house and reading-room, by this exercise of arbitrary power. It was thus, sir, we came to this cottage, which had been my mother's early home. At the time we first took up our abode here, it was almost a ruin ; the order you have admired, existed but in my plans for future improvement. The change did my father good, but his spirit was broken, and he went about a moody and disappointed man; he never could forgive the injustice to which he had been subjected.

"One dark night I was sitting alone, musing on our altered fortunes, when my attention was caught by a b aght lurid light in the direction of the hall. More and more intensely vivid it It shall not be long before I come to claim my bride, and then, I grew, and as I watched, long flakes of fire shot up into the air.

Digitized by GOOGIG

A fearful suspicion crossed my mind; the Hall must be in flames, and my father—where was he? I searched every corner, I called, he answered not—he came not at my cries. An hour of terrible suspense ensued. The flames had died away, and looking out into the skill, dark night, I doubted whether all was not the delusion of a heated imagination. A step upon the gravel path made me fly to the door. 'Father,' I cried, but alas! my gaze rested not upon his face, but on that, of a stranger whom by his dross I recognized as a constable; and behind whom stood the steward and two farm-servants from the hall.

"'I want John Flower,' said the constable.

"'' He is not here!' I gasped out. 'I know not where he is."

"'Very fine,' answered the man brutally, 'but, by your leave, I must search."

"The steward, seeing my pale, affrighted look, said kindly: 'Don't be alarmed. Miss Flower; if he can prove an alibi he is safe, and no one wishes him well out of it more than I do.'

"Mr. Jepson,' I cried, 'O pray explain to me what has my father done—why does this man seek him?"

"' Why, it is a sad case, but the squire's three largest ricks are burnt down, and as Farmer Flower has been threatening to be revenged, we suspect he knows more of the affair than any one else."

"As the steward uttered these words, my father stood upon the threshold; and with a cry of joy I clasped him in my arms. Foolish girl that I was! I fancied that there he was safe; but I was soon undeceived. Stepping quickly up, the constable placed his hand upon his shoulder, saying, 'John Flower, you are my prisoner.'

"'I know what you suspect me of,' said my father, 'and I solemnly declare I know nothing of it further than that, as I was guiding a gentleman and his servant, who had lost their way, we watched the conflagration from the top of Colston Hill, and after I set them on the right road for Warwick, I returned through the village to learn what harm had happened.'

"'If that's the case,' said the constable, with more politeness than he had shown before, 'you are safe enough, if you can bring your man forward; if not, you must come with me.'

"'Then,' replied my father, with a bitter sigh, 'I must go with you, for I neither know the gentleman's name, nor anything about him, except that be was going to Warwick, and had lost his way.' Then addressing me, he said, consolingly, 'Jessy, don't be alarmed, my poor child; I shall get off, never fear. Mr. Jepson will take care of you until I return.'

"'That I will,' said the kind-hearted steward; 'she shall not want for anything that I can get her'

not want for anything that I can get her.'

"Gently removing the arms I still held round him, my father entered the cart that was waiting for him. The steward took a seat on one side; the constable occupied the other. They drove off, leaving me with an aching heart to pass my first solitary night in this oottage.

"That long night was over at last; and the first gray dawn of morning saw me on the road to Warwick. My one desire was to seek out the nameloss stranger on whose word hung my father's liberty. I resolved to let nothing hinder me until I found him. The sun was high in the heavens, when, hot, footsore and weary, I passed under the archway of that ancient town; but my heart beat high with hope, and my sorrows seemed to sit less heavily upon me, now that the energy of my nature was aroused. From inn to inn I went. At only one had a gentleman arrived the previous night, and he had come from a direction contrary to our village. I inquired diligently if any one had been received into a private house during that evening, without success. None to whom I applied had seen the strangers pass through the town, even. Broken down and crushed in spirit, I walked wearily back to my desolate home. Many of the neighbors came in during the evening hours; but their officions pity annoyed me, while the certainty with which they spoke of my poor father's guilt enraged me. I was but too glad to be left to pass another lonely night. Very often, during the long hours, did my thoughts turn to Frank, with a longing wish that he was near me. I thought, if he only knew our peril, that he could save us.

"The following day I learned that my father, having appeared before the magistrates, had been committed for trial at the assizes, which were to be held the following week. How I passed the days until the time of the trial, I know not. Some few kind friends, out of pity for my condition, exerted themselves to trace the strange gentleman, in whose existence, however, scarcely one of them, I famey, believed. Whether it was that their want of faith made them lukewarm, I know not, but their efforts were unattended with the slightest success. Half the village went over to hear the trial, in which many of the inhabitants took a deep interest, for Farmer Flower was much respected, and more than one person considered the burning of the ricks an act of merited retribution. Mr. Jepson drove me over, and obtained for me a seat in court; there he left me, for he was one of the witnesses. The room filled rapidly; on every side were familiar faces; by and by the squire entered with a party of his friends, looking resolute and indignant. A halfsuppressed hiss greeted him, which he either did not hear, or else he scorned, for he took the seat allotted to him with the air of an injured but benevolent individual. At length the judge appeared, and, last of all, my dear father, with a firm step, stood before the bar.

"The usual forms were gone through, several witnesses were called, to prove the threat uttered by my father, and that he was sent on the evening of the fire hurrying away from the direction of the burning ricks. The steward and constable related the facts of his absence from home, and of his return and capture. The case was thus strong against the prisoner, when the judge called upon him for his defence.

"At this moment a barrister, whose presence I had not before observed, rose and intimated that he appeared for the prisoner at the bar. Every eye was turned upon him, for it was well known that no advocate had been employed on my father's behalf. Youthful, slight and pale, at a first glance he seemed but a feeble champion, but when his face was turned towards me, and I marked the eyes so quick and piereing, the firm indomitable energy of that noble countenance, joy, hope and wonder took possession of me. Was it, could it be? so changed and yet so like! The first syllable of his voice assured me it was Frank Stopford-my Frank-who pleaded for my father; and such pleading! At the glorious elequent words that flowed so easily from his lips! the very breath of his hearers seemed suspended. All my years of patient waiting-of earnest, faithful love, were richly repaid me in the happiness of that hour! The words he uttered have passed from my memory, absorbed in the feelings they called into fresh life, all but his last words, which were these:

"'Gentlemen, I was the horseman whom Farmer Flower guided on his road, an act of kindness which had nearly cost him so dear. My servant, who was with me will corroborate my testimony; and I trust you will need no farther evidence to satisfy you of the prisoner's complete innecence of the charge laid against him.'

"Without leaving the court, the twelve jurymen, amid the tears of some and the hearty cheers of others, declared John Flower 'Not Guilty.'

"Five minutes afterwards, in a small back room, I was waiting for my father with a heart overflowing with joy and gratitude, when the doer opened, and Frank Stopford entered. Forgetting the years we had been parted, forgetting all but that he was the deliverer of my father, the one idelized thought of my life, I flew to him, I covered his hands with kisses and with tears. 'Frank, beloved! restored to me at last!' I said, 'Oh, never let us part again!'

"'Madam,' he replied, in an acitated voice, 'I was not prepared for such a scene as this. I did not look for this excess of

gratitude.'

"'Oh, Frank!' I cried, with bitter tears, 'you no longer love me—you are cold and changed!'

"'Jessy,' he answered, trembling from head to feet, 'what means this? Had you loved me, you would have answered the letter I sent you the day after our parting.'

""The letter you sent to me-what letter? I received none."

" 'And have you for these seven years kept the promise you



1. HEAD-DRESS. PAGE 478

made to me under the elms at Stratford—to love and hope and | beloved daughter of Frank Stopford, Esq. Poor little thing!

"'Yes, Frank, I have never forgotten it, or ceased to love you.'

"With a look of unutterable anguish he exclaimed, 'Alas! alas! to think that it is now too late! My poor Jessy, this heart, which should have been all yours, is now another's, and past recall. I am married.

"When I recovered from the long deathlike swoon into which I sunk, the first words I heard were those of Mr Jepson.

۵

" 'Yes, Mr. Flower, the gentleman who defended you was the celebrated Mr. Stopford, the son of our old gamekeeper. It's wonderful how he has risen; they say his marriage helped him on, though. His wife was a daughter of General M'Kenzie; very fine woman; rather older than him; large fortune. He has bought a beautiful place three miles from here; he was on his way there when you met him that night.'

"'Ah, Jessy,' said my father, 'I judged wrong once: it was a bad day for thee, my poor child. when I refused Frank Stopford.'

without pain of the man to whom the best and brightest years of my life had been devoted. "We were escorted home by a

"It was the last time the name ever passed his lips; and I grew, in the course of years, to think

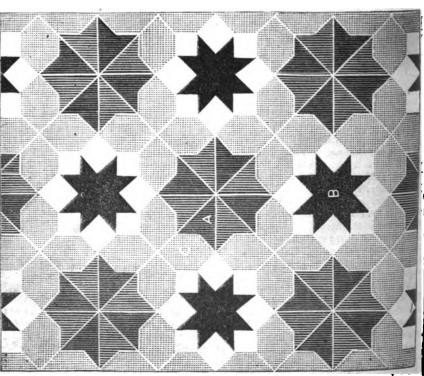
band of rejoicing friends; in the evening the squire rode down to the cottage, and holding out his hand, said, 'Come, Mr. Flower, let byegones be byegones; we have been mistaken in each other but we shall understand one another better in future,' and so they were reconciled, and my father lived happy and respected for many years; and when we buried him in the old churchyard, the squire stood at the head of the grave, and said, 'Here lies a good father, a good friend, and an honest man.' "

"And now, sir, the storm is over, and the few simple incidents of my life are told; you will now understand why it is that I cling to this old house, round which so many associations twine—this quiet humble home is very dear to me."

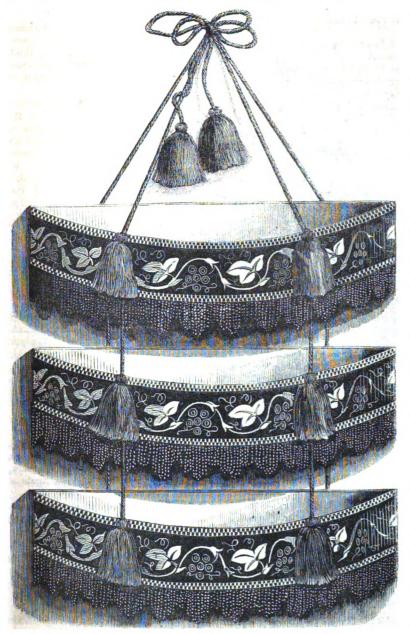
"Madam." I said, as I stood with reverence before this woman, so noble in her simplicity, so great in her self-devotion, so constant in her love, "pardon my inquiry, but did you never hear again of your early lover?"

"Never but once: in the news paper I saw the death of the

her name was Jessy."



DESIGN FOR PATCHWORK. PAGE 477.



PATTERN FOR A WHAT-NOT.

DESCRIPTION OF NEEDLEWORK.

A BEDROOM SLIPPER FOR A LADY.

Materials.—One ounce each of bright violet and stone color 4-thread Berlin wool; a pair of cork socks. No. 2 Penelope Hook. 1½ yard of violet binding ribbon; 4 yards of violet satin ribbon, 1 inch wide.

This slipper is worked in stripes alternately of violet and stone color, in ridged crochet, that is, by always taking back loops instead of the front.

Violet.—21 ch turn back; 20 dc 1 ch T (or turn on reverse side); loop in the stone color to this violet ch; pull the violet wool as tight as possible.

Make another tight ch of the stone color; now 10 dc (taking back loops); 2 ch 10 more dc. This row is now increased to 22 loops; make 1 ch T. Cut off the violet to within an inch of the dc.

Violet.—Loop into the stone color; pull the latter very tight; make another tight ch in the violet; work 11 dc 2 ch; 11 more dc 1 ch T. Cut off the stone color as the violet.

Stone color.—Loop it into the violet ch; pull the latter tight; another tight ch in the stone color; 12 dc 2 ch; 12 dc 1 tight ch. (This ch at the end is to prevent any diminution of the number of stitches on either side, but is never worked into, and merely permits the hook to be inserted in the first stitch.)

Continue working and increasing in the same manner, till 9 violet and 8 stone color rows are completed; run a piece of white cotton in centre of the violet row. Now work 9 more violet rows, increasing these as before; but work the 9 stone color rows without increasing.

Now count 11 stitches from the centre; commence on the 12th stitch from centre, and work 21 rows of violet and the same of stone color, to form one side; but omitting to work the 22 stitches which form the instep. Now work the other side the same, and, when completed, turn on drab side; crochet the two sides together at the back. Cut the ends of wool off round the edges, but not too close; bind the upper part with narrow ribbon, and sew the under round the cork sole, but sewing it inside, so that the stitches will not show through. The quilled ribbon should be about an inch in width.

DESIGN FOR PATCHWORK.

We have so often been asked for patterns of patchwork, that we trust the one now given will be peculiarly acceptable, especially as it is to be made, as we shall presently suggest, to answer a double purpose.

Our page compels us to reduce the size of the pattern; but, by a little attention, sections may easily be cut of any dimensions desired. Take a piece of clean stout white paper, and fold it in all the parallel sloping lines seen in our engraving. These may be at any distance from each other, only regular and equal. It will be seen that a line drawn exactly between every pair of parallels will take in the points. Draw these lines with a pencil, to distinguish them from those caused by the fold-

ing, and the proper forms can be readily obtained. Cut them out, and from them others in cardboard, if for a large piece of work, and you have all your sections ready, without the possibility of a misfit. The two eight-pointed figures are differently arranged. A may be filled up in eight pieces, while B should be composed of nine—a star of eight points in the centre, and eight diamonds round it. Or, if on a sufficiently large scale, the inner star may be of eight pieces. Two very distinct shades of the same color will look better for A than many different tints. B may have a dark centre and bright points, or vice versa. The intermediate



BEDROOM SLIPPER FOR A LADY.

figure, C, should be of such neutral tints or dark shades as may throw up the brilliant hues of which the star should be composed.

I have said that this design may be applied to another purpose. Worked on canvas, in wools, the outlines done in black, it would be both rich looking and easily worked. Elderly people and children can often do a piece where they can count threads, where a painted pattern would puzzle them. No. 14 or 16 Penelope French canvas, and eight-thread wool should be used. Orange, claret, blue (if good), and brilliant greens look well in such a pattern.

COIFFURES (NEGLIGE).

No 1. Matinée coiffure of lace velvet and violet ribbon. This style of coiffure is very much admired, and has an extremely elegant effect; it is at once graceful and nonchalant. The ribbon is laid in broad loops, with deeply fringed ends upon a foundation of nct, nearly surrounded with deep black French lace of a very light and fine pattern. On one side the ends of ribbon project out beyond the lace, and a succession of velvet loops with long ends, placed so as to fall directly over the ear and mingle with the fringed ribbon.

No 2 is composed of lappets of black velvet edged with a light black blonde, beneath which long ends descend upon the shoulder. The velvet which forms the outside lappets is gathered in the centre upon an elastic, and with an edging of blonde surmounts what ladies term their "back hair," with very pretty effect.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

As a general thing you have to look into the ranks of the nobility for the most beautiful women I have met with.

In calling to my mind the many I have seen, in the course of my life, I find myself at once thinking of the Duchess of Sutherland. She was a large and magnificent woman—a natural queen. Her complexion was light, and she might be considered the paragon and type of the beautiful aristocracy of England. I next think of Lady Blessington. She was a marvellous beauty. Kings and nobles were at her feet. In Italy they called her the goddess. She was very voluptuous, with a neck that sat on her shoulders like the most charming Greek models, a wonderfully beautiful hand, and an eye that, when it smiled, captivated all hearts. She was a far more intellectual type of beauty than the Duchess of Sutherland.

The present Duchess of Wellington is a remarkably beautiful woman—but with little intellect or animation. She is a fine piece of sculpture, and as cold as a piece of sculpture. The most famously beautiful family in England is the great Sheridan family. There were two sons who were considered the handsomest men of their day. Then there are three daughters, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, well known on this side the Atlantic through her poetry and her misfortunes! Lady Blackwood and Lady Seymour, who was the queen of beauty at the famous Eglington Tournament. These three beautiful Sheridan sisters used to be called "the three Graces of England." Lady Seymour has dark blue eyes, large, lustrous, and most beautiful; while Lady Blackwood and Mrs. Norton have gray eyes, but full of fire, and soul, and beauty.

The women of France are not generally beautiful, although they are very charming. The art of pleasing, or of fefined and fascinating manners, is the first study of a French lady. But still France is not without its beautiful women. The Marquise de la Grange was one of the most beautiful women I have met in Paris. She had an antique head and face, grave and dignified in her manners as Juno, and was altogether a grand study for an artist.

Eugenia, the Empress, is, however, hendsomer still. When I saw her she was certainly one of the most vivacious, witty, and sprightly women in Paris. All the portraits of her which I have seen in this country greatly exaggerate her size, for Eugenia is really a small woman.

The ladies of the royal family of Russia are among the most beautiful women of Europe. The Grand Duchess of Olga; eldest daughter of the late Emperor Nicholas, was so beautiful that when she appeared in public the whole audience would rise up and receive her with shouts of applause. Her younger sister Marie, wife of the Duke of Leuchteaberg, was only less beautiful. In Turkey I saw very beautiful women. The style of beauty there is universally fat. The criterion of beautiful woman is that she ought to be a load for a camel. They are, however, quite handsome when young, but the habit of feeding them on pounded rose leaves and butter, to make them plump, soon destroys it. The lords of creation in that part of the world treat women as you would geese—stuff them to make them fat.

Through the politeness of Sir Stratford Canning, English Ambassador at Constantinople, who gave me a letter to a Greek lady residing in the Sultan's harem, I was kindly permitted to visit, as frequently as I pleased, the inside of that institution, and look upon what they call in Turkey "the lights of the world." These "lights of the world" consisted of some five hundred bodies of unwieldy fatness.

Your American Plato, Mr. Ralph Emerson, would have exclaimed on seeing such a sight—"What quantity!" With the exception of a few very young girls, there was not a beautiful woman in the whole vast accumulation of pounded rose leaves and butter. The ladies of the harem gazed at my leanness with commiserating wonder; and every one wanted to remedy the horrible deformity. They paid many civil compliments to my face and foot—but were positively disgusted at my diminutive size. The ladies of Turkey are allowed very little exercise, lest they should get thin.—Lola Montez.

THE MUSIC OF INSECTS.

About midsummer, the majority of the singing birds have become silent; but as one voice after another drops away, a new host of musicians of a different character take up the chorus, and their spinning melodies are suggestive of the early and later harvest, as the voices of the birds are associated with seed time and the season of flowers. In our climate the voices of no species of insects are very loud; but, when their vast multitudes are united in chorus, they may often be heard above the din and clatter of a busy town. Nature is exhaustless in the means by which she may effect the same end; and birds, insects and reptiles are each provided with different but equally effective instruments, for producing sounds. While birds and quadrupeds make sounds by means of a pipe connecting with their lungs, the frogs are provided with a sort of bagpipe, and the insects represent, in their respective speeches, the harpist, the violinist and the drummer.

Thus there are several species that make sounds by the vibration of a membrane attached to their sides, or to the shoulders of their wings. Such are most of the crickets and grasshoppers. Others of the same tribes rub their legs against a vibrating appendage connected with their sides, in humble imitation of the violin players; lastly, the drumming insects, like the woodticks, are provided with a little hammer, which they strike against the ceiling that forms their retreat. It seems to me that no man can be indifferent to the sounds and music of insects. Even the buzzing of flies about one's chamber or sittingroom has a soothing and tranquilizing influence, and may be regarded as one of those circumstances provided by nature to relieve the world of that dead silence, which would otherwise render this earth a dreary and melancholy abode. We are so formed, that every sound in nature, except her notes of alarm, by habit, becomes pleasing and assimilated to music; and in the silence of winter the increased delight afforded us by every remaining sound, is an evidence of this truth. The tiny hammering of the weedtick in the ceiling, the buzzing of flies, and above all, the chirping of the cricket on the hearth, are among the poetical sounds that are associated with winter days at home, as the voices of the raven, the jay and the woodpecker, are suggestive of winter in the woods.

The fly, the gnat, the beetle and the moth, though each

utters a sound that awakens many pleasing thoughts and images, are not to be ranked among singing insects. The latter comprehend the locusts, the crickets and the grasshoppers, that seem appointed by nature to take up their little lyre and drum, after the birds have laid aside their more musical pipe and flute. Though certain insects are supposed to make their sounds by means of wind, their apparatus is placed outside of their bodies, and as they have no lungs, the air is obtained by a peculiar inflation of their chasts. Hence, the musical appendages of such insects are constructed on the principle of the jews-harp, and the reeds in a reed organ. The grasshopper, in all ages, has been noted for his musical propensities; and is frequently represented as playing on the harp, in certain ancient emblematical vignettes.

Each genus of these insects has a peculiar modulation of his notes. The common green grasshopper, that, during the months of August and September, fills the whole atmosphere with his din, is found chiefly in the lowland meadows which are covered with the native grasses. This grasshopper modulates his notes somewhat like the cackling of a hen, uttering several chirps in rupid succession, and following them with a loud, spinning sound, that seems to be the conclusion of the strain. The strains are continued incessantly, from the time when the sun is up high enough to dry the dews, until dew-fall in the evening. These players are delighted with the clear, bright sunshine, and sing but very little on cloudy days, even when the air is dry and warm.

The American locusts make their peculiar sounds by inflating air into their bodies, and expressing it between two small apertures, situated a little below the base of their wings. These holes lead from a musical table, on each side of which are five or six thin bars, connected by exquisitely fine membranes. There is an insect of this tribe that is seldom heard until midsummer, and then only during the middle of the warmest days. This note is a pleasant remembrancer of sultry summer noondays, of languishing heat and refreshing shade. It begins low, and increases in loudness, until it is almost deafening, and then gradually dies away into silence. The most skilful musician could not perform a more delightful crescendo and diminuendo. It has a peculiar vibratory sound, that seems highly musical and delightful. The ixsect that produces this note is a grotesquelooking creature, resembling about equally a grasshopper and a humble bee.

The black crickets, and their familiar chirping, are well-known to everybody. It is an insect of this tribe that is cele brated as the cricket. The American species do not so habitually frequent dwelling-houses; but they are all around the doorsteps, and by the wayside, under every dry fence and every sandy hill. They chirp night and day, and more or less in all kinds of weather. They commence their songs many weeks before the grasshoppers, and continue them to a later period in the autumn, not ceasing until the hard frosts have driven them into their retreats, and silenced them by a torpid sleep.

The note of the katydid, which is a drumming sound, has less music in it than that of some of the other insects I have described. In American literature, no other species has become so widely celebrated, probably on account of the fancied resemblance of his notes to the word katydid. An assemblage of these little musicians, all engaged in uttering their peculiar note, seems more like the hammering of a thousand little smiths, in some busy hamlet of insects. There is nothing melodicus in these sounds, and they are accordingly less suggestive of poetical thoughts than those of the green nocturnal grasshopper, that is heard at the same hour and in similar situations.

The nocturnal grasshoppers, sometimes called the August pipers, commence their chirping about the second week in August. These are the true rightingales of insects, and the tribe that seems to be most worthy of being consecrated to poetry. There is a singular plaintiveness in their low and monetenous notes, which is the charm of the late summer and early autumnal evenings; and there are but few persons who are not affected by these sounds with a remarkable sensation of subdued but cheerful melancholy. This effect does not seem to

be the result of association, so much as that of some peculiar cadence or modulation of the sound. We believe it has not been generally noticed that the notes of these insects are commonly in unison. These nocturnal pipers are the loudest singers of our indigenous insects, and their notes are almost invariably an octave lower than those of the black crickets. It is also worthy of notice, that they always vary their key-note according to the temperature of the atmosphere, within certain degrees. They are evidently dependent on a certain amount of heat for their vivacity, and become more or less torpid as the temperature of the atmosphere sinks below a certain point.

A BRIDAL AT JURUSALEM. -- I must now relate a visit that we paid to the apartments of a gorgeous residence in Jerusalem, upon the occasion of a marriage between the lordly little Effendi Moosa and the gentle Dahudciah. On reaching Neby Daud, we were shown into a large upper apartment, where the bride sat on a raised throne as immoveable as a statue, and completely enveloped in a large red sheet. An altar, adorned with silver censers fuming with incense, and tall amdlesticks ornumented with gilt leaves, stood in front of her, while a sheathed sword hung over her head. To her enters the bridegroom, in the midst of a living galaxy. On their arrival, the little groom was led up-stairs to the bride, whose veil he raised to obtain a first glimpse of her face—then suddenly extinguished the only lighted candle, afterwards making a mock attempt to relight it. In total darkness the whole company, bride, groom, and all, rushed down stairs. The little pair were placed under a canopy; the torches were lighted, and amid the shrill screaming of the women, the beating of the tambourine and "tom-tom" accompanied by the blowing of a loud whistle, the procession again moved on. The torch-bearers led the train, then a long string of turbans, and in their midst the canopy held aloft by four bearers, while the white-sheeted throng followed behind. The bride and groom were conducted into separate apartments, where each was gorgeously attired: the bride in a perfect blaze of jewels and cloth of gold, wearing a gilded mitre on her head, ornamented with diamond stars and crescents. Her hands, face and feet, which before had been dyed with henna, were covered with pieces of gold foil, cut in odd shapes and figures; and her eyebrows and cyclids were stained black with khol. Beneath a hazy veil of gauze, spangled with gold, she tottered to a throne. After scating herself, several attendants gathered around and arranged not only the folds of her robe, but her very eyelids, which she carefully closed, accompanied by a caution not to open them. Her hands were then placed on her knees, and a slave stationed at her back, holding in her hand a drawn sword. A little, wax-doll-like creature, sitting perfectly motionless, and rigged up as she was, the human figure on the throne now looked as much unlike a human being as can well be conceived. This little couple were mere children: the bride being nine and the groom twelve years of age! Not uncommon ages, however, for the perpetration of matrimony in this country.—Mrs. Barclay Johnson.

Ancient Oaks.-In looking over our foreign files, we find a few interesting memoranda on aged trees. Thus, the Parliamentary Oak in Clipston Park, is said to be one thousand five hundred years old. This park existed before the Conquest, and belongs to the Duke of Portland. The tallest oak was the same nobleman's property; it was called the duke's watking stick, and was higher than Westminster Abbey. The largest oak in England is the Calthorpe Oak, Yorkshire; it measures seventyeight feet in circumference at the ground. The Three Shire Oak at Worksop, is called so from ferming parts of the counties of Nottingham, Derby and York. This tree had the greatest expanse of any recorded in this island, drooping over seven hundred and seventy-seven square yards. The most productive oak was that of Gelenos, in Monmouthshire, felled in 1810; the bark brought two hundred pounds, and its timber six hundred and seventy pounds. In the mansion of Tredegar Park, Monmouthshire, there is said to be a room forty-two feet long and twenty-seven broad, the noor and wainscot of which were the production of a single tree—an oak—grown on the estate.

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.

THE fashion plate presented below was furnished by Messrs. D. DEVLIN & Co., the fashionable merchant tailors and clothiers, corner of Broadway and Warren street.

Figure 1 represents an evening dress suit, consisting of the usual black frock coat, black doeskin pantaloons and black figured silk vest. A style of suit that is indispensable to every gentleman's wardrobe, and when tastefully cut, and elegantly made, is unequalled for dress purposes.

Figure 2 presents us with a morning suit, consisting of an English walking coat, full trowsers and English vest, all made

sidering how she should plague him most, that it would be a hearty vexation to see his favorite tresses cut off. Instantly the deed was done; she cropped them short, and laid them where he must pass through to enter her apartment; but to her cruel disappointment he passed, entered and re-passed, calm enough to provoke a saint, neither angry nor sorrowful, seeming quite unconscious both of his crime and punishment, Concluding he must have overlooked the hair, she ran to secure it. It had vanished, and she remained in perplexity the rest of the day. The next day, as he continued silent, and her looking-glass spoke the change—a rueful one—she began to think she had, for once, done a foolish thing. Nothing more ever transpired upon the subject, until the duke's death, when



DEVLIN'S GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.

of mixed Melton cloth, a very fashionable and distingue suit that she found her beautiful ringlets carefully laid up in a cabinet, is much in vogue for promenade and business purposes.

Figure 3 represents a paletot overcoat of blue beaver, a novel and very popular style of outer garment, that contrasts beautifully with the French gray cassimere pantaloons with which it is worn.

SARAH OF MARLBOROUGH.—None of the duchess's charms, when they were at their proudest height, had been so fondly prized by the duke, her husband, as her splendid head of hair. One day, upon his offending her, by some act of disobedience to her "sovereign will," the bright thought occurred, as she sat, con-

she found her beautiful ringlets carefully laid up in a cabinet, where he kept whatever he held most precious. The duchess survived her illustrious husband not less than twenty-two years, dying at the age of eighty-four, in 1774. The love she had for the duke may, in no small degree, be imagined from the following anecdote: Though in her sixty-second year, she still possessed some attractions, inasmuch that she was sought in marriage by the Duke of Somerset. Her answer was highly characteristic, and greatly to be admired: "Marriage is very unsuitable at my age; but, were I only thirty, I would not permit even the emperor of the world to succeed in that heart which has all my life been devoted to John, Duke of Marlborough."



THE INDUSTRIOUS NEEDLEWOMEN.



Vol. III.-No. 6.

DECEMBER, 1858.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

HOW I TAMED MRS. CRUISER.

A Harrowing Drama of Domestic Life, in Six Parts. By Benedict Cruiser, M.M., and now H.H.† Edited by Geo. Augustus Sala.

PART THE FIRST.

OF THINGS IN GENERAL, BUT IN PARTICULAR OF THE DESIGNING BEHA-VIOR OF THE MRS. CRUISER WHO WAS AFTERWARDS TO BE AS THE MISS MOALSEY SHE PREVIOUSLY WAS.

It shall be done! There is no use in talking, persuading, re-

Married Man.

† Happy Husband.

monstrating, madam; I will speak! I have been silent long enough! Yes, Gower street, Bedford square, shall know, Great Britain and Ireland shall know; Europe, the world, the moon, and the planetary system generally, if they are in a position to know anything, shall be aware of "How I Tamed Mrs. Cruiser."

I glow with a virtuous, an excusable, a commendable pride, as these lines flow from my uncorroded pen. Yes, I have tamed that superb woman! I am the Roman Emperor—I forget his name, but you will find him in Goldsmith's history—and she is Zenobia, Queen of the East, following, laden with silver chains,



MR. CRUISER JOINS MISS MOALSEY IN THE MAZY DANCE.

Vol. III., No. 6-31

my triumphal chariot. I have tamed her as completely as ever Una tamed the lion, and far more successfully than the late Mr. Van Amburgh (I call him "late," for I heard the other day, for the twentieth time, that he had been eaten up by his shaggy pupils) subdued the ferocious monarchs of the desert. I say more successfully, because in my taming process I employed, and employ, no coercion, no physical force. As the French itinerant dentists imposingly say, when they wrench out a patient's tooth, perform my spiriting, sans douleur, "without pain."

How vulgar, how brutal, how stupid are the modes ordinarily employed in taming shrewish wives! What does Petruchio, in the play, do to Katharine? Why, he dresses himself up like a mountebank, bullies her milliner and dressmaker. keeps her without sleep, and denies her beef and mustard. If she had been a woman of spirit, she would have clawed his eyes out. Yes; I-the self-confessed wife-tamer-say so. Again, that puling market-gardener, without morals, Mister Claude Melnotte, after rendering the wife he had cozened into marriage furious by his deception, managed to tame her by enlisting for a soldier and coming back a general. I should like to see myself taking her Majesty's shilling! In the old play of "Have a Wife and rule a Wife," the same dull, unreasoning method is resorted to of bullying and starving-nay, there are many other pretenders to the possession of the wife-taming secret who have not scrupled to recommend actual personal violence--acting on the ungentlemanly old proverb, current in the eastern parts of Kent and running thus:

"A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree,
The more you lick 'em the better they'll be."

Their sole panacea for shrewishness in a wife seems to be leather or crabtree. Fie upon such cowardly knaves, and may they all be brought to shame and punishment! An anecdote occurs to me, which—it all tends towards a better knowledge of "how I tamed Mrs. Cruiser"—I will briefly relate for the benefit of married men, who may be inclined towards laying violent hands on their better halves.

There was a gentleman of the county of Middlesex-which I take to be a description sufficiently vague—who always appeared to be on the most loving and affectionate terms with his wife. Before company, it was a continual cascade on his part of "my dears," "my loves," "my pets," and "my angels." The poor woman (she was a Miss Smith-but I must not be too explicit), was not backward in expressions of affection, but she always scemed rather shy and nervous in his company. One day (they were in easy circumstances) they had a grand dinner party. Lord Paunchmore was there, which made it quite a tiptop aff ir. Loving husband was at the top, before him a fine turbot, from Grove's; loving wife at the bottom, behind some stewed cels with port-wine sauce. "What have you at your end of the table, my darling?" asks the affectionate creature at the top. "Stewed eels, dear," murmurs the tender blossom at the other end. "Send me just one little bit, ducky," says the pearl of husbands. "With pleasure," responds the best of wives. Charles the footman-he kept a coal and potato shed only three hours before dinner, and his name was John Spruttlebuck-brought the desired plate. "Bless me, my love!" exclaims the model of connubial fondness, a somewhat savage scowl beginning to overspread his lamb-like countenance "bless me, Caroline Matilda, these cels are very tough." "Tough, are they?" repeats the patient Grissel at the farther end, her meek voice raising for the first and last time into a quaver of indignation. "Tough, are they, Mr. Snowdrop"-I will call him Snowdrop--" I am glad to hear they are tough, sir. I should like you and the company to know how toughhow cruelly tough-they are. Those stewed cels are just cut up pieces of the horsewhip you gave me for breakfast this morning, Mr. Snowdrop." There was a dead silence, and the paragon of domestic virtues turned to the color of an invalid orange. He was found out. The rest of the dinner was a failure. The cook spoilt the omelette souffle and gave warning the next day. Lord Paunchanore, I believe, never spoke to Snowdrop again, and gove the cadetship he had promised for his second son, to his talles, who was likewise Snowdrop's tailor, and sent him in his Laus Deo) a handsome wife.

bill on the first of the month. Those stewed eels were his ruin, and he never held up his head again.

I cannot, therefore, sufficiently deprecate and reprobate the employment of anything like violence towards a weaker, gentler sex. That he who lays his hand upon a woman, save in the way of kindness, is unworthy the name of a Briton, is a sentiment that should bring down, not only the gallery of a minor theatre, but the applause and concurrence of all honorable and right-minded men. Good heavens! what a state of society would that be if every bride were expected to present her husband at the altar with a pliant dog-whip, and to express discontent afterwards if he did not use it on her with sufficient frequency—a custom prevalent to this day, I'believe, among the Russian peasants. I don't mean to assert that a man who, in a sudden fit of exasperation, strikes a woman, should at once necessarily be hanged; though I certainly think that continuous brutality is rightly visited with six months' imprisonment and hard labor: and, if I had my way, it should be even more severely punished. You see, reader, that the darling creatures will sometimes make such intolerable use of their glib and dexterous tongues, that it requires well-nigh superhuman strength of mind to avoid giving them a slight pat.

I remember following a married couple, apparently of the journeyman carpenter order, late one Saturday evening, all the way from Store street, Bedford square, to the Reservoir in the Hampstead road, and throughout that pilgrimage Mrs. Carpenter kept up such an incessant fire of abuse, sarcasm and provocation, all of which her husband, who, to judge by his tranquillity, was much the better insteal of the worse for beer, bore with a patient shrug; but I could not help saying to myself, at least a dozen times, "If you were my wife, Mrs. Carpenter, and aggravated me in that manner, I should have six months for you, ma'am, as sure as eggs are eggs." Don't vou remember the story of the sailor, who endured for years every insult, ever persecution from his wife, till one day, as a climax of injury, she cut off his pigtail, whereupon, justly incensed beyond the bounds of human forbearance, he seized the ravished lock and thrashed her soundly with it? I have often thought of these sudden outbursts of repressive measures, but those were in the days before I had learned the inestimable secret of subjugating the hitherto supposed indomitable female sex; before, in a word, I had learnt "how to tame Mrs. Cruiser." Let me hear no more, then, of the atrocious theory current only among omnibus cads and chimney-sweeps, that blows are of the slightest service in reducing a woman to a natural and rational state of subservience; and, I pray you, gentlemen of the law who next edit Blackstone's "Commentaries"-was it Mr. Stephens or Mr. Sam Warren who last performed that task?-expunge from the text that obnoxious declaration of the learned Chief-Justice that the corporcal correction of a wife, so long as it be done with a stick no thicker than the thumb, is warranted, nay, even sanctioned, by the common law of England.

You have here, then, my observations upon things in general. The remainder of the columns, kindly placed at my disposal by the editor, will be entirely devoted to a conscientious narration of the astonishing means by which I acquired, not only the secret of taming Mrs. Cruiser, but also of rendering docile all the wives in matrimonial Christendom. Hear this, and rejoice, oh ye henpecked ones! The Liberator has arrived; the long coming man is present; that which Mr. Disraeli, years since, hinted to have been "looming in the future," is at your very doors. Why should Mr. Rarey, the American horse-tamer, engross so much of the public attention? I have, by far, surpassed the feats which he has performed at his school at the Round House, Kinnerton street, Motcomb street, Pimlico. Zebras, vicious colts, irreclaimable thoroughbreds, biters of the crib. tearers of the earth, killers of the grooms and stable boys! Pish! I have tamed, I have now meek, and mild, and docile in my hands, a magnificent animal, that only four years since was, upon my word, the most rending, riving, raving, rampant, rearing, Rarey-defying termagant that has ever existed since the days when young Lobski was abused by his ugly wife for not bringing home sprats for supper! Only mine was (and is,

Come, then, subdued recruits beneath the tyranny of "dashing white sergeants;" come, then, groaners under the despotism of strong-minded women; come, then, oh ye who are deprived of latchkeys, and who must not even think of smoking tobacco in your own domiciles. Come, all; send in your subscriptions. Inundate the country agents of this publication with orders; and above all, bear with patience and resignation, without chafing or repining, the moral "fanteagues" of your partners for life, till you have accomplished the perusal of the six chapters into which this work is divided, and have learned thoroughly and entirely, "How I tamed Mrs. Cruiser."

It was in the autumn of the year eighteen hundred and fifty, being then nearly thirty years of age, that I began to go into what is termed society. I think that Mr. Tumpkisson, barrister's clerk, of No. 3 Mornington Villas, Mornington Crescentcommon people called it Tottenham Court road-I think that Mr. Tumpkisson's wife, that Mr. Tumpkisson's eldest daughter, Rhoda, that Mr. Tumpkisson's servant, Eliza Jane-to say nothing of the younger Tumpkissons, male and female, the baker, the milkman, the Irish applewoman at the corner, and the neighbors generally-will vouch for the fact that a steadier, quieter-I had nearly said "moraller"-bachelor lodger never existed than the humble individual with auburn hair and whiskers, who, during a period of four years, had occupied, at a weekly rent of one pound five shillings, the first floor of No. 3 Mornington Villas I was essentially a quiet young man. I subscribed regularly to a circulating library in Howland street, Fitzroy square; and I believe that I have read the works of the Misses Porter and Edgeworth at least six times through. Sir Walter Scott I thought interesting, but worldly; the wicked, wicked books of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Baronet, I never could endure; but I have derived much pleasure (without in the least understanding them) from the moral and political essays of Mrs. Harriet Martineau.

My modest abode in Mornington Villas was a model of the hermitage of a well-behaved bachelor. Mr. Tumpkisson's furniture, I must admit, was cheap, though florid in design and lively in color. The carpet of the sitting-room was painted drugget; the chairs seemed made for any other purpose save that of being sat upon; the fire-irons were unpleasantly tinny in appearance, the little compo mouldings on the frame of the looking-glass had an unpleasant habit of chipping off, and the veneering on the sideboard and chest of drawers was irreclaimably addicted to peeling or crackling up like the gingerbread "jumbles" of which children are so fond. I believe that Mr. Tumpkisson had seen an advertisement headed, "To those about to Marry," at the time that he was about to be married, and had purchased his furniture when both he and the future Mrs. Tumpkisson were under the influence of Cupid, the proverbially blind God of Love. These good people had, however, done their best with my sitting-room and bed-room; and I hope it may not be deemed vanity on my part, when I state that the good taste of a certain party had been instrumental in giving elegance and refinement to the apartments.

"Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time," and a view of the Great Exhibition building in Hyde Park, both handsomely framed and glazed; a daguerrectype of self, by Claudet; portrait of Kossuth, braided and bearded—I was a great admirer of the distinguished Hungarian patriot at the time; and a neat trophy of fishing-rods, fowling-pieces, eel spears, landing nets, bugles, hunting whips, shot pouches, and powder flasks-I never rode, fished, shot or drove in my life; but these little things look pretty in a bachelor's rooms—with a real stuffed stag's head and antlers, which I picked up cheap at a sale, gave my sitting-room quite a distingué appearance. The row of boots in my dressingcloset were sufficient to make an honest man proud. I had seven walking-sticks, a silver-mounted dressing-case, from Stocken's in the Regent's Quadrant (cost me five guineas), and a shower bath. My chest of drawers was full of clean linen, mended and kept in a perpetual state of buttonhood by Mrs. Tumpkisson. In rainy weather, I wore India-rubber goloshes and spatterdashes, and should as soon have thought of lending either of my two umbrellas as I should have thought of lending my cheque-book. For I had a cheque-book, and a banker, ay,

was but £250 a-year, being an allowance from my uncle Cruiser' at Pangbourne, near Reading.

Who was, I am sorry to say-the more so as at his death I inherited his considerable property—anything but a good old man. He was very fat and red, and had a dreadful horselaugh, and was much older and healthier than I think uncles ought to be. He had made his money, and a good deal of it too, in the mahogany trade, at Honduras, at a place called Belize, I think, and had seemingly imbibed some of the qualities of the timber in which he had dealt. He was very hard and dry and well seasoned, his complexion was not unlike mahogany in hue, and he drank a great deal of old port-wine. He lived all alone—at least with nobody to bear him company but a deaf old housekeeper, who was to the full as good a hand at the old port-wine as he, and positively sang comic songs-fancy a housekeeper singing comic songs !-in a bulging little house, not unlike a tub in outward appearance, and all surrounded by flower and fruit gardens in the charming country near Reading. His favorite amusement was reading "Tristram Shandy," the merit of which performance I never could discover, and fishing in the backwater of the Thames about Streatley. Now and then he would drive the old housekeeper over to Reading in a sort of wickerwork shandrydan, like a clothes basket on wheels, drawn by a pony, much too well fed, and who had matters a great deal too much his own way. Then, after a copious dinner at the Black Bull, my uncle would come back and play all-fours with the housekeeper till midnight. Add to this, that he was hail-fellow well met with all the neighboring farmers, that he detested the game-laws, and that he had refused to be in the commission of the peace, and you will see at a glance, I think. that my uncle was but an indifferent character. He gave away his money, too, quite foolishly to undeserving objects, such as the wandering Irish beggar-woman with children, and though I must admit to his credit that he went to church regularly every Sunday morning, his snoring in his pew from the last quaver of the psalms to the last word in the sermon was painfully indecorous. Of course I was always very civil and respectful to him; but I don't think that he ever conceived any very great partiality for me. He did me the honor, indeed, to inform me that he considered me to be a good lad; but both he and the housekeeper (whose name was Mrs. Tippetoff, and who had unreserved freedom of speech) were frequent in the expression of their opinion that I was a "slow coach." I was obliged, too, to be civil to that over-indulged domestic; for both I and my sister Ann, at Bath, were dreadfully afraid that my uncle would one day before his death make Mrs. Tippetoff Mrs. Cruiser number one and last.

He didn't though, and died of the gout in the hard winter of '49, very cheerful and jovial to the last, and on the best terms with the parson in whose church he had snored once a week for so many years. This clergyman told me afterward; that I did not know how good an uncle I had lost. What did he know about it, I should like to know? The old fellow must have been popular, however, for when they buried him in the pretty village churchyard at Pangbourne, and when the parson, in a short discourse bearing on my uncle's virtues, began to read about a certain man that went down to Jericho and fell among thieves, and of a good man from the country of Samaria who picked him out of the ditch and bound up his wounds, I don't think there was a dry eye among the bent-double rheumatic old women, and the palsied old men in smock frocks, to say nothing of the better sort who crowded round my uncle's grave.

He died far richer than we expected, and left me nearly all his money. The housekeeper had an annuity, of course, and set up an inn at Reading. My sister Ann, at Bath (she is much older than I am), had her allowance of one hundred and fifty increased to an annuity of four hundred pounds a year. She bought, I am informed, a new parrot, and a curious white dog of the celebrated mongrel terrior breed at the same time that she purchased her mourning, and gave the Reverend Saponatius Carney, M. A., fift pounds towards the new proprictary chapel he was building; but beyond this she made not the slightest change in her manner of living, and continued, and a balance at that banker's, too, though my entire income as heretofore, to reside with her bosom friend, Miss Aspen

Quill, principal of Glycerine House Establishment for Young Ladies, Montpelier Terrace, Bath. The amount of money that fell to my share, I need not exactly specify. I found it amply sufficient—and with a very considerable surplus—for a man with my modest wishes and temperament; indeed, I may say that the death of uncle Cruiser left me in exceedingly prosperous circumstances.

I inherited, also, the bulging house, with the fruit and flower gardens, at Pangbourne, the which I sold with all convenient speed. The clergyman bought a considerable quantity of the old furniture, netably my uncle's vast collection of tobacco-pipes. I was no great smoker myself, though I could relish a mild Havanna with most people, and had a very elegant hookah and chibouque in my apartments in town. Thus you will perceive that the dispositions of my uncle's will were quite satisfactory to all parties. There was one passage, however, in one of the codicils (in which he left me his waterworks shares) which puzzled me somewhat. It related to a large diamond brooch, of which nobody knew how my uncle became possessed -there was a lock of soft brown hair behind it, at one time, perhaps, the property of some mahogany lady in Honduraswhich, in the event of my marriage, was to pass to my sister Ann, at Bath. "And when he marries," went on my uncle, in his rough way, in this strange codicil, "I do hope the boy won't make a fool of himself."

Of course it would never do for me to think of living in furnished lodgings in the Hampstead road when I was the sole master of a good many hundreds a year. I must tell you, that although the allowance I had previously enjoyed had enabled me to live as an independent gentleman, I had always disdained idleness, which, I need not tell you, is the parent of vice. At the last interview I had with my uncle, about a year before his death, and when we parted, I must admit not on the very best of terms, he gave me a cheque for a very handsome amount, and told me to go and walk the hospitals, or enter myself at the bar. I think, too, that as I was leaving the room, he said that I might go and hang myself: but let that pass; peace to his manes. I tried the hospital suggestion of my uncle, and, indeed, had taken my apartments close to Camden Town, with a view towards entering myself at the medical school of the London University in Gower street; but one evening I spent in the society of some medical students in the vicinity of Cumberland market, so filled me with horror and repulsion at the habits and manners of those misguided young men, with their pipes, insatiable thirst, and dreadful anecdotes of the dissecting room, mingled with accounts of the last prize fight and the latest betting for the Derby, that I formed a mental resolution that sooner than be a surgeon I would turn cannibal. The quietude and modesty of my habits and mental status might have led me towards the Church of England; but I did not happen to enjoy the acquaintance of any bishop's chaplain, who could let me slip easily through the examination for ordination, and I rather mistrusted the chances of the examinations at the Universities at Oxford and Cambridge. I had learnt a good deal of Latin and Greek at school, of course, but one forgets these classical studies so easily. By the way, what a rare thing memory must be in this world! Nothing is so common for a man to remember as that he lent you one-and-ninepence on the last Mouday in July eleven years ago; yet nine men out of ten have always "forgotten" the Latin and Greek they learned at schoo!.

I fixed upon the law at last; got another cheque from my uncie, entered myself at the Middle Temple, and began to eat my terms, as it is called; but I did not like eating them at all. At the table where I sat in the hall, the students, who wouldn't talk, stared at me through quizzing-glasses; and those who were conversational, were loud and slangy in conversation, and wanted me to go to the play, and the Albion, and the Argyll, and the Cider Cellars. I used to walk back to Mornington Villas, to read the moral and political essays of Mrs Harriet Martineau, or else to play at cribbage "for love" (love was just nothing at all) with Miss Rhoda Tumpkisson. She was a tall, bony girl, with a nose like the rudder of a ship-broad, blunt,

they christened her Rhoda? Perhaps because she was born in the Hampstead road.

I was still eating my terms when my uncle died; and then I gave up the legs of mutton and shares of a bottle of port wine for good. Of what use would the title of barrister-at-law be to me, I should like to know? But when, to the great sorrow of the Tumpkisson family, I removed definitely from Mornington Villas, I determined, entertaining the same disdain of idleness by which I had always been actuated, to enter into some business, which, if it did not remunerate, would at least occupy me. By great good luck, one of my uncle's executors, Mr. Plumbie, of the firm of Plumbie and Leadbiter, metal brokers, of Ironmonger lane, Cheapside, had just heard of a capital opportunity for the introduction of a sleeping partner into the Pedlar's Acre Soap Boiling Works, a most prosperous and improving concern. There wasn't anything for me to do, save to put a few thousand pounds into the undertaking; and there was something positively grand in being able to visit the "works" whenever I liked, inspect the books, and be bowed to by the clerks and capped by the workmen. It is true that the abominable smell of the soap-boiling establishment invariably made me ill when I visited Pedlar's Acre, and that the parish used to indict us as a nuisance about once every three months. But I took these little thorns along with the roses, cheerfully and contentedly. There were four other partners in the works, Mr. Addypose, Mr. Alfred Kali, Mr. S. O. Durr and Mr. Yellowbarr (who afterwards brought the wealthy R. Senick, Esq., into the firm, who added candle-making to the soap-boiling), and who were all very affable and friendly. They all invited me to their houses, and they all had daughters.

It is a curious fact that the whole of genteel London suddenly began to ask me to dinner, and to have daughters—the last in almost unbounded profusion. So long as I had only my uncle's allowance, I dined in hall at the Temple or else in a coffee-room, and numbered only bachelors in my acquaintance; but now that I was comparatively rich, celibacy seemed abolished and hospitality adopted by general consent. It is equally wonderful how popular the possession, or even the repute of money makes a man in female society. Nobody among the ladies even hinted that I was a slow coach now; and the alacrity of tradesmen in offering me credit for manufactured goods was something surprising. I took handsome chambers in Waterloo place, and began to live like a real gentleman. Of course I had lived like a gentleman before; but you know what I mean. I was as quiet as ever; yet, somehow, my habits became more refined, my tastes more expensive, and-people hinted it-my disposition more liberal. I was elected a member of a highly respectable club-the Megakakon in St. James's square; none of your lords and army captains and that sort of thing; but steady-going, warm, genteel commercial men, who know a good glass of wine when they see it—ay, and put their legs under as good mahogany as you can find at the Freemasons' or the London Tavern. I smoked more and better cigars; and I used to feel quite benevolent and philanthropic after a first-rate dinner. I had plenty of invitations, as I have told you; and I cannot sufficiently thank the young ladies for the disinterested kindness which they manifested to me, a lonely bachelor, and their mammas, too, for the equally selfsacrificing devotion they showed in inciting their daughters to display their varied accomplishments.

Let me see, what were the airs most in vogue seven years ago? "Nelly Bligh," "Constance," "Have faith in one another" (duet), "Thou art gone from my gaze," "Dermot Asthore," "Mira la Bianca Luna." I think I must have heard each and all of those charming vocal performances at least six hundred times. I think I must have been a spectator to the rattling of some millions of black and white keys during the execution of "Les Cloches du Monastère," the "Sleeping I dream, love," of Vincent Wallace, and other pianoforte morceaux by Messrs. Thalberg and Chopin. As to the number of cups of tea, the crumpets, wafer-slices of bread and butter, and glasses of muddy sherry and port wine negus I must have consumed between the spring of the year '50 and that of the year '52, I do not dare even to attempt to enter into a computation of but cutting—and long black pudding ringlets. I wonder why them. The white kid gloves and patent leather Albert boots I

wore out, too! the bottles of Eau de Cologne I wasted over my pocket handkerchiefs, the money I spent in cabs, for a private cabriolet I was rather nervous about driving myself, and a brougham I did not care to keep.

Ah! what days were those! I was very happy, feted, caressed-admired even, I thought, sometimes. Yet during these two years of "going into society" I was continually pursued by a little blithesome spectre, who kept crying, "Marry, Benedict Cruiser," "Benedict Cruiser, you must be married, "Benedict Cruiser, Beatrix is waiting for you." And whenever I heard a peal of bells, this was the tune they seemed to chime, "The single married, and the married happy, ding-a-dong dell, ding-a-dong dell."

The difficulty was to find a Beatrix; for, to tell the truth, I was quite sick and tired of being a bachelor any longer. I got along well enough with the ladies, but I was never very successful with my male acquaintances. They came in great numbers, to be sure, to my chambers, pulled their long moustaches, were good enough to partake largely of my stock of bottled pale ale, and even to pay their respects to my claretbin. They smoked my cigars, too, in the most condescending manner, and were by no means averse to dining with me at Greenwich or Richmond; but I found them rather chary of inviting me in return to their men's parties, and they treated me generally in a slightly sneering "up and down" fashion.

One of their number, Tommy Limmers, Lord Tattersall's nephew, a desperately wild little dog, told me candidly that I was more fitted for female than for male society. He was very affable, and introduced me to his tailor, who, he said, could "build" a better coat than any snip in London. "You see, Crue, my boy," he would say, "you're not in the least fit for fast life. You ain't a man's man at all; in the smoking-room of a club-house, you're no more good than a post; and at billiards, I do think, that, with the exception of my little cousin Alicia, who's thirteen next birthday, you're the greatest muff out. You ride like a miller's sack; and a full-flavored regalia makes you as white as a bladder of lard. You ain't fit for it, sir, and that's the truth. You don't know how to hedge; and if every horse you backed won the race, you'd stand to lose in your betting-book. The best thing you can do, Crue, is to marry. You're just the fellow to marry. You're a steady card, and you've got lots of tin. I wish I had a grown-up sister, I do indeed, for you. You'll make a good match. Never mind the soap-boiling. You can sell out of it if you're ashamed of it-I shouldn't; besides, my uncle Tattersall is a coal merchant in Durham, and the Marquis of Fortinbras is a Welsh tinman. Single you ain't any good to yourself or to anybody else, but married you may give stunning dinner parties, and lend a fellow a pony when he wants it. Take my advice, Crue, and get married as soon as ever you can."

The very next week I feel in love with the eldest Miss Addypose. She wore spectacles; she was a little too fond of botanising, and had a hortus siccus full of the most alarming dried skeletons of leaves and flowers; and, at the tip of her expressive nose, there was just the faintest tinge of red; but she was just the sort of girl that a right-minded man might fall in love with, for she had twenty thousand pounds to her fortune. This neat fifth-part of a plum had nothing to do with the soap-boiling or the eventualities of that commercial enterprise. It was snugly tucked up in the new three and a quarter per centswhat a shame it was to reduce the rate of interest on those comfortable investments!—and was a legacy from her godmother, whom Heaven bless! At least I might have desired her beatitude at that time, and did so sincerely, till, on my making a declaration in form, she as formally refused me.

She said that I lacked that "moral fitness which was imperative for connubial compatibility." What the deuce had "moral fitness" to do with it? She might as well have objected to me because I hadn't two heads or couldn't speak Chinese, or hadn't invented gunpowder, the Irish round towers, and the printingpress. I made her give me all my presents back, however, including magnificently bound copies of Linnaus and Mrs. Loudon, and she mentioned afterwards in a letter to a mutual lady friend that she feared I was "a worldly minded Erastian." I should like to know what she thought herself. Old Addypose, | ball, where every variety of picturesque costume is encouraged.

her father, was furious. Her mamma wanted to lock her up in her bedroom, on bread and water, till she gave her consent; but she was past twenty-one (pshaw! past thirty-one too), and her own mistress, and those twenty thousand pounds in the threes and a quarter made her independent of everybody. I think that the paternal Addypose wanted her to put five thousand into the soap-boiling, and was so obliged to be civil to

I have been unjustly accused of unscrupulous cupidity in proposing as I did six months afterwards for the hand of Mrs. Doll Robins. Mrs. Doll Robins was a widow, though the antecedents and career of Mr. Doll Robins, if Mr. Doll Robins ever had been, were shrouded in impenetrable gloom. She was immensely rich, not very old-for a widow-but I am afraid that Mrs. Doll Robins could not have brought an action for libel, or, at all events, recovered more than nominal damages, if any one had circulated a report that if Mrs. Doll Robins' papa was not a negro, Mrs. Doll Robins' mamma was certainly a negress. She was in truth a jolly fat mulatto woman, who had made a fortune, so people said, by keeping a crimping boarding-house for sailors, at Port Royal, Jamaica, adding a little share in some slave-trading and piratical ventures on the Spanish Main to her more legitimate pursuits. She lived in Norfolk square, Brighton, in a house full of gold ingots, bangles, tomahawks, yams, plantains, Cayenne pepper, bank notes, preserved ginger and guava jelly. She drank and swore, and had two negro servant maids, whom she beat unmercifully, and who adored her; and I not so much fell, as walked, in love with her.

I verily believe that I lost her, and her prodigious funded property, simply because I could not stomach her altominable West India dishes, seasoned as they were with hecatombs of chilis, piccalilis, and Cayenne pepper. I tried to swallow them till my throat was on fire, and my eyes rained hot tears, but in vain. When I asked her to marry me, pointing out to her what an advantageous match it would be to both parties, she laughed a coarse nigger guffaw in my face (how abhorrent are those low-bred colored persons to a man of elegance and refinement!) called me a "lily-livered fella," and wondered at my impudence (she called it "imperence"). I wonder at hers. I believe her parents were both slaves, and that she herself had in early youth suffered correction by stripes in the market-place of St. Jago de la Mar for stealing a sucking pig.

I was preparing to leave Brighton in great dudgeon after this last rebuff, when, at a fancy ball at the Pavilion, to which I went attired as Charles II., I was introduced by my friend, Lieutenant Limmers, of the 20th Lancers, then in garrison at Brighton, to a Druidical priestess, a radiant creature, with a wreath of oak leaves and misletoe twined round her head, and which made her snowy brow look more snowy, her raven hair more raven; a stately, superb, symmetrical angel, who looked twenty times more beautiful than did ever Madame Grisi in "Norma" (only she was dressed in black), in her best days, and whose other name was Flora Moalsey.

"Father retired colonel, Company's service," whispered the friendly Limmers. "Rare old boy. One of the best whist-players in England. Gives capital dinners. Lots of curry and chutnee and that sort of thing.'

I winced as I listened to the enumeration of the delicacies most in vogue at Colonel Moalsey's banquets. I knew how hot curry was, and as my mind reverted to Miss Doll Robins' pepperpots and gumbo soups, the thought brought, not water to my mouth, but tears to my eyes again. But those orbs were soon dried up by the sunshine of pleasure when they lighted upon the flashing jet luminaries possessed by Flora Moalsey.

She was like a black swan. Yes; she was swanlike, slow, graceful, dignified in every movement. She disdained curls, bandeaux, or the Empress Eugénie style of wearing the hair. Her exuberant, silky, blue-black tresses seemed panting to burst their bonds, and throw themselves in mad dishevelment upon her arched neck. The only ornament besides the wreath which she permitted herself was a plume of black ostrich feathers, which gave her an air at once solemn and majestic. You may object that the effect was somewhat funereal for a ball, and not very Druidical, but then, sir, you must see that this was a fancy



THE LADIES' SYMPOSIUM.

She was divine. I asked her to dance. She consulted a little book of ivory tablets that hung at her girdle, and with a tiny pencil dotted me down for the next deux temps but four. While she danced with long troubadours, stumpy Templars, and powdered marquises, I sat on a bench, biting my nails and kicking the paint off the walls with my heels. At last my turn came. As we swept round the room, I in a flutter of delight, she in a sort of trance of dignified abstraction, I heard a wretch dressed as an Austrian Uhlan whisper to a friend attired in the costume of Conrad, the Corsair of the Grecian Archipelago:

"I say, Jack, will wonders ever cease? There's that spooney, Cruiser, dancing with Miss Shillibeer."

I could have slain both ruffians on the spot. As it was, I waited till a later period of the evening, and till my Flora—I called her my Flora, to myself, even then—was whirling round the room with a red-cross knight, then walking up to the detested Austrian Uhlan, I said as calmly as my great passion would permit me:

"Sir, I inadvertently heard you make a remark an hour since, which, inasmuch, as it related to a young lady with whom I was dancing, and whose name is known to me, requires explanation on your part. You spoke jestingly of me, sir, who am a total stranger to you."

"Heard the fellows talk about you at mess," replied the Austrian Uhlan, not in the least disconcerted.

"Confound the fellows at mess, sir. Did you call the young lady Miss Shillibeer?"

"Ya-as," answered the abhorred Uhlan.

"And why so, pray?"

"I don't see what right you have to ask," the Uhlan returned; and with a total disregard to the proprieties of costume, fixing a glass in his eye. "It ain't impossible that her name might be Shillibeer—is it? However, don't get vexed, my little man. The fellows call her Shillibeer, because she's like a mourning coach horse!"

I measured the Austrian Uhlan with my exasperated eye, but he was far too tall to knock down. "Sir!" I began furiously, but Lieutenant Limmers suddenly joined us, caught me by the arm, swung me round, and in his impudent way, exclaimed: "What! Crue, don't you know Captain Banger of ours? Banger, Crue—Crue, Banger. Crue, come and dine at the mess tomorrow." I was obliged to dine at the mess of the 20th Lancers the next day; and how sincerely did I wish that Captain Banger might choke himself with his port wine. He didn't, though, but told his detestable story of the mourning coach horse amidst the roars of his deprayed companions.

I met the whole Moalsey family—for the father had five daughters—a day or two afterwards on the Marine Parade, and as in duty bound-for I had not read the shilling books of etiquette in vain, I can assure you-waited for a signal of recognition from Flora. To my surprise and delight, she bestowed on me a stately inclination of the head, to the which I responded, of course, by an enthusiastic bow. I am sure that I blushed up to the very roots of my hair. We met again at the Puseyite church in West street, where I found my Flora listening to the seraphic ministrations of the Reverend Arthur Wagner with a sort of ecstatic tranquillity. I met her again at a fancy fair at Newburgh Rooms, Cannon place—a fancy fair holden for the patriotic purpose of presenting new ankle-jacks to sundry of Messrs. Barclay and Perkins's draymen, who had recently been distinguishing themselves by an onslaught on Marshal Haynau. The dear creature — Flora, I mean, not Haynau-kept a stall at the fair, and sold me, with a melancholy smile and a subdued bend of remembrance, a fusee-boxworth, perhaps, sixpence—for the moderate sum of ten shirlings sterling. Again and again—at Booty's library, on the Esplanade; at Mutton's, the confectioner; in the old churchyard; in the tunnel at Kemp Town, at Hove, at the Devil's Dyke-I met Miss Moalsey; and at length, I obtained permission to call. The family lived in Oriental place, and I was introduced to all the five daughters. There was Flora, the eldest-my Flora (the family called her "Flo"); there was Hetty, that was Harriett, aged eighteen; Susey or Susan, who owned to seventeen; Gussey (you know of what name that is an abbreviation), afflicted with sixteen summers; then came a histus volde deflendus (I have not forgotten all my Latin, you see); and the bright band of daughters was brought up by Liddy, aged eight, a rosycheeked little minx in a Gipsy hat and frilled trousers.

They were, to tell the truth, rather a noisy family of girls, and were always romping and giggling; all but my Flora, who always preserved the same calm, equable, melancholy behavior. She was good, she was angelic, she was kind; in all the little squabbles and disturbances, which must take place, even in the best regulated families, Flora was the peacemaker and the dispenser of the balm of Gilead. I remember one Sunday afternoon I had been dining in the house; descending from the uppermost story, where the colonel had his smoking-room, and hearing terrific uproar in the back-room on the second-floor, I could plainly distinguish the voice of little Miss Liddy, who was howling like a young bear dancing upon red-hot plates; then there was a succession of very violent reverberations, as though somebody was hitting somebody else, and that to hurt that somebody considerably somewhere. Then more howling from Liddy, and then some angry tones from a voice which, if I had not known how much Miss Harriett vocally resembled her eldest sister, I should have imagined to belong to my Flora. The voice intimated that "somebody" would tell it to somebody else. A moment afterwards and Flora appeared at the door. She closed it sharply after her, an exquisite flush mantling on her beauteous visage, laid her hand on my arm, and in a voice quivering with emotion said:

Would you believe it? I have just been obliged to protect my poor little sister from the violence of Harriett. She was beating the poor child most unmercifully, till I interposed to stay the punishment. Cruel Harriett !"

Cruel Harriett! Yes; and divine Flora! I could not stand it any longer. I fell on my knees on the stair carpet, bruising my left shin slightly against a loose brass stair-rod, and declared my passion. Diana looked down on us from the the skylight in the roof, and Venus blessed us through the bannisters.

I was accepted, subject to the consent of my Flora's papa and mamma. The latter had been for some months in Scotland, visiting her uncle, Professor MacStradivarius, of the University of Fiddlesburgh. She sent acquiescence to my suit by return of post; and in the postscript to her letter, which I happened to see by accident-I think I read it over my Flora's shoulder -she said that she "wished me joy of her." Kind soul! When I approached the venerable Colonel Moalsey, to ask his consent, I felt, as you may readily imagine, exceedingly neryous; and I am afraid that I introduced somewhat too much circumlocution in the explanation of my aspirations. But he, gallant old man, met me half way with true soldier frankness.

"If it's Hetty you want," he said, "all I can say is—though I am sorely loth to part with her—that as you are an honest, worthy young fellow, you may have her; an old dragoon's blessing, and a prayer that God may bless you, with all my heart.'

I explained to him, with what delicacy I might, that it was the hand of my Flora I coveted. The old man's eyes beamed with excitement; he grasped my hand, and shook it with tremendous cordiality. My knuckles ached for a week afterwards.

"Take her-take her, my boy," he cried; "take her, and be happy!"

As I left the room, my ears ringing with the joy-bells of delicious happiness, it seemed as though two spirits passed by me, and both had mocking voices. And so far as I could listen, in my excited state of mind, the voices were as the voice of Colonel Moalsey, speaking under his breath.

The first voice murmured softly, "By Jove! he's got the Tartar!"

And the second whispered, "Confounded Jackass!" But they were spirits—and malicious ones, no doubt. Next week I was a married man.

PART THE SECOND.

OF THE INTOLERABLE SUFFERINGS UNDERGONE BY MR. CRUINER. IN CONSEQUENCE OF MRS. CRUISER'S MAMMA.

Tun nuptial knot was tied, and the halter adjusted—I mean the altar rails bees-waxed at the Old Church, Brighton-on a remarkably foggy morning in November; when but for the solemn associations of the place. I should have much liked to dance a jig over the tombstones, I felt so happy. As it was I | rupee. And there you have my mind, Ben Cruiser.'

made the sexton, the beadle and pew-opener open their eyes wide with astonishment at the liberality of my donations. I gave the reporter of the Brighton Penny Trumpet, who was there, in a beautiful clean collar, to take notes of the proceedings, a guinea for his pains and an invite to the wedding breakfast. I think I could have invited all the fishermen on the cliff and the bathing women on the beach as well. We had a grand breakfast at Mr. Jones's hotel at Hove, and the usual amount of health drinking, speech making, and crying on the part of the women. Then we took the train for Newhaven, caught the 2.30 boat for Dieppe, had rather a rough passage, and proceeded to Paris, there to spend our honeymoon.

I don't think it all a thing for a fellow to be ashamed or sheepish about, to confess that I was over head and ears in love with my wife, that I adored every hair on her head, and that I almost doated on the ground she walked upon. It's the custom, I know, among crusty old bachelors and people who pretend to be woman-haters, because they can't get any women to love them, and are too selfish to love anybody themselves, to ridicule those to whom it is the greatest pride and happiness in the world to bind themselves up in some one else's existence; to strive to lead the life of the person they love, to think her thoughts, to laugh when she laughs, weep when she weeps, and be in all things part and parcel of her. This is called uxuriousness, silly sentimentality, blind passion, I know; but all this folly, and passion, and sentiment are absolutely necessary—so I think, at least—to the existence of love in its glorious reality. I don't call sensible, reasonable love, Love at all; and he who looks before he leaps in these matters may be an excellent man of the world, but he is a very bad lover.

When in the coupé of the railway carriage, I looked at the beautiful creature to whom I was married; looked at her with a silent rapture, and swelling pride; longing to undo her great black hair, and cast it over her form; longing to take her little hand in mine, and drink up her eyes, I kept thinking to myself, "Benedict Cruiser, Benedict Cruiser, Beatrix is come at last. Benedict Cruiser, all this is yours, yours for everyours alone-undisputed, unrivalled in the wide wide world." And then with a joyful shame, a happy remorse, I acknowledged to myself that I had never, never, been in love before. Where were Miss Addypose and her twenty thousand pounds now? Pooh! I wouldn't have taken her with half a plum; what madness could have possessed me when I courted that vulger nigger-woman, too, for the sake of her golden bangles and bank notes? Yes, I was mean, mercenary, selfish; I didn't know the value of woman, and put ten times too much stress on the worth of that base, low, vulgar dross-money. To be the possessor of Flora was to be the proprietor of all the mines of Golconda; her eyes alone were worth a mint of money. Weren't her lips rubies, and her teeth pearls? What is enough for one is enough for two; and surely my uncle Cruiser had left me enough money? So as the rapid train bere us through the pretty Normandy country, among the windings of the silver Seine, I thought it the very luckiest thing in the world that Flora, beyond what she stood upright in, and a few boxes or so, with the usual woman's knicknackery of millinery and trinkets. was not worth a penny in the world.

I am bound to say that Colonel Moalsey had never attempted to deceive me in the matter. "I'm only a poor old half-pay soldier," he said. "The few hundreds there may be left in my agent's hands when the route comes and I am summoned away, will be equally divided among the children. Mrs. Moalsey has a little somethi g of her own, which dies with her. If you had taken Hetty, who, by the way, would have been confoundedly glad to have you—the poor little puss has been crying her eyes out ever since you proposed for Flora-you would have had two thousand pounds, which her godmother left her when she was a baby, and which capital and interest is to be paid to Hetty at her marriage or her majority. Or if you could have waited till Liddy was grown up-and the young minx will be a fine armful, I can tell you-you would have had a wife for whom a blazingly warm corner is reserved in the will of her uncle Pagoder, who is judge of Sudder Adawlut at Krumnachee. He hates me and the rest of the girls, and wont leave us a

Nothing could be fairer, or more plain spoken, than this speech of the worthy Indian officer, and I told him so. I told him, moreover, that it was not money I coveted, but the hand of his beautiful and accomplished daughter, that I would take her as she was, without a second—well, a second frock to her back. He grasped my hand as usual, whistled, and asked me to tiffin; but when not to be outdone in generosity, I pressed on him the necessity of making a handsome settlement on the lovely being who was about to become mine, he, to my surprise, absolutely refused to sanction any such course of proceedings.

"You may take her as she is, and with what she has, my boy; but I won't have you crippling yourself to give a dowry to a girl who hasn't got one of her own. There'd be a deuce of a row if my wife were to know of my refusal; for 'Have and hold, keep if you can,' is her motto, whereas, 'Fair and square, eat all but pocket none,' is mine. You've a decent income; I give you a poor gentleman's daughter, and you can afford to keep her like a lady; but after that, avast heaving, as the sailors say. No settlements—no tying yourself down unnecessarily Crue, my boy."

A very singular old man was Colonel Moalsey. His conversation savored somewhat of the mess-table and the barrack-room, but I believe that, at bottom, he was a man of the strictest honor and integrity.

We had the ordinary number of accidents by flood and fieldthat is to say, the usual amount of custom-house, hotel, commissionnaires, and luggage botherations before we arrived in Paris; but we got there at last, safe and sound, and put up, of course, at Meurice's Hotel. The Hotel du Louvre was not built then, and as genteel people, we couldn't think of going anywhere but to Meurice's. It was my first-it was my Flora's first visit to the metropolis of France; although the dear creature-I think she could do anything under the sun-could speak French like a Parisienne, or like an angel, as she was. I couldn't speak a word of French then, though I am a tolerable scholar by this time; and to save ourselves trouble, for I could not expect my Flora to be always bandying conversation with the low shopkeepers and people in their barbarous patois, we had an interpreter and valet de place. Our honeymoon was one round of delight, pleasure, gadding, theatre-going, sight-seeing, and pleasure-shopping. Te-day it was the Tuileries, the Louvre, and the Jardin des Plantes; a dinner in the Palais Royal in the evening, and the opera, or one of the little Boulevard theatres, after that. The next day would be taken up by a visit to Versailles or St. Cloud, and the next we would go to Fontainebleau. We saw everything, went everywhere, and were delighted with everybody and everything; and it afforded me, too, infinite delight to watch how all the melancholy reserve and haughty timidity which had characterized Flora during her maidenhood. gradually wore off: gradually, do I say-it was rather with astonishing rapidity, to see how she, the languishing black swan, the mourning coach horse, if you please, as that abominable Austrian Uhlan called her, became the liveliest of the lively, a chirruping lark, a skittish filly. She who would at most vouchsafe half-a-dozen meekly, melancholy phrases in the course of an hour's tête-à-tête, was now full of the jauntiest, merriest ways and conversation. She became what is called in society, I believe, "an agreeable rattle." She laughed, she flirted, she twirled her parasol, she flashed her pocket-handkerchief, she hit me little taps with her fan at the theatre, and she had-oh! she had-such a delightful will of her own.

Sure there is nothing in the world that does a woman so much good as to get married! The difference between the shy, shrinking, bread-and-butter little maiden of to-day, and the blooming, dashing, confident young matron of to-morrow, is as surprising as it is delicious. I was in a continual state of cestacy. Flora, who had never professed to have any decided opinion of her own on any subject whatsoever, whom I had never seen moved to the expression of any emotional feeling, save in the single exception of the ill-treatment of her little sister by the hard-hearted Harriett—she told me subsequently many ancedotes of the girl's unfeeling cruelty of disposition which she had hitherto suppressed through a feeling of sisterly affection—and I thought it exceeding fortunate for a certain party that he did not follow the worthy but weak minded

Colonel Moalsey's recommendation, and "take" Miss Hetty, with or without her godmother's two thousand pounds. Flora, in fine, who had even received the declaration of my love, and the offer of my hand, with a certain amount of philosophical equanimity, which did her strength of mind the very highest credit, was now the most impulsive, gushing, energetic creature that you could conceive.

There was one thing which especially pleased me in her early married life, and that was that she seemed entirely free from those ridiculous prejudices and affectations about eating and drinking common to young women at her time of life. At home it is true, and while unmarried, it was perfectly painful to see what a slight appetite she had; and, to use the language of hyperbole-yes, I think that epithet is correct-it quite made my heart bleed to watch how at dinner time she sent dish after dish away untasted, frequently allowing her repast to consist of a couple of spoonfuls of soup, a morsel of cheesecake and a glass of water. She told me that at breakfast she was an equally bad trencherwoman, that she seldom even sat down to lunch, and that supper she never, as a matter of principle, tasted. It may be, and I am sure you will understand me when I say, that when the heart is heavy, the appetite is light. Poor young martyr! here she had been macerating and mortifying herself; and yet with that hereic self-sacrifice and spirit of abnegation which is the most precious attribute and endowment of her sex, how often have I seen her at her papa's house, quit the dining-table for the purpose of carving for her little sister in the school-room! She could not bear, she told me, to see the dear child left to be waited on by menials.

Under these circumstances, you may imagine how delightful it was to me when I found in Paris that change of climate-ay, and change of state, I hope-had given her a fine healthy appetite. At eight o'clock in the morning, for instance, she would take two cups of coffee, despatch two or three aufs sur k plat, or eggs poached in butter, and leave nothing to be desired in the way of eating bread and butter. At twelve oclock, as we were quite continental folks now, and wanted to do at Rome as the Romans did, Flora used goodnaturedly to assist me in eating a good sized "bifteck" with fried potatoes, an omelette. and some trifling matters in the way of pastry and dessert, finishing off with a bottle of Beaune; and at our regular six o'clock dinner, which we took either at the tible d'hote at Meurice's, or at one of the grand restaurants, such as D'Ouix's, or the Trois Frères in the Palais Royal, or at Vachette's on the Boulevard Poissonniere--(sometimes we even ventured so far as Philippe's, in the Rue Montorgueil)—it would have done your heart good to see how succulent a repast my Flora was good enough to assist her devoted husband in consuming. Some nice Bisque, or potage à la Crecy—(preceded, of course, by Ostend oysters and a bottle of Chablis or Sauterne); turbot au grata, a poulet à la Marengo, asparagus, a mayonnaise de homard, a roasted plover, or some quails, an omelette au rhum, a Charlotte Russe iced, and a first-rate dessert; the whole irrigated by something like a bottle of Pommard, a bottle of Léoville, a bottle of rosecolored champagne, and completed by coffee and a dash of maraschino, curaçoa, or parfait amour-I of course taking the major part of the liquids, though my Flora had no nonsense about her, and would willingly bear me company in the social

This was the usual course of our sparkling little dinners. I have the dear old bills of fare at home now. I take them some times from my desk, now that I am worn and tired of most things; and, as I sigh, the memory of the happy days comes wafting mingled with the gale of sadness. Oh, cynics, who say that a discharged reckoning, an empty champagne flask, are sorrowful things! They are not. You cannot eat your cake and have it. Be rather thankful then, your days have been non sine creta, not unmarked by white stones such as these, than repine at the days of affliction that are present, or shudder at the times of trial that may be a coming. The seat is empty now perchance, the cup unshared, the silver voice all hushed; the flowers blighted and withered, drooping over the sides of the tarnished épergne: yet rejoice, though in a subdued spirit. that these things have been, that you have indeed once loved in spirit and in truth, and have been yourself beloved.

It was equally exhibarating to see with what charming persistency my Flora insisted upon my being liberal-extravagant, I thought it sometimes—in my presents to the waiters, and how charmingly she pouted when I examined the bill too scrutinisingly, glancing with rather a scared look at one or two of the items. In truth, although those dinners cost me a vast number of francs-of francs! say of Napoleons rather-I could not grudge them to her. . I was too happy, too intoxicated with the delight of being her husband, to deny them to her, were they ten thousand times multiplied in expense. Had she been Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, instead of Flora Cruiser, née Moalsey, and wedded to one whom I am afraid was rather more than two-thirds a tallow-chandler, I am sure that nothing would have delighted me more than to have been-were it possible-Mark Antony, to have driven off to Mr. Hancock, in Bruton street, purchased the biggest pearl in the market, and dissolved it at once in a goblet full of white wine vinegar, for her private drinking.

It would sometimes happen that the darling pet, even after these merry little banquets, would feel hungry, after our return from the theatre, and then it used to be a matter of great rejoicing for me to pop in to the Maison Dorée or the Café de Paris, and watch the idol of my existence delicately crunching the bones of a partridge, roasted in curl-papers, or some crisp little cakes in envelopes of frizzled bacon. There is scarcely a more exquisite thing in love's playground than to see the woman you adore eating birds: there is such a pretty fierceness in the way in which she demolishes their small skeletons; a darling Feefo-fum grinding their brittle bones to make her supper. Of course, the snarling, sneering section of humanity say, that women look like cats when they are eating birds. I should like to know what those gentry would not snarl and sneer at.

As it was with the good things of this world, so it was with the article of wearing apparel that my Flora shone with a novel and radiant lustre in her married life. In her state of single blessedness, she was distinguished for an almost nunlike and ascetic simplicity in her dress. As it was dressed in black that I first had the supreme felicity of meeting her, so sable seemed afterwards to be her only wear. Black barége in summer, black merino or Orleans cloth in winter, black satin or velvet on state occasions, black lace or bugles or jet ornaments. The mundane attractions of pink and blue she seemed utterly to despise; and her dresses were wont to be made with such a grand severity. too! No flounces, no inordinate exuberance of skirt; high in the neck, long in the sleeves. I could have sworn, almost, that she repudiated the use of those horsehair monstrosities which at the time of which I write were only exaggerated bustles, fluted elliptical walls, like nursery firescreens covered with wire gauze, but which afterwards were to expand and to be elongated into the full blown sous jupe bouffante, or crinoline petticoat. Her bonnets were of the mildest and meekest form; she wore her dresses very long; seldom permitted you even to discern the form of her tiny foot when out walking, even on the windiest, wettest day, and always wore a veil out of doors. Parasols she did not care much for; her mantles were very long, her bonnet ribbons very short; her muss were of the plainest, soberest fashion; she never wore any but black gloves and those would last her an astonishing space of time for a young lady; and her pocket handkerchiefs never had laced edges to them. To walk out with a lapdog she always sternly and consistently refused.

But what a charming change came over the spirit of my Flora's dream, when she was once married to me! She perfectly overwhelmed me by her sudden development of taste in dress, and by the rainbow hues in which she, the hitherto function function appeared to take pleasure. No more black bareges, merinos, velvets, satins, bugles, jet ornaments now! Those paraphernalia of woe seemed definitively abandoned—to my great contentment; for, I must say, they always put me in mind of a furnishing undertaker's shop, and, to tell truth, gave me the horrors. My Flora positively swam in silks and muslins, moires and laces of the brightest colors and the most delicate textures. She was all flounces; and when she took the open barouche, which I had hired—for the weather was, as it almost always is in dear delightful Paris, sunny and genial

whatsoever the temperature may be—for our daily excursions in the Bois de Boulogne, those extraneous aids to elegance were heaped up round her, quite extinguishing me, her humble little husband, till she looked like a syllabub which had been rubbing against a harlequin's jacket.

The fashion had just then come in-you need not be astonished, nor cavil at what I say, ladies of England, for, with all our express trains, electric telegraphs, and bi or ter-diurnal postal services, a Parisian fashion takes two full years to become acclimated in England-for ladies to wear all manner of fantastic handiwork imitative of lace, the secret of making which, in its glorious reality, is as lost as the mystery of staining ruby glass, round the inferior edges of those garments, three of which were considered amply sufficient for our grandmothers, four of which kept our mothers sufficiently warm in winter and cool in summer, according to their textile substantiality, but to wear twelve or fourteen of which appears to be (following the ukases of a silly and vicious fashion), rather a neat and fashionable thing in these present days. My Flora went, or rather put me to, an almost unimaginable expense in converting these aforesaid garments into the semblance of laceedged note paper. Much as they cost in hard cash, in their raw, yellow, unfledged state, as the edging itself hung up in the shops, the primary expenditure seemed to be but a mere drop of water in the sea, in comparison to the amount of money demanded every week for washing these birdcage-like looking decorations.

My Flora did not stop here; for she seemed to have entirely forgotten that severe determination of hiding her foot, which was with her a matter of principle as Miss Moalsey at Brighton. When we perambulated, on our shopping expeditions, the narrow and somewhat—at the best of times—muddy Parisian streets now, she lifted her dress in the real continental fashion; and between the termination of her belaced under-dresses, and the commencement of her pretty little varnished bottine-my Flora used to wear shoes and sandals when single-I could discern more lace edging belonging to some other article of female attire, whose name and whose use I did not care to question; for the man who inquires too closely into the secrets of his wife's toilette, or enters her dressing-room, is either a philosopher or a fool, and, so far as the matter in hand goes, I would rather be the latter than the former. Only, I may be permitted to hint, that the increase of estimation which ladies would gain in the minds of the other sex, if they could only instil into their pretty little heads the truth that modesty and simplicity of attire are ten times preferable to the gaudy, meretriciousness of decoration with which our modern ladies strive to make themselves look disreputable, is almost unimaginable, and almost unappreciable.

Touching upon my Flora's newborn desire of sacrificing to the Graces, I may conclude by saying that Madame Mathée, from the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, sent in three pairs of stays in one day—anatomical corsets, or some such heathenish name, they were called, I believe—and that my darling wife took to wearing open-work silk stockings. Fancy a funereal Druidess in silken hose with clocks!

This sketch of my honeymoon would be incomplete were I to omit to notice the brisk and invigorating improvement which took place in Flora's behavior towards strangers; nay, also, towards me, her husband, to whom, even as an affianced one, she had constantly behaved with a stately and dignified reserve. I remember, with a chastened joy, the little ebuilitions of temper—sparkling and pretty in themselves—which convinced me how much better it was for a man to wed a girl of spirit and feeling than to become the partner for life of a mere beautiful inanity.

We were walking one day in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré when we were accosted by one of those little ragamuffin, shockheaded boys, in torn blouses, who are called gamins, and who are as peculiar to the streets of Paris as our own cartwheel and cigar-light imps are to the vicinity of our London railway stations. He was carrying a basin of treacle, to fetch which he had doubtless been sent out by his unwisely-fond parents, and, as we passed, he made a hideous face, and saluted us with a shrill cry of "Ohe'te balle!" which might have been expressive

of admiration, but which might, with equal probability, have been indicative of derision; accompanying the exclamation by a smart tap of the palm of the left hand on the right radius, accompanying the action by a humorous cluck of the tongue. I should have passed the tatterdemalion by with silent contempt, but my wife was made of very different mettle. This valorous young woman positively seized the ragged gamin by one ear, slung him round, administered to him a swinging box on the ear, and sent him with playful violence against a railing, where, his bowl of treacle fracturing by the concussion, we left him come to much and deserved grief, licking his fingers and rubbing his ear in a state of lachrymose stickiness. I was so transfixed with admiration at this act of Amazonian boldness on the part of my Flora, that I felt half-inclined to address to her the celebrated apostrophe of the Scotch gentleman in the play to his wife—the Lady of Glamis Castle, who entertained King Duncan, if I am not mistaken-in which he requests her to increase the Registrar-General's returns by men children only.

All this time, I must tell you, a beneficent spirit had been at work on our especial behalf in England. Mrs. Colonel Moalsey having returned from visiting her uncle Professor MacStradivarius, at Edinburgh, and who was now my impossible-to-be too much respected mother-in-law, had been good enough to evince the liveliest interest in our welfare, and correspond with us nearly every day. Her letters were very long and beautifully written, the average of the words she used having at least five syllables; but I could not help thinking that they would have been vastly more entertaining had they been a little more comprehensible. To tell the truth, I could make neither head nor tail out of three parts of their contents, and had it not been for the unwearied coolness of my Flora, who made commentaries, or digests, or what the lawyers call abstracts, of them, Mrs. Moalsey might just as well have written to me in the Hebrew language as in English. But she was, my wife informed me, a lady of vast mental attainments, to whom the whole circle of the sciences was as easy as a curtain ring. She spoke several languages, had all but discovered a new planet, and had written a thick volume on "Syncretic Pleonasms," dedicated to Professor MacStradivarius, which had earned the applause of the whole scientific world, had moved several learned academies to appoint my manima-in-law-think of what an honor it was to the family !-- a corresponding member, and had cost Colonel Moalsey, my Flora told me, ever so much money.

A vulgar mind might have inferred that Mrs. Moalsey might have paid the expenses of the publication of her own book out of her own income; but those who knew that sainted woman well (Flora said) knew that every penny of her revenue, which was not devoted to the advancement of the cause of national scientific education, was bestowed in works of charity. I confess that, in my early ignorance and indiscretion, I winced somewhat at the idea of so very learned a mother-in-law, remembering the eldest Miss Addypose with her hortus siccus and her red heir; but my Flora soon laughed me out of that notion, and, from the vast fund of illustration at her command, pointed out to me a hundred instances of learned women who had been the tenderest friends and the most delightful companions. There was Lady Jane Grey and Madame Dacier, and Mrs. Macaulay and Hannah More, and Mary Woolstoncraft and Johanna Southcote: no, I am wrong there, I think: it was Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

It was settled that mamma-in-law Moasey was to live with us for a time, just to see us settled down. The indefatigable woman was determined to relieve us of all the care and trouble of taking a house—we had enough to do with billing and cooing in Paris, she said; and Flora's opinion, to which I was always proud and happy to defer, was, that I could not, in gratitude, do less than show the most unlimited confidence in so warm-hearted and disinterested a relative. I think she wanted Mrs. Moalsey to have a cheque-book, and draw on my bankers for the necessary sum required for furnishing our house; but business is business, you know, and I thought it just better to let mamma-in-law have five hundred pounds to begin with, because then, you see, she could ask me for what she wanted more whenever she required it. Flora and I had quite a little tiff on the subject—it was not the first one, by the way—but it was all

in fun, you know. She was rather violent at first, and (just in play) called me some very odd names, and then she sulked with me for the remainder of the day; but we soon made it up—ob, very soon—and I bought her a dashing little bracelet in the Palais Royal, with a tiny gold watch, studded with jewels, set in it. We were like turtle-doves for a week afterwards.

I think that I should have liked to live at Brighton. The air there is so pure and bracing, and we should have been near my father-in-law and his family; but my wife and Mumsey-Flora insisted on my calling Mrs. Moalsey "Mumsey"-would not hear of such a thing. London was my proper sphere, the one said in Paris. Besides, had I not the "works" to attend to the other pointed out (through the medium of the foreign post). I must consider my position in society, Flora was kind enough (the darling) to tell me, as we were dining at Philippe's. I must consider my wife's claims to occupy a distinguished position in the genteel world, my mamma-in-law wrote from London. So I gave in, as I did in everything (except the cheque-book), and Mumsey wrote a letter of eight pages, addressed jointly to self and Flora, in which, after giving us some truly valuable information about the electro-biology, the Od force, the moon's rotation, and the phenomena of spiritual manifestations, all ef which were engaging a good deal of the public attention, she informed us that she had taken a truly delightful house for us in Great Ormond street, Russell square.

"Great Ormond street, Russell square, my dear," I ventured to remark, with perhaps somewhat of an expostulatory accent, "isn't that rather a dull neighborhood?"

"Dull!" repeated Flora; "it's delightful."

"Well, but, my dear," I persisted, rather timidly, I must acknowledge, "isn't it rather old-fashioned, rather out of the way, rather dingy and grubby, not to say too much—"

"Great Ormond street, Russell square, Mr. Cruiser," retuned my wife, "is the centre of scientific and erudite London. A street that Professor MacStradivarius, of the University of Edinburgh, has recommended; a street that Professor Bopps, of the University of Berlin, condescends to reside in when he visite England; a street in which the immortal Flinders first conceived the notion of his great work 'Geographical Conundrums Reconciled with Neoplastics;' a street in which Sir William Walter Wagtail, physician to King George the Fourth (who used to call him 'Waggy,' and who was my godfather), lived, is surely good enough for a twopenny-half-penny soap-boiler and tallow-chandler—"'

"Flora!" I exclaimed entreatingly, though I knew the spirited creature was only in fun.

"Don't Flora me, sir," she retorted haughtily. "How dare you interrupt me!—Is surely good enough for a poor half-witted creature, whose wicked, tipsy old uncle was a pirate and chopped up nasty wood, and lived with a housekeeper who was no better—"

"Flora!" I broke in again, and in some heat—"Flora, for shame!"

"What!" my wife shricked rather than cried out—"what!" she repeated in a violent crescendo.

We were dining at the time (most of those little sparing matches took place at dinner) in a cabinet particulier at the Took Frères Provençaux. We had a capital spread, and the somewhat diminutive table was loaded with nice things. At the last "what" my wife uttered, what do you think she did! By Jove, sir, she swooned, and fell on the ottoman behind her; but in the act of falling she managed—by accident, and in the cheavor to save herself—to catch hold of one corner of the dam ask tablecloth. You know how spasmodically tight the grip is under such circumstances. She could not relax her hold of course, and in her fall she dragged off the table, not only the cloth, but half-a-dozen dishes, wine, decanters, stews, liqueum, plates, knives, forks, and a lobster salad, which all fell in a ruinous heap on the floor.

Here, indeed, was a realisation of the farce of "A Lady and Gentleman in a peculiarly Perplexing Predicament;" but the worst of all was, that my Flora lay on the ottoman (it is well-derful how she escaped tumbling down altogether) in a deal faint. I chafed her hands, I called her endearing names; but all to no avail. I was afraid or ashamed to summon the waiter.

At last vinegar suggested itself to nic. I seized a cruet desperately, and poured some of the contents on my Flora's forehead. Alas! it was oil! I seized another. "This must be the right one." I said to myself; but to my horror and dismay, there only came from the perforated top a whitish powder. I found out afterwards what it was. There is an abominably scented farinaceous compound called, I think, poudre de riz, with which, with a view towards enhancing the brightness of their complexions, the French ladies (who are, as you know, slightly inclined towards a dingy biliousness or dusky swarthiness of hue) powder their faces on every excusable and inexcusable occasion. At the theatre and after it; at supper; before and after a ball; going to a marriage or going to a funeral, a French lady's toilette is not deemed complete without a thorough dusting of this inevitable poudre de riz. Those charming little sepulchres of folly and frivolity, French women, are being constantly whitened. To such a pitch has the powdering mania arrived, that the cunning garçons of the restaurants always pop a flask full of this detestable substance on the diningtables of the cabinets particuliers, where it passes a furtive muster as one of the condiments.

I had, as you perceive, mistaken it for vinegar, and now to my horror I found that together with the oil it produced an effect to which the preparatory stages of painting a clown's face for a pantomime can only be compared. The more I tried to wipe it off my wife's face with my hand and with a napkin, the worse I made matters: the horrible mess rubbed in, and not off-yet somehow it seemed to restore Flora from her fainting fit. She started up, and in the wildness of returning consciousness, not having proper command over her limbs, the fingers of her outstretched hand came in contact with my face, and as she wore the long crooked nails which have lately been so fashionable among ladies, the result was a few slight abrasions close to my nose. After all, it was but nervous re-action. I think, too, that, playfully spluttering—some of my unfortunate mixture had invaded her lips—she called me "abominable wretch." But then, you know, people are always incoherent on their recovery from syncope.

She sulked with me all the next day, and kept her room, and I occupied apartments for a single gentleman, on a sofa covered with cut yellow velvet. A slight notion came over me that our honeymoon was fast changing into one of bee's-wax, not to say of gall and wormwood, but I dismissed the ugly thought as soon as conceived. A few bouquets from Madame Morel's, and a handsome mantle of "Marmotte de Kamschatka" fur, brought about an affecting reconciliation between us soon afterwards, and then we started for England, and Great Ormond street, Russell square. I was somewhat saddened and broken in spirit—the gilt of the gingerbread had begun to wear off somehow, and I could not help feeling that those little epithets of "tallow-chandler," "half-witted creature," and "abominable wretch," applied to me, though certainly in the heat of a pardonable resentment, by my Flora, were sticking in my throat, like an undigested fish bone; but I still loved my wife very dearly, and she was all in all to me.

"Get oot, sir!"

Imagine these words enunciated in a broad Scotch accent, and with an expression of indignant contempt, applied to a man—a wealthy man, mind, a respectable man, and one who has been considered, by those qualified to judge, as not at all ill-looking—applied to Benedict Cruiser in his own house.

"Get oot, sir!"

The speaker was a bony woman of great altitude of stature—I'm sure she must have been at least six feet high—and whose countenance and costume reminded me forcibly of a Helen Macgregor, who had, by some odd freak of consanguinity, become twin sister to Dickens's Mrs. Pipchin. The speaker was, bh, horror of horrors! Mrs. Cecilia Metella Moalsey, my "Mumsey," my mamma-in-law.

"Get oot, sir! Hoo daar ye coom into a hadies' sympo-

We had been in town, in Great Ormond street, about a week, when, one evening, coming home from my club—I went very

often to the club now—I, about ten o'clock, found my drawing-room door locked. Now, no man likes to find his door locked, especially a married man, and I may admit that I immediately began to kick at it pretty furiously. There were several cries of "Who's there?" "What do you want?" and the like, and at last the door was opened, and the lady whom I have described to you appeared. It must be premised that I had only once seen my mamma-in-law before—on the evening of my arrival, when she informed me, very curtly, after the first greetings were over, that she designed making a provincial tour for a week, as she was about organising a symposium of intellectual females, to take into consideration the all-important question of Woman's Rights. Little did I imagine that the "symposium" alluded to was to be held in my own house.

I just took one peep into this chamber of horrors, for entrance was impossible; my mamma-in-law barred the way. My Flora, seated at a carved desk, officiated as secretary, and around her, reading, wrangling and smoking—yes, madam, smoking—were a band of ladies mostly of the most intellectual hardness of facial development. There was a terrible griffin of a female, a party in a jacket and Jim Crow hat, who, I will take my affidavit (and my eyesight for granted) wore Wellington boots under her Balmoral skirt; there was a somewhat comely but very acrid Minerva in a riding habit; but the mass of the assemblage was made up of the sternest, most defiant, rigidest ladies that eyes ever beheld.

A ladies' symposium!—a ladies' what! I want to know what right those abominable and uncomfortable females had in my drawing-room—in the principal apartment of the grim, mouldy house in Great Ormond street, which my detested—I mean my respected—mother-in-law had taken on a long lease and furnished for me, oh, misery of miseries! As I turned to expostulate with Mrs. Moalsey, there arose a shrill clamor from the uncomfortable women about "women's rights," "mutual responsibilities," "equalisation of property," "the tyrant man." and heaven knows what besides. I saw it all now. I had realized the deprecatory prediction of my uncle Cruiser, and in marrying had made a fool of myself.

I write the words with horror and repugnance: I had fallen among the superlatives of that class of whom Miss Addypose, with her red nose and her hortus siccus, and her "worldly minded Erastianism," was but a feeble comparative. I was delivered over, bound hand and foot, to strong-minded women; and the chief of my tormentors was my mother-in-law. But I reserve the further recapitulation of my wrongs for another chapter.

(To be continued.)

THE SEVEN ANCIENT WONDERS OF THE WORLD .- These were: 1st. The brass Colossus of Rhodes, 121 feet high, built by Ceres, A. D. 328, occupying 20 years in making. It stood across the harbor of Rhodes 66 years, and was then thrown down by an earthquake. It was bought by a Jew from the Saracens, who loaded 9,000 camels with brass. 2nd. The Pyramids of Egypt. The largest one engaged 360,000 workmen 30 years in building, and has stood at least 3.080 years. 3d. The Aqueducts of Rome, invented by Appius Claudius, the Censor 4th. The Labyrinth of Psammetichus, on the banks of the Nile. containing within one continued wall 1,000 houses and 12 royal palaces, all covered with marble, and having only one entrance. The building was said to contain 3,000 chambers, and a hall built of marble adorned with statues of the gods. 5th. The Pharos of Alexander, a tower built by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus, in the year 282 B. C. It was erected as a light-house, and contained magnificent galleries of marble-a large lantern at the top, the light of which was seen near a hundred miles off; mirrors of enormous sizes were fixed around the galleries, reflecting everything on the sea. A common tower is now erected in its place. 6th. The Walls of Babylon, built by order of Semiramis, or Nebuchadnezzar, and finished in one year by 200,000 men. They were of immense thickness. 7th. The Temple of Diana, Ephesus, completed in the reign of Servius, the sixth king of Rome. It was 450 feet long, 200 broad, and supported by 126 marble pillars.

Digitized by Google

SONNET IN DEFENCE OF INCONSTANCY.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

O call me not inconstant as the wind,
That I am chang'd! I lor'd thee once, 'tis true,
But who is there who owns such constant mind,
That through long years no changes ever knew?
Thy beauty once did fix my roving eye
With a deep spell: and when thy Syren tongue
Murmur'd cut notes of honey'd unclody,
My heart enraptur'd on its accents hung.
O, then I lor'd thee well! I knew no thought
Wherein thy happiness was not commix'd,
And as thy charms my wayward fancy caught,
So by thy presence was the passion fix'd.
But thou away! adoring bright eyes nigh,
I'm true to Lore by my inconstancy.

A CORNISH HUG.

It is generally admitted, I believe, that the lower orders of Cornwall are a shade more refined, more artistic, or, as some anti-patriots would express it, more continental, than is the the rule with the laboring populations of this country. A slight but significant illustration of this flattering theory (to Cornwall), may be found in the circumstance, that the official rank known among the matter-of-fact mechanics of the northern and midland counties by the bare, common-place definition of Foreman; in the Staffordshire regions by the name of Butty; amongst the nomad and lawless navvies by the alarming title of Ganger; and in the slow-going, humdrum coalpits and forges of Monmouthshire, by the homely appellation Gaffer: the enjoyment of this dignity in the Cornish mines confers upon its holder the graceful and enviable distinction of Captain.

Several members of my family had resided in Cornwall, and numerous were the Cornish legends with which my youthful soirées were enlivened. The heroes of most of these were cap tains. I began life strongly prepossessed in favor of this distinguished order. I think I must have been a little dazzled by the splendor of the title itself; and, unquestionably, remote association with the achievements of the very Carlylian hero of great Cornish captains in the mining way; Captain Jack, in fact—

the valiant Cornishman, Who slew the Giant Cormoran,

by means of sinking a shaft on the property of that very extensive landowner (a masterpiece of engineering, and for which its projector was justly rewarded by hitting upon a rich vein of tin); this, I repeat, beyond all doubt, had a great deal to do with my admiration. At any rate, I was a thorough believer in the mining captains of Cornwall, and delighted in the abundant records of their deeds and sayings; the former usually belligerent, frequently naïve, the latter invariably humorous. There was the story of Captain Jemmy Penrose; the conscientious, the ambitious, but the singularly uncurious. This was a great favorite of mine, and I must briefly refer to it. The prevailing and chronic ambition of all the great Cornish captains of the age, from which my information dates, was once in a lifetime to enjoy the pleasure of seeing London Church Town. Captain Jemmy was no exception to this rule; or, rather, he may have been; for Jemmy's ambition was not so much to see London Church Town, as to enjoy the more enduring pleasure of saying that he had seen it. Being the antipodes of the late Brinsley Sheridan in the matter of moral principle, as well as in a few other respects not worth attending to, the idea of indulging in the desired honor upon falso pretences-if it ever suggested itself to Captain Jemmy's simple imagination-was too revolting to his upright nature to be for a moment entertained as a practical scheme.

Jemmy saved his money, got his holiday, and travelled ali the way from Penzance to London Church Town by wagon No jeke of a journey in those days, and for a man who had, perhaps, spent nine-tenths of his life incalculable fathoms under ground, must have been rather oppressive from an excess of daylight, fresh air, and other unwonted inconveniences. How-

ever, wagons have tilts; and it is to be hoped Captain Jemmy had an opportunity of preserving his eyesight.

Everything must have an end; and the wagon at length entered London Church Town; Captain Jemmy Penrose in it, of course. Arrived at their final destination, the wagoner naturally imagined that Captain Jemmy would like to get out. Captain Jemmy did not appear to have foreseen the necessity of such a proceeding. He inquired when the wagon was going back. He was informed early on the following morning. In that case, Captain Jemmy said, he would prefer remaining where he was, being rather fatigued, and in no need of refreshment. Captain Jemmy slept all night in his wagon, having thoughtfully secured his place for the return journey. He had seen London Church Town. His mission was accomplished; and he returned to Cornwall in a perfect state of contentment (his feet scarcely having touched the pavement of the great metropolis) to mention the ennobling circumstances.

But if I go on telling at this length all the stories of Cornish mining captains that crowd upon my memory, I shall have no space left for the surprising mail-coach adventure of Captain Billy Tregear, which I sat down expressly to chronicle, in the belief that it has not yet seen the color of printing ink.

I must admit, by way of preface, that the story of Captain Billy Tregear is deficient in the rather essential element of probability. But, as it is considerably more strange than the majority of fictions, there is proverbial authority for assuming it to be true. I can assert one thing positively, that such a person as Captain Billy Tregear really had an existence. But this is weak evidence, and establishes the authenticity of the incidents to be related, ascribed by popular belief to his experience, about as clearly as Mrs. Quickly's story of her neighbor's dish of prawns made out a case of breach of promise of marriage against Sir John Falstaff, or as the existence of the horse block in front of Mr. Willet's establishment proved that Queen Elizabeth had once visited the Maypole.

However, I will tell the story as I used to hear it.

Captain Billy Tregear, like his compeer, and perhaps friend, Jemmy Penrose, was bound on the visite de riqueur to London Church Town. Captain Billy would seem to have been in more comfortable circumstances, or he may have been simply more luxurious and extravagant than the listless Jemmy. At any rate, Captain Billy travelled by mail, not by wagon, outside of course.

Billy sat behind the coachman, in company with three rather unusual coach passengers. But as any kind of coach or passengers would have been unusual to Billy, he perhaps saw no more singularity in them than in the rest of his fellow-travellers. They were certainly not the kind of people one is in the halit of meeting even in mixed society. One of them was an Italian showman. His companions were a bear and a monkey.

Captain Billy accepted their companionship cheerfully, as a perfectly natural and legitimate incident in his aboveground experiences.

At the outset of my story I confess there is a sort of Alpine or Rubicon barrier of improbability, which the reader may perhaps find some difficulty in getting over. But he is requested to make an effort, with the assurance that this obstacle surmounted, he will find the rest of our mutual journey comparatively plain sailing. He must make an effort, then, to believe—as implicitly, if possible, as I myself did when I first heard the story—that Captain Billy Tregear, either from a defective knowledge of mankind or from an impaired vision, the result of having had the sun too much in his eyes, whether in the literal or the metaphorical sense (both cases being possible to a Cornish miner just come aboveground for a holiday) misters the bear for a human being, outlandish perhaps and tacitum, but undeniably human.

You must bear continually in mind that Captain Billy had risen from the ranks to his present distinction in the depths of a tin mine. What could he know about man and beasts in the upper sunlit world? I could point out a score of gentlemen—either of whom, happening to be Billy's travelling companition the occasion, might easily have been mistaken by Billy for a bear. Is it then a wonder that the simple untutored Cornishman should have mistaken a bear for a gentleman?

I fear in order to make my story at all probable (the difficulty enlarges as I approach it), I must fall back upon and cling to the hypothesis that Captain Billy had mounted the coach in a hazed and muzzy condition; and had come armed with a case-bottle after the manner of sagacious travellers; that he could not have been in a state to judge by ocular demonstration of the outlines of his fellow-passengers; that he was merely aware of a dark, huddled-up figure of some kind sitting peaceably beside him, whose outer and tangible garment appeared to be of a furry texture, and that Billy—as a natural consequence of his assumed condition—was disposed to be sociable and communicative.

The legend proceeds to state, that Billy made several unsuccessful attempts to engage the bear in conversation.

We have binted that the bear was taciturn. There was every excuse for his observing this apparently churlish demeanor. In the first place he was naturally ignorant of the English language. In the second, he labored under the physical disadvantage of being muzzled. Billy, it may be fairly supposed, was not able to notice this physical inconvenience; or it is probable that he would have treated the bear with greater consideration than he did.

However, it took a long time to offend Billy. He wanted to talk. Having exhausted general topics-in which the stranger might be naturally indisposed to take an interest—the gallant but perhaps (well, yes, he must have been, so let us consider the matter settled) intoxicated captain, proceeded to more personal questions. It struck him that he would start a delicate compliment to his neighbor's taste and judgment in dress. Now to withstand that kind of blandishment one must be a bear indeed!

"Famous topcoat that o' yourn, sir," said Billy, admiringly smoothing the bear's left shoulder. "Beautiful topcoat, to be sure.''

The bear may have thought so too; but as has been shown, there were insurmountable obstacles to his expressing an opinion upon that or any other subject.

"Good sort of coat that for the pits," pursued the undaunted Billy. "Water'd trickle off it just the very thing like off a oont's (mole) back. Wouldn't it, now?"

The bear was obstinately silent, and here, I think, he was to blame. He might have grunted at least.

Bill was not yet beaten. He pursued:

"Excuse my freedom, sir, as a poor man and a perfect stranger; but might I ask what would be the cost of a topcoat like that, for I should like to have one, if within means?"

Still the bear didn't say a word.

Captain Billy was now fairly huffed. Human blood is apt to get warm down in those gaseous tin mines, and Billy felt this was a poor return for his persistent civility. He opened and shut his hands, loosened his biceps muscles, and clutched at the air as if meditating vengeance, in a Cornish manner, at the earliest opportunity. Having grasped and thrown a few imaginary foes over the back of the coach, and feeling himself in training for any encounter, Billy deliberately proceeded to prowoke the bear by insult.

He spoke at that unoffending personage in the third person. "Well! I ain't a judge of breeding, perhaps, but it ain't my idea of a gentleman!"

Billy was quite right. The bear was no gentleman.

The showman here interposed. He fully understood the state of the case, which he had watched from its commence. ment. Nursing his monkey affectionately in his lap (and winking at the coachman and passengers), he said to Captain Billy-in pretty fair English-with a mischievous Italian smile:

"You must not be offended with him. He does not understand your language. He is a Russian."

"Rooshan, eh?" said Billy, rather exasperated than pacified by the explanation. "Bra-ave, ugly chap, sure he is, too. Can her wrussel?"

"Oh, yes; the Russians are very fine wrestlers," said the Italian.

"Well! there's wrusslers in Cornwall, too." The wrathful captain again clutched the air as he spoke.

"You had better not try with him," the showman went on. He has one terrible grip."

"So they said of the Westmoreland man last winter, but I throwed him over my head, and could have done it with my

"Ah! but the Russians have one hug of their own."

"So've we; and it's thought a good'un," said Billy, tartly. And then I think Billy must have sought solace in the casebottle, and fallen asleep, murmuring contemptuous defiance against the Rooshan nation collectively.

History at any rate insists upon the fact, that at the first halting place, Captain Billy on descending, staggering or tumbling from the roof of the coach, knocked against his late neighbor, the bear, lately assisted by his master in descending to terra firma, to the admiration of numerous bystanders, and became indignant at what he conceived to be a fresh insult to the British flag at the hands of perfidious Muscovy. Billy rushed blindly at his insulter, whom he seized by the shoulders, after the manner of his country, preparing to initiate him into the mysteries of the Cornish hug.

The bear, of course, didn't like this, and retaliated after the custom of his race and district. Equally, as a matter of course, Captain Billy Tregear didn't like that.

"Here, I say," Billy gasped, rapidly collapsing within the slowly closing hug of his adversary, "this ain't wrussling!"

The bear was impervious to argument as on former occasions. To his horror, Billy felt sharp fangs entering a fleshy portion of his torso. It was a pity he had not better studied the Russian character.

"Here, I say! You're a clau-ing me. This ain't fair! Help! Murder!"

Billy's eyes rolled wildly in search of probable rescue among the terror-stricken spectators. There was no help in sight In the midst of his agony he looked upwards, and saw the monkey, who had not yet been lifted from the seat on the coach to which his master had tied him. There was hope yet. Victory had already decided against Billy. The British flag was nowhere. Prompt capitulation was the only safety. With the remnant of breath left to him, he screamed out imploringly to the monkey.

"I say, young gentleman, speak to your father in his own language, and tell him if he'll loose go I'll ax his pardon.'

The story always finished here. At the time of my first becoming acquainted with it, Captain Billy Tregear was reported to be still alive and prosperous. I never learnt how he got out of Mr. Bear's clutches, and conjecture fails to suggest a probable means of his extrication. But I never like to inquire too closely into the reality of good stories. They always come out from the fire of scrutiny, singed like Michaelmas geese, of their feathery glories. I have not yet got over the pain of discovering, a few months ago, that Rob Roy was not only a dirty sheepstealer, but that he sold a fight to the English government in the great Scottish rebellion.

Anecdore of Audubon.—The great naturalist was on the lookout for the red-headed woodpeckers, and was very anxious to obtain a specimen. Seeing one fly into a hole in a tree, a long way up, he pulled off his coat and climbed up with the energy that never failed him. Puffing and sweating he reached it at last, and putting in his hand to seize the bird, to his great dismay a snake stuck his head out of the hole and hissed in his face. This was so unexpected and frightful that Audubon let go his hold and tumbled to the ground more dead than alive. His companion came running up to him, and seeing the naturalist was not hurt, but dreadfully frightened, said to him: "Ah! you are very much frightened, doctor?" "No, sir," replied the doctor, quite offended; "but if you vant to see you badly scared snake, just go up dare!"

It is an invariable custom in Boston for a man of business who fails, to remove his sign from his door. Many years ago one Moses Poor failed in Boston, and did not comply with the usual custom of removing his name. During the night the boys took down his sign, sawed it in two, and replaced it, but with the names reversed, so that it read, Poor Moses.

CARRIOLE TRAVELLING IN NORWAY.

BY C. U. C. BURTON

Hull is the usual starting point for Norway. A fine morning in the month of June found the steamer Courier lying at her dock in that city, her deck exhibiting such a scene of busy life as to evince that she was making preparations for a speedy departure. Package after package made its appearance on deck. The steward and stewardess looked good-natured; their bustling manner and smiling faces betokening anticipations of a profitable voyage. Meanwhile, servants belonging to the passengers were busy in stowing away various articles of luggage; a guncase was placed in immediate proximity to sundry other cases, supposed to contain fishing tackle. The last named preparations seemed to indicate that the steamer was bound to some land of wooded height and mountain torrent; while the sundry cans marked mixed pickles, Worcestershire sauce, sardines, preserved meats, &c., &c., were suggestive of a country which did not rejoice in an over-abundance of those little delicacies, which no people can better appreciate than the wanderers from the land of roast beef and plum-pudding. The passengers were mostly on board; the last arrived at the moment the plank was about to be hauled in ; these were a stout and buxom dame attended by a small and apparently docile husband; the poor man had every look of one who was accustomed to being caudled, and his better half that of one who might be able to caudle him with impunity. The poor man had something to accomplish to see that all of madam's packages were deposited on deck. Madam had brought on board but one of her pair of pet poodles, and Jones (so I heard her call him), had especial directions with reference to the other, and a pair of canary birds (probably the

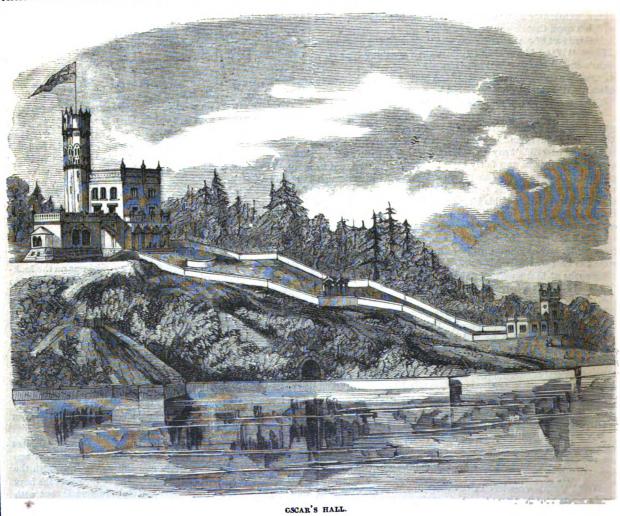
worthy couple had no children). These safely on board, seven bandboxes followed, with five trunks, hatbox and umbrella cases, besides numerous packages of every conceivable variety, of the probable contents of which the writer was unable to form any conclusion, or even to guess, Yankee as he is.

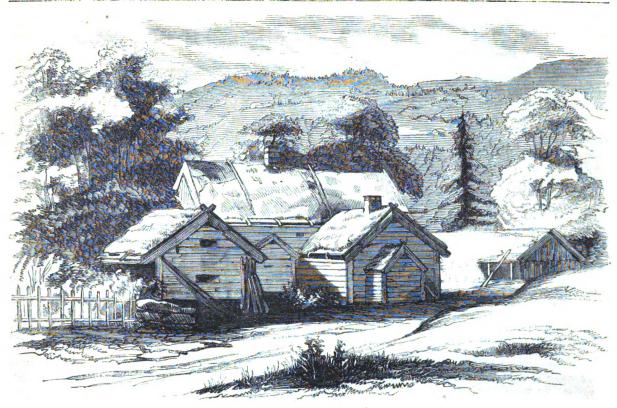
The shrill voice of Mrs. Jones—for such was her name—was heard above all the din and confusion, giving her orders in the most self-possessed manner. The goods and chattels were at last supposed to be all on board; poor Mr. Jones stood beside his more responsible better half, wiping the perspiration from his face with a huge yellow bandana, evidently supposing his duties ended; but no, his wife insisted that Jones should go back to the carriage and take one more look, fearing something had been left. Our bluff captain, who had been standing, watch in hand, upon the paddle-box, declared that he could wait no longer, and Jones was near being released from this last service, when madam flew to the captain with such a storm of words that he surrendered at discretion, and the obedient husband was permitted to do her bidding.

It was with a stentorian voice that the captain at last gave the welcome order, "All aboard!"

"All aboard!" responded the chief officer, and the steamer Courier was en route for Norway, threading her way through a crowd of vessels to the unobstructed channel of the Humber.

The passengers now had an opportunity of surveying each other, as a passage of three or four days is of sufficient length to give a certain degree of interest to such a survey. Lounging upon deck were a variety of groups, among which were several gentlemen in full sporting suits. There was a distinguished M. P. from Hertfordshire, with his family; a lively and handsome young officer of the Guards, accompanied by a young country esquire; some three or four intelligent young gentlemen from one of the Universities, purposing to make a pedes-





HOUSE IN GULDSBRANDSDAL

trian tour in the south of Norway. Mr. F—— is a Norwegian, who has been absent some twenty years from his country, residing at the Cape of Good Hope, and like all Norwegians, seems to be a great enthusiast, so far as everything connected with his native country is concerned.

It is a rare occurrence to leave England by any of the steamers plying upon the great routes to the Continent, without a sprink-

ling of that peculiar character so well known upon the Continent yclept Cockney. But among our numerous passengers by the Courier, I have looked in vain for that marked character. Mr. Jones is, I learn, a manufacturer in the interior of England, who has some business connections in Norway, where he purposes spending the summer.

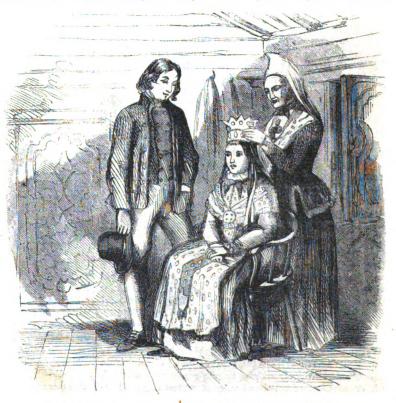
There is little in the stern and rugged character of Norwegian scenery, or in the simple life and manners of the people to attract the Cockney travellers; they are more at home upon the Rhine, in France, Belgium and Switzerland.

After leaving the dock, our steward made himself busy for a considerable time in arranging for his unusual number of passengers. But like those of his craft in general, he had considerable inventive powers, and we were all at last assured of a place to sleep, although but a small portion of us had a bed to sleep on.

The city of Hull, and its stately chimneys vomiting forth their usual dense cloud of smoke, soon grew faint in the distance, and the calm and muddy waters of the Humber were exchanged for the chopping and disagreeable motion of the North Sea.

An American can scarcely leave England without some yearning feelings towards the fatherland. A people with the same language, and down to a recent period the same history, and above all with the same Vol. III., No. 6-32

religion, and a literature so closely interwoven, ought certainly to feel a degree of interest in each other unknown to other nations. As an American I glory in the fact that Jonathan may find so much in his sire to respect and love. It is true we-boast that the youth is fast outstripping the parent, and it rather piques John that the stripling should be so given to boasting; but why not look upon the boy with the doting



NORWEGIAN PEASANT BRIDE BRING ADORNED FOR THE MARRIAGE.

leniency of a father, who discerns in all this only that his off- the same expression which one occasionally puts on with the spring is a true chip of the old block? He might say:

[thumb placed against the nose and the hand extended with a spring is a true chip of the old block? He might say:

Look how the father's face Lives in his issue

With almost the first bounds of the steamer when fairly outside, the demon sea-sickness appeared; there is indeed no more disagreeable sea to be found, unless in the English Channel. Poor Jones had one advantage over some of his fellow-passengers, namely, in being allowed no time whatever for sea-sickness; his buxom better half, seated in the midst of her sundry boxes, kept the poor man so constantly occupied in attending to her wants, that he showed no indications of the epidemic. On the first attack of the disease madam had discarded her poodles. Jones unhappily trod upon the toes of one which was whisking about its mistress, in acting his part as a dutiful husband. This mishap for a moment overcame her nausea, and a torrent of words were lavished upon the discomfited man.

Captain P-, whom I have thus far neglected to mention among our passengers, is the type of a certain class of Eaglishmen of fortune and good family; a gentleman in his associations, a taste for adventure seems to have been early developed. Allude to any place of interest in England, he confesses his entire ignorance of it; he has not been "up to London" for many years, save to replenish his fishing and shooting tackle. He knows every portion of our country sive the civilized. He can relate buff do hunts and wild adventures with some of the more remote tribes of Indians; eighteen years ago he penetrated from St. Louis to the Rocky Mountains, encamping out for several months. Ho is familiar with every wild jungle in India, has seen something of Africa, and tells many stories of the Kaffirs; he was delayed making a tour which he had planned through Siberia, on account of the late Russian war; but still he knows nothing of Paris, of Berlin, of Vienna or New York, and honestly confesses that he has never seen the inside of St. Paul's or of Westminster Abbey. A keen love of adventure seems his ruling passion; regions the most uncivilized, and seas the least traversed, possess for him an indescribable charm. He has a brace of fine dogs for companions, and an old servant who has accompanied him during many years of his wanderings, who understands his master's whims, and assumes all responsibility of his affairs while in civilized regions, which he is doubtless obliged to discontinue when his master finds himself in his element, that is, beyond the bounds of civilization. The captain's travelling accoutrements are curious; he has a poncha from Mexico, a capote from the East, tobacco and pipes which he has brought from Turkey, moccasins from one of the extreme Western tribes of the American Indians, to which may be added waterproofs of every conceivable variety.

Comparatively few travellers visit Norway with the ostensible object of seeing the country. The swarms of Englishmen who may be encountered in almost every part of the country, from the mouth of the Alten on the north to Christiansand on the south, are attracted thither by the rare sport that the salmon streams afford. These persons secure leases of certain distances upon the salmon streams for a term of years, the owners of the land who make such contracts reserving to themselves all the fish which may be killed by the sportsmen, who are allowed only such a quantity as may be consumed by themselves and servants while they are upon the ground. Consequently the sportsman who visits Norway without a previous arrangement with some party holding such leases, will be greatly disappointed in his anticipations of sport.

The second day out gave us a pretty severe experience of the North Sea, wind dead ahead and blowing a gale; the old steamer Courier creaked under its effects. I recalled the advice which a friend had given me on leaving home, to "be careful and not get into the Maelstrom." I was in no immediate apprehension of such a fate, although the Courier occasionally shipped some very heavy seas, and was oftentimes in a position reminding one of the vessel in the old school geography (Woodbridge's I think), on the point of being engulphed in this dreaded whirlpool, which, it was confidently asserted, would draw in ships from the distance of several miles. I inquired of the captain about the reality of the Maelstrom; he was non-committal on the matter, but assumed very much of

the same expression which one occasionally puts on with the thumb placed against the nose and the hand extended with a slight wriggle of the little finger. It was not until some time after that I learned this dreaded Maelstrom, the bugbear of my schoolboy days, was an actual humbug.

The Courier, however, breasted the storm well, and on the third day, at an early hour of the morning, the stern and jarged coast of Norway loomed up through the mist in the distance. The force of the myth contained in one of the old Sagas of the creation of Norway seemed very apparent, which was to the effect, that after the Almighty had created the world the devil hurled a mass of rock to destroy his fair work; thus, bare, shattered and gloomy the devil's work arose in the midst of the raging Northern Seas. A fit nursing-place for the Vikings of old appeared this stern and forbidding coast.

About noon we arrived at Christians and; here several passengers left us, some for excursions in the southern district, others to take steamer for Hammerfest. Christians and is a small town of some six or seven thousand inhabitants; its harbor is accounted one of the best in Norway. Hills of the most rugged and precipitous character form an amphitheutre about the little town and harbor. The place itself had more of an American look than any I had yet seen abroad; its white wooden church and spire, with white wood houses and green blinds in the distance, gave it quite a New England appearance. There was little to indicate cultivation about the town; the hills presented little more than a mass of precipitous rock, with scarce a square yard of soil.

The harbor is defended by military works, which consist of galleries hewn out of the solid rock, along the sides of precipitous hills, which rise abruptly on either side, semething after the plan of the rock excavations at Gibraltar. Sentinels in a gay uniform were pacing up and down upon the outposts, their bright colors and shining steel producing a pleasing contrast with the dark rock background.

The Norwegians have long been jealous of the encroachments of Russia, and the fact of occasional visits in this harbor of Russian government vessels, ostensibly of a friendly nature, but at the same time taking the soundings, probably by way of pastime to the officers, has led to a considerable strengthening of the defences within a few years. At one time the Russian government made demands upon Sweden for a foothold in the island of Gottland for a naval depôt. But it is in the northern provinces of Nordland and Finnmark that the Norwegians apprehend most from the encroachments of Russia. The possession of these provinces would give Russia just what she most stands in need of, seeports outside the Baltic, and a coast population supplying the best sailors in the world to man her ships.

But to return to the harbor of Christiansand. No people in the world are more fond of displaying their national flag than the Norwegians; they have not always had a flag of their own, and are indebted for it to the present sovereign, a gift highly appreciated by the people. From numerous points about the little town and fortifications of Christiansand it was floating in the breeze. The passage from Christiansand to Christiana occupied about twenty-four hours. The southern coast of Norway, although bold and precipitous, does not present mountain elevations of any considerable height. The general aspect is stern and rocky, with but slight appearance of cultivation.

At the mouth of the Christiana fiord, which is about sixty miles in length, we too't a pilot on board, and in the silvery light of a northern summer's night we threaded our course through the beautiful scenery of this renowned fiord. There is a something magical in the summer nights of these northern latitudes. It is not night, it is not day, and again it can scarcely be termed twilight; but something of the glow of noonday seems prolonged and blended with the sh dows of night; there is, withal, a certain dreamy and weird beauty of which language fails to convey an impression to the mind.

The shores of the Christiana fiord are mostly precipitous and covered with the dark Norway fir; an occasional farm-house with some patches of cultivation, or perhaps again a fisherman's cabin, enliven the scene.

Christiana as approached from the sea presents a singularly

picturesque and striking appearance; the fiord here widens considerably, and seems like a beautiful lake studded with islands. The castle of Agershuus is a prominent feature in the view; beyon! this an immense structure upon clevated ground is seen, presenting a bold outline above the other buildings of the city. An untravelled American dropped down here would certainly mistake it for a large hotel, and would be apt on landing to bend his steps thither, to order rooms and make himself uncomfortable as our countrymen are fond of doing, for the sake of being inmates of certain hotels upon the grandest scale. But the newly-arrived Jonathan would be considerably puzzled to gain admission, as he would find sentinels placed in front, and would learn that he had mistaken the royal palace for a hotel.

With very little detention after our arrival, we found ourselves safely landed in the capital of Norway. There was no demand for passports, and we proceeded to the Hotel du Nord. The arrangement and general style of our hotel were continental; an arched carriage-way admitted the traveller under the building to a paved courtyard in the rear, where vehicles were unloaded and reloaded. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity; at the tabled hote I observed most of the company spoke our mother tongue. Here was a bear-hunting Danish count, of whom more anon, one English gentleman travelling in Norway for scientific investigation, an Irish baronet, a Scotch laird, and several parties en route and returning from the salmon streams.

Perhaps the most peculiar feature of the Hotel du Nord, is the appearance of its inner court as a party are about starting for an excursion in the interior. I shall not readily forget the impression of the ludicrous left upon my mind, after watching the preparations for departure made by an English party who were my fellow-voyagers in the steamer from Hull. The party consisted of two gentlemen, with each a servant, and a tolh (interpreter), who had been added to their retinue since their arrival in Norway. The national vehicle of the country is a carriole, which accommodates but one person. Five of these carriages, each drawn by a single horse, were in waiting in the courtyard, besides two luggage carts. Numerous cases containing fishing and shooting tackle were lying upon the ground; case after case of the various edibles which had so attracted my attention on board the Courier were added to the pile, as well as four cases of wines and liquors, which had been added to their already large stock of encumbrances since the arrival of the party in Christiana. This last addition showing that these young gentlemen were verdant so far as Norwegian travelling is concerned, as they were evidently not aware that at Trondhjem and other ports on the west coast of Norway a direct trade is kept up with the Mediterranean, exchanging fish for wines. The two carts engaged for the transportation of the various necessaries for the journey were found so fully packed, that it became necessary for each carriole to take a portion of the luggage, for which encumbrance an extra charge would be demanded at the post stations upon the whole route. At last, with the united assistance of all the servants of the inn, everything was made ready, and the cavalcade passed out into the street, seven vehicles, each driven and occupied by a single man, and each one with a postboy hanging on behind. It was no ordinary occurrence in Norway to see an expedition to the interior so thoroughly and expensively fitted out; there was of course a rush of loungers to the courtyard to witness the departure of Milords Anglais, as such personages are sure to be called upon the Continent.

Christiana is a well-built city, containing some streets that would be handsome in any European capital, particularly the Carl-Johansgade, which is of great breadth, leading directly to the royal palace. The city has grown rapidly within a few years, and now boasts a population of some forty thousand. The better class of houses are built on the Continental plan, with one common entrance, occupied by several families living upon flats, that is, a certain number of rooms or perhaps a whole floor occupied by each family. Carpets are little used; but I have seen some drawing-rooms here furnished in excellent taste. The resi lences upon Carl-Johansgade are quite French in style, and some of them-would not disgrace the finest portions of the Boul-yards.

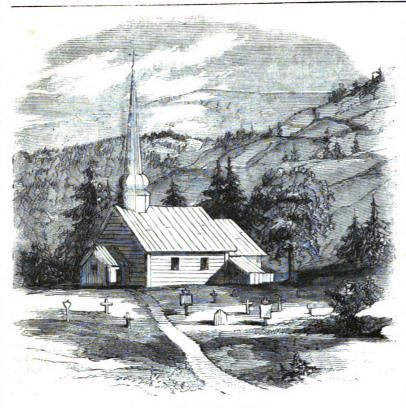
Since the union of Norway with Sweden and the adoption of its free constitution, the country has been greatly prosperous and progressive. Indeed, the constitution of Norway is in all respects as free as that of any of our States.

The day after we arrived at Christiana, Mr. F-, the Norwegian passenger from Hull, kindly volunteered to act as cicerone, proposing to visit several points of interest in and about the city. We first paid our respects to the palace, which is seldom occupied by the royal family, and when it is I learn that the king shows the good sense to assimilate his habits and style of living as nearly as possible to the simplicity and republican tastes of his Norwegian subjects. The palace is a handsome structure of considerable extent, but inferior to the one at Stockholm. In the afternoon we made an excursion to Oscar's Hall, a private villa of the king. It is of moderate extent. but most charmingly situated on a spur of land running out into the fiord, commanding a most enchanting view of the city and its surroundings, as well as of the fiord for a considerable distance. From the royal residence in the city to this point there is a succession of pretty villas built of wood, with quite a variety in their styles of architecture, in general appearance resembling much some our villas upon the Hudson.

The eminence upon which Oscar's Hall is built is about three hundred feet in height, descending precipitous'y to the water. The interior effect of the villa is particularly good; the floors are laid in mosaic of elaborate designs and highly polished. The wainscoting in some of the apartments is very claborate in carving and beautiful in design. There are a few pictures by Norwegian artists scattered through the rooms, but by far the crowning glory of the mansion is a series of medallion paintings which adorn the dining saloon. These are by an eminent Norwegian artist, Carl Haag. The series delineates various scenes in the humble life of the Norwegian peasant, commencing with childhood and extending to old age. It was nine o'clock when we left the Hall to return to the city; as we passed through the park, says my Norwegian friend, "Do you not think the flowers of Norway are more beautiful than any I was hardly able to appreciate their vast superiority, other?" and had not then learned the absolute necessity of praising everything Norwegian to gratify the exceeding vanity of the

In Christiana I presented several letters of introduction; among others to Professor Munch and Professor Keyser. Both these gentlemen have a European reputation. Professor Munch is well known as the historian of Norway. I found this gentleman occupying a pretty New England style of house, built of wood and painted white, in the midst of a garden. He received me very kindly, and remarked that it was not often he had the pleasure of entertaining an American. His English was very good, but so rapidly spoken that it required quite an effort to keep the run of his remarks. Professor Munch is, I should say, about fifty years of age, exceedingly cordial in manner, and full of enthusiasm for everything connected with Scandinavia--past and present. He proposed a walk, during which we visited a gallery of paintings mostly confined to works of Norwegian artists. Here were some fine specimens of the works of Tiedem and. Gude and Dahl. Of the last artist, the professor spoke with great enthusiasm; he said: "We could not appreciate him, but he has gone abroad and made a name for himself." My impressions were decidedly favorable to Norwegian art, from the examples here shown. The professor remarked: "You must remember that we are a young people, with an old history; your own country is young; but we are still younger, as we only date the commencement of our progress as a people from 1814, the time of the adoption of our free constitution." also visited the University library, which contains more than one hundred and twenty thousand volumes, among which are many rare works.

In the Museum of Northern Antiquities I passed a morning with Professor Keyser, who is deeply versed in Runic lore. This collection is not so large as either the one at Copenhagen or at Steckholm, but contains some very interesting objects. The learned professor, who is well known for his work upon the "Religion of the Northmen," as well as for his reputation as an Icelandic scholar, was exceedingly kind in explaining all the



CHURCH IN GULDSBRANDSDAL.

objects of especial interest. A gold collar is here preserved with bracelets of immense weight, which the professor supposed had once adorned a statue of the Northern god, Odin. They were discovered by some peasants in digging but about three feet below the surface of the ground in 1834. Several other ornaments were found with them, as well as coins of the fourth, sixth and eighth centuries. The whole were purchased by the of any woman whom he set himself at work to entangle. His

government for something more than two thousand dollars, and presented to the museum. The professor also showed me some knives and a girdle, which, he said, were formerly used in a novel kind of duel which prevailed among the peasantry until about the beginning of the present century. The affair of honor commenced by each one of the parties driving his knife into a block of wood; such portions of the blades as were not sunk into the wood were then wound with strips of leather. The combatants were placed face to face, and fastened together by a girdle so that neither could get away; their knives were then handed them, and a jolly fight they must have had of it. This was called the duel of the girdle; reminding one of the pastimes which Odin promised in the Walhalla, the happy future abode of all his followers who died sword in hand.

Here are, also, a crown, girdle and frontlet, such as are still worn by brides among the peasantry of the interior, where no greater disgrace can occur than for the unhappy fair one to be compelled to make her marriage vows uncrowned, as this is the test of the bride's reputation for chastity.

The streets of Christiana present at times a novel sight; gangs of prisoners from the castle of Agershuus are often seen, heavily ironed, engaged in various public works. A noted robber was, until recently, confined in this fortress in a cage formed of thick

bars of iron. This Norwegian Robin Hood was a decided character. He seldom, if ever, trespassed upon the property of the humble classes; but confined his robberies to the rich, often extending the helping hand to the poor and suffering. He prided himself greatly upon his affairs of gallantry, and is said to have had remarkable tact in gaining the affections



INTERIOR OF A KITCHEN, WITH PEASANTS OF THE DOVRE FJELF.



NORWEGIAN PEASANTS.

repeated escapes from the hands of justice were, doubtiess, often attributable to his fair inamoratas, who gave him warning of danger in time to insure his escape. Again, the suffering peasantry to whom he so often extended a generous hand in the hour of need, afforded him an asylum when pursued by the officers of justice.

He was first arrested for some petty theft, and showed the adroitness, not only to effect an escape from the fortress, but to come out better dressed than he entered, having secured a handsome suit of clothes belonging to the in-He was subsequently repeatedly captured and confined in this prison, but as often made his escape. On one occasion he was taken on board a ship bound for America. Irons of all descriptions were found useless, and he was finally placed in a strong cell in the basement of the citadel. Here, for some years, he appeared quite contented with his situation, or, at all events, resigned to it. One day the turnkey said to him: "Well you are fixed at last, and will never get out of this; and so you may as well promise us that you will make no attempt. The prisoner replied: "It is your business to keep me here if you can, and mine to prevent you doing so if possible." Next day the city was startled by the news that the prisoner had escaped, and by what means it was impossible at first for the officers of the prison to determine. At last they found, under his bed, that the heavy flooring had been cut away, and very nicely replaced; the planks were removed, and below it was found that he had sunk a shaft and formed a gallery under the wall of his prison, which enabled him to gain the courtyard, whence he reached the ramparts and dropped down into the ditch.

Nothing more was heard of Robin Hood for a year or two, and the community congratulated themselves upon his having left the country at last, and probably gone to America, where all scapegraces are supposed to go; when suddenly the iron chest of the National Bank was found minus some sixty thousand dollars, in paper money, and no traces left of violence upon the locks of the safe or on the doors of the bank. Some months afterwards a man was arrested for some petty theft, in a remote portion of the country, who proved to be the famous robber. He then disclosed the means by which he effected his escape from the prison, which had occupied his time while the

others were sleeping for nearly three years, with a single nail for his only tool. Once outside the fortress, he proceeded directly to the mountains, where he had money secreted, which he secured and returned to Christiana, where he disguised himself and took up his residence within a stone's throw of the prison. He now made the acquaintance of the porter of the bank, who judged him to be a very respectable personage from his dress and appearance, and secured an opportunity to take impressions of the locks, made false keys and succeeded. He was at last securely quartered in his old abode, with his cell changed for an iron cage, where his life must have been somewhat monotonous to the end, as the sole occupation allowed him was that of knitting stockings with wooden pins. He used occasionally to secure a chat with the governor of the prison, by intimating that he was about to disclose where the balance of the money was secreted.

There is a manly frankness and an open-hearted hospitality about the Norwegians that is truly refreshing. The Norwegian has a certain abruptness of manner quite the opposite of the Swede. The Swedes emulate the name which Voltaire bestowed upon them, that of "the French of the North," but they exceed the pattern, for where a Frenchman would bow once a Swede would surely not be satisfied with making less than half-a-dozen.

The few letters of introduction which I brought here, I delivered with cards of address, and soon found these drafts upon the kindness and hospitality of the people duly honored. Among my invitations, which were mostly for dinners, was one to the house of Mr. —, where I had the honor of meeting quite a distinguished party. The hour fixed was four o'clock. Among the guests were Professor Munch, Professor Keyser and some others connected with the University, the minister of the interior, and a gentleman who had travelled in the United States, under the patronage of the government, to investigate the working of our trial by jury.

The dinner was scarcely a fair specimen of a Norwegian entertainment, as the cooking was decidedly French, and all the arrangements of the meal, with the exception of a pudding, which seemed to have got astray, and was accordingly served up before the meats, after the soup and fish. The wines were abundant and of a superior quality; among them were white, port, champagne, claret, tokay, and cape wine. The servants who waited at table all spoke French, and wore white kids; the



Digitized by GOOGL

whole entertainment was really a handsome affair; the party t consisted of eighteen. The conversation was entirely in French and English, the latter predominating. Coffee was served at table, after which the guests returned to the drawing-room.

As we arose from the table an old see ie presented itself; everybody rushed towards everybody, shaking hands and saying $t \cdot k$ for mid (thanks for the meal), to which everybody respond d, wel below me (may it do you good). The effect of this performance was singular enough, it seemed more like a dance than anything else. I fancied our host, after such a recherché Parisian dinner, was slightly disconcerted by the introduction of this quaint old Scandinavian custom by a gentleman of the party. In answer to my inquiries, my host explained it as an antiquated Scandinavian custom, fast falling into disuse. But if it is going out of date in the capital, it certainly is not in the interior, as I afterwards had abundant opportunity to observe. In fact, I was pleased with this strange ceremony, as a traveller is likely to be when he discovers anything characteristic of a people; and then the whole scene struck me as very novel, to witness so many people rushing suddenly towards each other and flying about in all directions—one might be led at first to fancy that Norwegian dinners ended with a dance.

This ceremony finished, the guests separated for a time, some for walking, others for driving; at ten o'clock, they were all re-assembled for supper, and a most generous meal it was, rivalling the dinner in the variety as well as the substantial character of the dishes.

In the course of the evening's conversation many names famous in our literature were introduced, but among them no other writer seemed so well known as Fenimore Cooper. The conversation turned upon the "Old Mill" at Newport, in connection with the Red Rover; all parties were strong in the belief of its being a genuine Norse ruin. The merits of Uncle Tom were of course discussed, Mrs. Stowe's work having been published in several different Norse translations. Longfellow and Irving were well known, Bryant but little. There is a special interest in America and Americans exhibited everywhere in Norway. The Sagas are works of Norsemen written in what we call Icelandic, but this language a gentleman at the dinner insisted upon calling Norse. Professor Munch remarked that the Norse language of the present day, which by the way is only a modified Danish, was gradually becoming more and more assimilated to the old Norse or Icelandic. In fact, the Norwegians are too proud of their nationality, their old history and literature, as well as of the exploits of their barbaric Vikings, to be contented with a language forced upon them by a nation which held them four hundred years in subjection. They feel, with reference to it, much as do the inhabitants of the Duchy of Schleswig, in view of the efforts of Denmark to substitute her own tongue for that of the Fuderland.

Kansas affairs and the slavery question were discussed in an enlightened manner. The old gentleman who introduced the after-dinner Scandinavian custom, seemed quite perplexed to know what could have brought me to Norway; said he. "We have grand scenery here, but surely no American can need ever leave his own country to enjoy scenery of the most sublime character. And then Norway is such a poor country; we have no splendid cities or galleries filled with treasures of art, as you may find in other European countries. Did you come here to see the w rking of our free constitution upon an ancient people, who have always been free from the thraldom of feudalism?" One question succeeded another with such rapidity, that I was left no time for reply. The old gentleman finally concluded that, as an Anglo-Saxon, I must feel a degree of interest in a country from whence sprang the Norman conquerors of England, and again that, as an American, I should be attracted to a country which had given birth to the colonisers of Iceland. and the earliest discoverers of the American Continent.

The party broke up about twelve o'clock, and I returned to my hotel highly gratified with the spirit of kindness and cordiality which was so clearly evinced by every person whom 1 had met at the dinner.

Ten days passed very delightfully in Christiana. I was constantly more and impressed with the frank, manly and hos-

the Swedes are desirous of being considered the French of the North, and in society at Stockholm French alone is spoken. I met at an evening entertainment in Stockholm a native of that city, who had been residing for some years in the United States; speaking only Swedish and English, he found himself quite out of place, as the conversation was entirely in French. But in Norway, England is looked upon as the model country. and next to his mother tongue the Norwegian learns English, In the streets of Bergen the boys sing "Oh, Susannah, don't you cry for me," and "Uncle Ned," with apparently as full an appreciation of the words as the boys of our own country.

The time had nearly arrived for setting off upon my long journey to the North, and preparations were to be made. The equipment is rather an important matter, although I did not find it necessary to start with as formidable a cavalcade as the English party I have described. Individuals were not wanting among the guests at the Hotel du Nord, to give the most discouraging accounts of the whole tour. Travellers are so fond of magnifying trials and "moving accidents by flood and field" which they have encountered. Each one had some especial article to recommend as positively indispensable to the iournev.

One of my Norwegian friends who had been known to misapply an English word, recommended Mr. Bennet as "an excilent undertaker for a traveller." "But," said I, "my dear sir, I have no fancy whatever for being buried at present." But there was after all a decided point to the word which the Norwegian had used; this Mr. Bennet was a sort of factotum to all travellers in Norway, and there was nothing as it seemed but what this individual was willing to undertake to supply from Murray's guide books, fishing and shooting tackle, carrioles, harness and whips, even to the nails and tow strings which might be required to repair the harness during the journey.

There is a railway in operation as far as Minde, at the foot of lake Miösen, a distance of about forty English miles. It must be remembered that a railway is an exception to the general rule, so far as a means of conveyance, the national institution of the country being the carriole, which may be purchased or hired for the journey. The mode of travelling is posting.

The carriole may be called a purely Norwegian vehicle. Do not imagine the word synonymous with our carryall, for it is a direct contradiction, for instead of carrying all it only carries one. It is an extremely light two-wheeled carriage, something of the order of our American sulky, but destitute of the springs. A very small quantity of luggage may be strapped to a board behind, upon which the postboy sits, with his legs dangling as the carriage jolts along. It requires some time for the traveller to become sufficiently acquainted with the varied motions of the carriole to feel at ease.

I had made at Christiana, among other pleasant acquaintances, that of a young student of the University. It being his vacation, he gladly accepted an invitation to accompany me in my journey north as far as Trondhjem. Our arrangements for departure were at last completed, our carrioles provided, and the sets of harness; these are usually purchased and may be returned, and a portion of the money paid back, according to the agreement which may have been made at the time of purchase.

It was at an early hour of the morning that the English factotum of the Hotel du Nord announced that our carrioles were ready. This personage, by the way, was an important attaché of the establishment. He reminded me of some of the German and French shopkeepers, who attract attention by a glading sign in their windows, announcing that "English is spoken." In fact, the English of the Hotel du Nord was of the some character, decidedly of the polyglot order but our English servant was good-natured and obliging, and besides he had a very pleasant way of always saying, "Ye-es, sir, 'when he did not understand the question asked.

Coffee and bread and butter were ready as we descended to the dining-room. In the courtyard stood our carrioles, with a single valise fastened to each. We had laid in a stock of wat 7proof clothing, which was found indispensable. This consisted pitable character of the people. As I have before remarked, of a rubber coat, and an apron to put in front, and a hood of the same material, looking like that of a monk with a cape or frill dropping over the shoulders. Upon the outside of the dashboard in front was a leather case, with separate compartments for bottles, pipes and tobacco. Under the seat the small box was filled with some extra leather straps, a quantity of small rope tow strings, a hammer and some nails, all of which might be required in case of accident, a Norwegian harness being often ornamented with a quantity of tow strings. In the bottom of the carriole was a wooden covered box filled with provisions.

Once in our seats, the two olydsbonder (postilions) jumped lightly upon the boards behind, and our carrioles rolled out from the courtyard of the Hotel du Nord amid the civil bows, kind wishes, &c., &c., of our host, his polyglot, and several other satellites. Now began the swinging and jolting motion. It was slightly trying to the nerves at first, but as they say at sea, after we got "our sea legs on," that is, became a little accustomed to the motion of the vehicle, we began to enjoy this mode of travelling hugely, and concluded that we should have, as the English b'hoys say, a "jolly nice time of it." The postboys always jumped off to lighten the weight in going up hill, but they are always on again when a descent is to be made, the traveller knowing neither when they leave or return.

The postboy who accompanied my carriole, seemed mightily to enjoy my perturbation during our first experience of descending hills. That unqu stionable authority, John Murray, says, that the Norwegian horses should by no means be checked in a descent, no matter how precipitous it may be, as in this case they would be far more likely to lose their footing. The speed with which these animals start from the top of a hill and jump to the bottom, is not a little startling to the uninitiated. In some of the more mountainous districts, one who has had considerable experience of carriole travelling may chance to find his hair standing on end, if he does not happen to be bald. But like every seemingly dangerous experiment, after a frequent repetition of hairbreadth escapes, the traveller finding his bones all whole, his head sitting in its usual place upon his shoulders, and chancing to look behind, discovers a peculiar leer upon the mischievous countenance of the skuds (boy), he joins with him in a hearty laugh at his fears, and begins to enjoy his carriole and Norwegian pony all the more for the excitement which accompanies the seeming risk.

During our morning's drive from Christiana, we paused many times to enjoy the splendid views about us, particularly in looking back in the direction of the Christiana fiord.

As we had resolved to take our journey leisurely, we made no attempt to hasten on to Minde in time for the steamboat on Lake Miösen, which we designed to take as far as Lillehammer. We had therefore taken no pains to send on forbud (papers) to the different post stations, a precaution always necessary if one is at all desirous of hastening his journey, as only a portion of the posting stations in Norway are what is termed fast stations; that is, where horses are in readiness or may be obtained within an hour. At the slow stations, although you are always assured upon arriving that horses will be ready strax (soon), yet they may be at pasture in the mountains some miles distant, and strax may signify two or three hours, as the case may be.

It was near evening that we arrived at Minde; the station-house is beautifully situated near the foot of Lake Miösen. Our first experience of a country inn was certainly very agreeable. The house was clean, rooms large, but without carpets, and containing little furniture. For supper we found fresh trout, eggs, sweet cream and whortleberries. Here we quietly remained until the steamer left next day for Lillehammer, on board which we shipped our carrioles.

From Minde to Lillehammer the distance is about sixty English nailes. I had heard Lake Miösen so much praised by my Norwagian friends that I was disappointed in it; it was beautiful, but far less bold than I had imagined it. I am inclined to think that what the Norwegians most admire in scenery is that of a quiet character, which, indeed, is very natural, from the fact that wild scenery so much abounds in Norway. Accordingly the natives have an especial admiration for that which is an exception to the general rule. Lake Miösen is pretty, with highly cultivated shores, but not at all characteristic of Normalish and the same tendence of the continuous co

wegian scenery. It is an interesting fact that this lake was violently agitated during the great earthquake at Lisbon, Nov. 1st 1775, when it is said to have suddenly risen twenty feet, greatly alarming the inhabitants upon its shores, and then as suddenly receded.

The two English sportsmen whom I have before mentioned were passengers on board the steamer, their five carrioles and two luggage wagons occupying considerable space. They were not in the best possible humor, had had but little success in salmon fishing, and were evidently inclined to believe the sport of Norway a great humbug. In fact they had not been sufficiently "posted up" upon Norwegian matters before they left home, and finding themselves interlopers upon the salmon streams, they were not in the most amiable humor possible. "It never rains in Norway," said one of them to me when the rain was pouring in a broad sheet upon the steamer, evidently referring to his preconceived ideas of the country. The two gentlemen had by no means improved in their condition since they left Christiana, and seemed vexed and disappointed with everything about them.

Norwegian steamers do not compare favorably with those of the Hudson in point of speed, and we were some seven hours in making the passage from Minde to Lillehammer

There is an interesting ruin upon the route, of which I present an illustration; any person familiar with the ruin at Newport, R. I., which has excited so much speculation, cannot fail to trace a resemblance in the architecture of the two.

Norway is quite unlike most European countries in respect to ruins, the building material of the country having been at all times wood; hence the decaying structures of other ages are very rarely seen, indeed but two or three exist of which the material is stone.

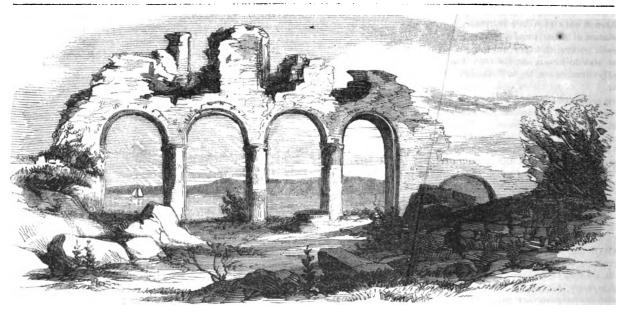
Among our passengers by the steamer were several Norwegians who spoke English well, among them one person who bored me for a long time upon the slavery question in the United States. I afterwards learned that this individual was the most successful translator of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Our inn at Lillchammer was an oddly constructed edifice. The most remarkable pieces of furniture which I observed here were the huge Norwegian stoves, standing some six or eight feet in height, and a clock of about the same altitude, similar to those in vogue in New England half a century since.

In the morning we took a ramble upon the shore of the lake, where we noticed some splendid specimens of the weeping birch. This tree abounds in both Norway and Sweden. It resembles in form our weeping willow, but the foliage is much richer, and the tree universally thrifty in its appearance. In the United States we need very much a hardy tree of this outline: the Norwegian fir has been successfully introduced. An old woman met us in our walk and asked charity. I gave her a trifle, whereupon in expressing her gratitude she seized my hand. This is, by the way, a common mode of expressing one's obligations in Norway; the skyds (boy) grasps your hand if you give him an extra gratuity, and the most humble servant at an inn shows his gratitude in the same manner. It seems a little odd at first, and withal decidedly democratic, to find one's hand as familiarly seized as by an old friend by boys, servants and beggars.

The schoolmaster at Lillehammer, learning that there were strangers at the hotel, called to pay his respects. He was quite an original. He assured us in his best English that he was the master of five languages, but if none of them were better than his English his achievement was small. The worthy man, however, desired to improve his English, as was evident from the fact of his seizing this opportunity for a lesson; he was not satisfied with one of moderate length, evidently thinking that such a godsend was not to be slighted.

Coffee was brought to us in bed at Lillehammer, and at six o'clock in the morning we found ourselves picked away in our carrioles en route for the north. A sudden shower came up (when it rains in Norway it cennes in solid mass), our-water-proofs were now brought into requisition, and were of great service. We started off with our full equipment, monks' boods and all; but it was only a subled flurry of rain, and the sun again should all the highlest and a new welcome for his absence.



BUIN ON LAKE MIOSEN

Our road following along the course of the Lougen, presented | a series of landscapes, which, when one takes into consideration their variety, the grandeur of the mountains clad in their peculiar garb of pine and fir, are rarely equalled.

The valley of Guldsbrandsdal extends from Lillehammer to the foot of the Dovre Fjeld, a distance of about one hundred and seventy English miles. This valley is the pride of Norway, and the particular portion of the country that a Norwegian is sure to recommend a stranger to visit. Says Mr. Barrow, in his "North of Europe"—"I cannot take leave of the lovely Miosen Lake, without stating my hearty concurrence with Dr. Clarke and other writers quoted by him; that the banks of this lake and its feeding river the Lougen, for a distance of one hundred and seventy English miles from Tofte in Guldsbrandsdalen, afford a series of the finest landscapes in the world; and it is doubtful whether any other river can show such a constant succession of beautiful scenery.'

He might have added that the grandeur of the forest-clad mountains which enclose the rich and charming valley of Guldsbrandsdal, through which it winds its impetuous course, is quite equal to its beauties, and that the richness and fertility of the banks of the lake are on a par with both. An English writer's opinion of Norway is, however, to be taken with some allowance. The Dr. Clarke referred to saw everything coulour de rose, and however much it may have been the fashion for the Trollopes, the Dickens's, and Basil Hells to decry everything American, surely English authors have always exhibited the opposite spirit when they have dealt with our republican friends, the Norwegians, or with their country.

Still, I would not undervalue the beauties of Guldsbrandsdal, and must acknowledge that its characteristic beauties are no where else to be found. In some portions of the valley the breadth of the river is such as to present, with its circuitous course and bold shores, the appearance of lake scenery. Below Elstad the road occasionally brings the traveller upon a considerable height, when he is overwhelmed by the beauty and grandeur of the scene. Here are rocky steeps and mountain heights, crowned with the dark rich forests of the north; upon the precipitous hill sides appear here and there patches of cultivation, and oftentimes the rude log cabin of the peasant looks out from a small plot of cleared ground, near or perhaps upon the very summit of a mountain, a thousand feet or more above the river, while still below the dark forest stretches to the water's edge. Again the traveller seems to behold no river, but an inland lake of singular beauty, surrounded by mountain heights, with the white foam of mountain torrents leaping here and there, in contrast with the dark forest. As the vista opens, still beyond, the eye leaps from one line of mountain to another, each successive range growing more and more dim in the | houses of the bonder in Guldsbrandsdal.

distance. It strikes me as a peculiar and certainly very pleasing characteristic of Norwegian scenery, that its flords, rivers and lakes present such numerous bold promontories on either side as to break the range of vision; and as the traveller passes on his eye is constantly resting upon a new succession of objects—the whole producing the effect of chains of inland lakes.

As the traveller approaches Elstad, the wildness of the scenery greatly increases. Here are fantastic rocks, huge boulders, cliffs stern and dark rise many hundred feet above. Here the road suddenly descends from a mountain height into a deep valley beneath, while here and there, as the eye strays down the abyss alongside of which one is passing, he is startled with a dreamy foreshadowing of the fate of the luckless wight whose supposed sure-footed Norwegian pony should chance to stumble in such a fearful spot. His horse is meantime rushing down the hill as if life depended upon his reaching the bottom in the quickest possible time; patiently the sure-footed animal toils up the next steep hill side—once on the top his ears prick up, he holds the bit hard between his teeth, and on the instant commences his scamper down.

The station-house of Elstad is charmingly situated upon a spur of land which projects into the valley. Upon either side the views are lovely and picturesque in the extreme. The sun was shining brightly when we arrived at this place, while among the distant mountains, visible at the north, a torrent of rain was falling from a heavy mass of clouds hanging over the mountain side. Here we obtained some very good trout and excellent coffee for dinner. Norway is a very unpromising country for gourmands. There is little to be found at the country stations save fish, potatoes and eggs; these answer very well for a time, but one necessarily becomes heartily tired of them. Good ale may be obtained in the towns, and potato brandy everywhere; this is the great drink of the Norwegian people, and they fancy that it is so delicious as to possess the qualities of the lotus plant, and that after one becomes accustomed to its flavor they cannot do without it. Such at all events seems to the case with the natives, judging from their free consumption of it. It is highly flavored with anisced.

It was about seven o'clock that we arrived at Grotting station, which does not present many attractions at a first glance; yet all that could be done by the people of the house to make us comfortable was freely done.

The houses of Norway are universally log or timber houses; the roof is frequently of turf, as in the illustration which I pre sent. They are rarely painted, and if at all, they are painted red. A considerable number of outbuildings is usually seen. The sketch which I present is one of the better class of the

a distance of three hundred and fifty miles. The name used for each posting station is that of the family which occupies it. These station-houses are the only inns of the interior, and are usually from seven to ten English miles distant from each

The scattered character of the population in the interior of Norway leads to the erection of churches in most solitary spots : often without a single house, save the parsonage, within sight. These edifices, like the houses of this region, are built of timber, and sometimes covered with boards. The architecture is in general exceedingly simple; but sometimes, as in the case of the illustration, a somewhat ambitious steeple is seen upon a very unpretending structure.

From Grotting we extended our journey to Ierkin station; the distance is about seventy-five English miles, a good day's work for carriole travelling. We of course took an early start, and found the morning air sufficiently sharp to render heavy blankets and wool mittens very comfortable; flowers were blooming along the roadside, but at ten o'clock we found snow banks all about us. The valley here for a considerable distance is extremely narrow, shut in on either side by precipitous mountains; this narrow portion was once the scene of a most appalling tragedy. It was in 1612, during the war between Christian IV. of Denmark and Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, that a regiment of Scotch troops, under the command of Colonel Sinclair, which was engaged in the service of Sweden, landed in Norway and penetrated as far as this point, on their way to Sweden, ravaging the country as they passed.

At Kringelen the peasants prepared to receive the Scotch in an unexpected manner. Huge quantities of rocks, stones and trees were collected on the mountain side, and so placed that the whole could be sent adrift at once. Everything was done

There is but one village between Christiana and Trondhjem, | to lull the Scotch into security; but when they arrived under the fearful avalanche that had been prepared for them, all was launched from above. Of the whole number, nine hundred, but two escaped; the others were either crushed to death, or swept into the river and drowned. The few stragglers who were found alive were soon despatched by the peasants. My Norwegian friend remarked, that he had heard it stated that the peasants placed a naked man on horseback, upon the opposite bank of the river, who kept just parallel with the Scotch troops, and could be easily distinguished among the dark foliage. Here is a small wooden monument to commemorate the event. The inscription, after alluding to the massacre which here took place, says, that only two of the whole number survived; and these were left to tell the story, and inform the world of the fate which the invading foe must expect who comes among the Norwegian peasantry in their mountain homes. A little further on we stopped for a short time at a peasant's house, to see some pieces of arms and articles of domestic use preserved here as having belonged to the unfortunate Scotch.

> The enthusiasm of my companion seemed to know no bounds; after relating the story of the massacre, he said emphatically, 'It was my countrymen who did it." A Norwegian never asks a stranger how he is pleased with Norway, but always, "How do you like my country?"

> A romantic story is related here of the sad fate of a young peasant, on the memorable occasion to which I have just alluded. His lady-love to whom he was betrothed, learning that the wife of Colonel Sinclair accompanied him, sent her lover as her knight upon a critical service, namely, to save the life of the stranger lady, But Mrs. Sinclair mistook his object and shot him dead.

> After passing Laargaard the scenery increases in wildness, and at some points of the road the views are of awful sublimity.



KRINGELEN-THE SCENE OF THE MASSACRE OF THE SCOTCH TROOPS

The traveller passes along the road hewn out of the solid rock, with a feaming torrent some hundreds of feet beneath. On the opposite side of the stream the view is shut in by an abrupt mountain of almost solid rock, with here and there in the clefts a fir tree struggling for existence.

At Toftemoan we stopped for some refreshments. This is a good specimen of a Norwegian station-house; we found excellent coffee and cream, as indeed everywhere in Norway. The cream cup and sugar bowl were of massive silver, of an antique pattern. Silver is perhaps more generally met with among the peasantry of Norway, than in any other European country. A very humble habitation, without any approach to luxury in its appearance, often has its coffee service of pure silver.

We were now in the vicinity of that vast and elevated track of table land known as the Dovre Fjeld. It was about six o'clock in the evening that we commenced its ascent, which is quite rapid for several miles; the views from numerous points well repaid us for giving our horses empty vehicles to draw up the mountain. The sunset as viewed from this height was glorious. In the distance, looking towards the setting sun, appeared dark mountain heights, while beyond one mountain after another lifted up its head; at the base of the nearer mountains the Lougen showed itself only in a single spot, appearing like a lake enclosed by hills. On the left a chain of snow-capped mountains looked dazzlingly white under the effect of the sun's rays. The whole of the vastly extended landscape on which we were looking was enveloped in shadow, save only this one bright sheet of water and the mountains surrounding it, upon which the sun from under a cloud was lavishing his smiles, and the seeming lake was as a mass of burnished gold.

At the station of Folkstnen we stopped for a little time, and I cannot well picture to myself a more dreary and desolate spot. At the height of three thousand one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, no vegetation enlivens the scene. except dwarf firs, that in their stunted growth remind one of the frigid region about him. The station-house itself was as wretched and filthy as it is possible to conceive of. One room contained the various appurtenances of kitchen, bed-room, dining-room, &c. In the corner was the huge fireplace peculiar to the country, constructed something after the style of a blacksmith's forge; upon the benches about the room were seated, perhaps, a dozen peasants, male and female, the men engaged in smoking pipes; at the table were three coarse specimens of what is termed in some countries the fair sex, swallowing their evening repast of grod or groute, a kind of coarse porridge. Upon the door was an invocation to God, asking his blessing to rest upon the house and household; and in faith it seemed as if there could be no other spot in this wide world where such an invocation would have been more appropriate. I looked out upon the snowbanks of July, and pictured to myself the same bleak and desolate spot amid the fierce Arctic storms of winter, and verily I said amen to the single petition upon the door.

From Folkstnen to Ierkin-station, the distance is about two Norwegian miles (fourteen English); not a single human habitation is passed upon the road, nor anything else that bears evidence of civilization, save the road over which the traveller passes, lined on either side by poles some fifteen feet in height, looking like a double line of telegraph poles; these are placed here to indicate the line of the road where the snow drifts cross the Fjeld in winter. It was about half-p-st twelve that we arrived at Ierkin station. The darkness was not at any time sufficient to cause any inconvenience in travelling, and at this hour we could readily perceive that morning was dawning.

A welcome sight was the dim outline of Ierkin station, as seen in the distance. The only solitary habitation which we had passed for twenty miles was the miserable cabin of Folksteen. As we ascended the hill which brought us to Ierkin, with prespects of comfortable quarters in the midst of this creary solitude, we were ready to clap our hands and shout for our appears h, in the changes of twilight, the entrance appeared

much like that of a fortified place; but we passed under the archway without the portcullis being raised, and soon found ourselves landed upon the ground, when a huge Newfoundland dog-the solitary sentinel of the fortress-bounded out from the door with the usual noisy greeting of his race at an hour when the household is sleeping; but the postboy, whose voice he recognized, soon cooled his ardor. A Norwegian station having no bar-room or room equivalent to it, the stranger is oftentimes ushered into the kitchen. Here, after some little time, we succeeded in arousing from slumber a very modest and honest faced girl, who assured us that there were no vacant rooms in the house, it being filled with English guests. This was no very gratifying information after a journey of seventy-five miles by carriole. But to go on to the next station looked formidable, and to return to the last far worse in prospect than a night upon the kitchen floor. We accordingly set ourselves at work to kindle a cheerful fire, and to spread our reindeer skins and blankets upon the floor, with the view of making ourselves comfortable for the night; when, to our delight, the landlady made her appearance, and said that if we would be satisfied with beds in an attic room, that she would make up some for us upon the floor. We were, of course, glad to exchange the kitchen for the garret, with a prospect of comfortable beds.

Our apartment was not altogether unlike the garret of some old New England farm-house, nor were many of the articles which it contained; although I must confess that the wardrobe displayed at Ierkin far exceeded in variety what might be found in a New England house. In the morning I gave some little time to glancing over the curious contents of the room. Ranged on one side was every variety of female apparel, mostly of domestic manufacture. Among these articles were overdresses of wolf, dog and other skins -the dog skins, by the way, are of a peculiar animal, bred for the sake of their skins, which are very handsome. Numerous robes were suspended from the beams overhead of black and white sheepskins, reindeer fur, &c., &c. Stretching half across the apartment, on one side was a great variety of boots and shoes lined with furs. Stacks of counterpanes were piled up in different portions of the gairet, not unlike those manufactured by our New England grandmothers of worsted and flax. Here were also stacks of pillow-cases of the same material. A large space in the room was occupied by spinning wheels, not permanently laid aside as with us, but only until such a time as the winter's work of the household commenced. In the vicinity of these were several hetchels. A large supply of dipped tallow candles were seen in one corner. Two immense chests, elaborately ornamented with rude painting, carving and gilding, occupied a prominent position. Upon each was the name of the owner, date of his birth, and also of the manufacturer of the chest. A smaller chest was ornamented in front with an invocation to Deity, begging for his blessing to rest upon its owner. Here was a lady's saddle of very nice workmanship, not unlike those used in the East, with a rail of circular form enclosing the lady. Add to the above inventory sundry carved boxes, as well as a great variety of baskets, and one can form some idea of the medley which may be found in a Norwegian garret, a list of which is not without interest, as illustrating the domestic economy of a Norwegian household.

NOT MARRIED FOR LOVE.

ı.

"And so you are married, Melvil! Rather a rapid proceeding for a curate just ordained. By-the-by, did you not say you were married before you were ordained?"

"Yes; before I took my degree."

"I would have kept you out of that folly, if I had been at hand, at any rate. And, of course, you are as poor as church mice?"

with prospects of comfortable quarters in the midst of this dreary solitude, we were ready to clap our hands and shout for joy. The house is built upon three sides of a square, and on our approach, in the diamess of twilight, the entrance appeared chair, cushioused with gray chintz, which indicated femiline

occupation, a stained deal table, and heaps of books piled on shelves fitted into the walls. It was summer time, and as the window was open to the lawn, with a framework of creepers all round it, and the sun shining in, it did not look so very disconsolate as might have been supposed. Mr. Melvil had often thought it a happy retreat before; but he fancied it povertystricken now, because his wealthy college friend seemed to pity him for having nothing better.

"Merried for love?" suggested his friend, ironically.

The curate contemplated the threadbare knees of his black trousers for a minute or two, and then said, confusedly, " No."

- "Not married for love, yet so indiscreetly tied up! How was it, then, pray ?"
 - "I'll tell you-it was for pity."
- "Could not have had a worse motive! but that's by the way -- go on."
 - "You remember Sandys-our tutor?"
 - "Yes good fellow."
- "Too good by half. He provided for everybody but his own family, as if he meant to live for ever, then at the most inconvenient season possible he died, and his income died with him. There was the widow and the two boys, and there was Clary you recollect Clary?"
- "Yes; the wild little gipsy! but you surely did not marry her?"
 - "Yes; Clary is my wife."
 - "Why, she must have been a baby!"
- "She was sixteen within a few weeks after we were married. You see, the little thing came to me crying, and saying that she was to be sent to some horrid school, where she did not want to go-"
- "I perceive; and you, being soft-hearted, invited her to become your wife on the spot?"
 - "Precisely so."
- "And she, blushing celestial rosy red, answered that she should be very glad."
- "Mamma consented promptly, and the sacrifice was accomplished," said the curate, in mock-heroic style. "Clary is a good girl, but I never was in love with her. Is it not that sagacious worthy, Sir Thomas More, who says we never ardently love that for which we have not longed? I had never thought of Clary except as a child, until pity for her forlornness surprised me into the commission of matrimony.'

If Mr. Melvil and his friend had been quicker-eared, or rather less alsorbed, they might have heard a light step crossing the turf as they talked together, and retreating fast-fast as the last words were speken. It was Clary. Neither of them, however, saw either the approach or the flight, and they went on talking quite composedly.

"Benham offered me his London curacy; but Clary hates London, so I took this, and thought myself very lucky. We get the cottage cheap, and eighty pounds a year-a decent starving for the three of us-we have a treasure of an Irish servant besides ourselves to feed."

"And how many more, by-and-by?" insinuated Mr. Warenne, spitefully.

Just in time to prevent a reply, the treasure of an Irish servant opened the study door, and announced in her rich brogue, "Plase, sir, t' tay's ready in t' dhrawing-room, an' t' missis is waiting.'

"Come along, then, Warenne. I wonder whether Clary will recognise you.'

The two gentlemen crossed the passage to the opposite parlor, which Nora signified as the "dhrawing-room," and found the young mistress of the house seated before the tray, prettily dressed in a clear blue muslin, with her soft brown hair flowing in wavy curls, and with a smile on her rosy mouth—the little hypocrite! Her heart was fit to break under that gently swelling bodice, where she had so daintily fastened a cluster of George's favorite flowers. She had tired herself in her best to do her husband's friend honor, and as Mr. Warenne shook hands, and received the welcome of an old acquaintance, he thought in his own mind that—the indiscretion of the marriage

to possess. She was not exactly pretty, but she looked very nice and loveable; her skin was so clear, her complexion so pure, her figure so girlish and graceful. Then all her ways were quiet and gentle; she had affectionate eyes, and an expression sensible as well as sweet, and her voice was musical as a bird's. Unless Mr. Melvil had told his friend in so many words that he was not in love with his wife, Mr. Warenne would never have discovered it, for the curate was as assiduous in his attention to her as if these were their courting days.

Clary gave no sign that anything had happened to grieve her; but she was relieved when tea was over, and George went out with Mr. Warenne to show him the village, which was considered pretty by strangers, and which had been heaven to her. She had been very happy with her young husband, and had found nothing wanting to her content; but now, as the two walked away through the garden, she stood watching them with clasped hands and the tears in her sunny eyes, repeating under her breath, "George said he did not love me; he married me for pity! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

PERHAPS many voung wives in Clary's painful position would have made a virtue of proclaiming their wrong, and inflicting misery on themselves and their helpmates; but not so George's girl-wife. Her first impulse was against herself, that she should have been so blind as not to see that it was a sacrifice and not a joy to him to marry her; but then she reasoned that it was done, irrevocable, and that she could only fret and disturb his peace by betraying what she had accidentally overheard; so she kept it to herself, and only tried to make him love her better.

"Though he does not love me. I know he would miss me and be very sorry if I were gone," she said in her heart; and after a while the sore pain that first stab had given her passed away, and the same bright face smiled by his hearth, the same lighttripping feet went by his side, and the same affectionate sunshine filled his home as heretofore.

There was plenty of work in his parish for Mr. Melvil, for his rector was rarely at home; but the young clergyman took a conscientious view of his post, and did his utmost. Clarv was a great help to him. The cottagers liked her, and the school children liked her. The people, and the squire at the head of them, said the Melvils were an acquisition to the parish, and long might they stay there! The young wife, especially, was beloved; those who were in trouble said she seemed to know how to talk to them about faith, patience and comfort better than the curate himself-though what trials could she have known at her age?

In the village there were many ladies, single and double, portionless and well-dowered, pretty and plain; but amongst the whole troop, had the curate been free to choose, he could not have found one to suit him half so well as Clary. Sometimes, I am sure, he must have gone home to the rest and peace of her presence with an elastic, masculine satisfaction, although he was not in love. For instance, when he had called at Mr. Bennett's, of the Hall, and heard the squiress depreciate her husband's sense and character, as if by the process she exalted her own; Clary would never depreciate his; if she had a fault, it was that she inclined to glorify him too much. Or, again, after a visit to Captain Wells, whose three pretty daughters were flounced, perfumed, and accomplished out of all nature and genuineness. They had sweet, expressionless faces, they lisped the fadest nonsense, and conducted themselves with regard to the duties of life more like butterflies than creatures endowed with souls; the very prettiest of them would have bored the clever curate to extinction in a month. Or the two Miss Prances, who flirted so dreadfully with officers; or Miss Hardwood, who was rich as a Jew, and fearfully ill-tempered; or Miss Briggs, who was rich also, but penurious and very vulgar; or Miss Clerks, who were nice girls, but had not an idea beyond crochetwork; or Miss Farsight, who was too scientific to mend her stockings; or Miss Diana Falla, who wrote poetry and rode to hounds; or Miss Broughtons, who were nothing particular. These ladies had their good points; but not one of them would have had Clary's charming little way of loving George better apart—she was as comfortable a little wife as a man need desire than herself. Only let him fear that he is going to lose her, and he loves her very much!

GREENFIELD hat its drawbacks, as well as its delights, like other pretty villages; and one of the most serious of these was a tendency to low fever when the spring season had been unusually damp. A beck that ran across the green overflowed in the rains, and when it retired to its bed, left behind a deposit which bred pestilential vapors that poisoned the lives of the people. The curate's cottage stood high, and out of the influence of the baleful exhalations; but his duties carried him to and fro amongst the poor, and exposed him daily to the contagion. No danger would have made him evade these duties, heavier at this season than at any other; but when fever was in the village, he laid his commands on Clary that she should stay at home; and Clary stayed, like the obedient little wife she was, instead of being foolishly heroic, and adding to his inevitable anxieties.

But Clary watched him with furtive tenderness all the time, and was ever ready with dry clothing and warm slippers when he returned home, to spare him the risk of cold. But what was to be came to pass, for all her love and all her care!

One steamy April night, after a long and fatiguing afternoon on the Marsh, as the lower part of Greenfield was called, the curate came home, ready to sink with weariness, and complaining of a pain in his head, and sickness. Clary stole out of the room, and dispatched the Irish treasure to summon the doctor. When the doctor came, he ordered George to bed, and said he hoped to set him up again in a few days. But instead of improving, George grew worse; the fever ravaged his frame terribly, and he was delirious day after day. This went on to the climax of the disorder, and then it took a favorable turn; but a long season of uselessness and inaction lay before the curate. He must leave Greenfield for sea air, and lie by for months. Meanwhile his absence must be supplied by another clergyman.

These inevitable musts, so trivial to other people who have long purses, were purely and simply a sentence of destitution to the Melvils. George wanted to stay at home, and get occasional help from his neighboring clergy; but Clary made up a determined little tace, and said "No." They must go over to the Isle of Wight for the summer months, and regain health and strength for him, even if Greenfield had to be resigned altogether.

Clary managed somehow; she would not give details, on the plea that George must keep his mind quiet; and in the beginning of June they found themselves lodged in a retired farmcottage, standing in the midst of delicious meadows, with a view of a glorious bay, cliffs and distant towns. They luxuriated in the beauty around them like a pair of happy children; and though George was not in love with his sunshing little wife, he would have got on there very indifferently without her. She petted and indulged him to that extent that he grew stout, and strong, and selfish, very fast indeed; and would sometimes have forgotten how very ill he had been, if she had not watched him, and taken such extraordinary care of him. She liked to hear herself claimed in his short, imperative way: it showed. at any rate, that she was needful to him. If she had gone into the polished farm-kitchen to superintend or to concoct with her own hands some wonderful tempting dish, to coax his delicate appetite, presently he was heard from the garden or parlor crying out, "Clary, what are you doing? I want you?" Then when she appeared, with floury little paws, and fire-heated cheek, he would just look up at her and say, "Why do you run away and leave me for hours together, Clary?" and she would laugh, and tell him she had not been gone ten minutes-what did he mean? and then disappear again Sometimes he would come into the kitchen itself, and sit down in Farmer Hood's great chair, and follow her about with his hollow eyes, and finally take her off, with his arm round her waist-although he was not a bit in love, and only pitied her!

He was not allowed to study solemn books; but Clary permitted a little light mental aliment to be taken each morning and evening from certain thin, blue magazines, which she borrowed from the library in the nearest village, which was slowly developing into a fashionable watering-place. One evening,

then, I think, he will find out that though he is not in love, still | while she was doing a little of the fine darning, in worce nobody excelled her, George, who had been for some time sitting silent over his book, broke out into his merry laugh, saying, "Listen here, Clary; here are some beautiful verses! Hark, how the lines limp! I wonder how the editor could print such

> He began to read the lines in a mock-heroic style, which certainly made them infinitely ludicrous. At first, Clary colored a little; but before he came to the end she was laughing as heartily as himself.

> Then he volunteered to read a short story, entitled "Patience Hope's Trial," which he did with a running commentary, such as, "That is bad grammar"—"The punctuation makes non-sense of every other paragraph"—"Highflown, rhapsodical rubbish," &c. &c.; and when he came to the end, he pronounced it the silliest little tale he had ever read. Clary darned on most composedly, and agreed with George that it was silly ; but there was a mischievous sparkle in her eyes, as if she were sorely tempted to make a confession about that same silliest of little tales; however, reflecting that the shock of learning he had a literary wife might be too much for his nerves in their present weak state, she discreetly held her peace, and contented herself by making him imbibe her earnings under various strengthening and egreeable forms.

> Before the summer was ended the thin blue magazine readers were familiar with Clary's signature of "Ivy;" but after that she disappeared suddenly from its pages, to many people's regret; for its subscribers were not, as a rule, highly-trained, educated, college gentlemen, but day-workers and toilers in the world's wide labor-fields, who find an agreeable relaxation in perusal of a silly little tale, whose interest turns on the humble. daily virtues which they have so much occasion to exemplify in their own obscure lives. I believe the editor was inquired of once or twice why "Ivy" had ceased her contributions. "Ivy was otherwise occupied.

> In the first place, Mr. Warenne had presented George with a small living, and there was a queer little rectory-house to paint, paper and generally embellish. Far be it from me to derogate from Clary's dignity, but I will tell one thing of her. because I think it was to her credit. The first time Mr Warenne went to see his old friend, George was in his study, as usual, but it had been made to look more cosy and homelike than that at Greenfield, and the young rector looked propor tionably more dignified in it. After a little desultory chat, George proposed to seek his wife, and how does everybody think they found her employed? She was papering her own drawing. room-that little drawing-room which was afterwards the ad miration of the whole neighborhood! Mounted on some steps in a big apron, the property of the Irish treasure, with her brown curls tucked behind her little ears, and with pasty hands. and sleeves rolled up above her dimpled elbows, she was sticking the pretty, simple paper upon the wall—the last bit of it. What did she do? Jump down in blushing horror at being caught in such deshabille, and cover everybody else and herself with con fusion? Not a bit of it! She looked radiantly over her shoul der, and said-" You must wait five minutes; then I'll speak to you!" and proceeded to finish her task, to the admiration of the Irish treasure, who had acted as her assistant! and also to to the admiration—and not a bit to the astonishment—of Mr. Warenne, and George.

> The work done, she descended; and, as the gentlemen had got possession of the window-seat, she placed herself upon the lowest step but one of her ladder, and they all talked about the island, and the sea, and George's recovery, and the new rectory. and other interesting topics; and Clary was so altogether bright, unaffected and charming, that when George and his friend left her at length, the latter said, "Melvil, if Clary were not your wife, I should make up to her myself!" And George actually laughed, and said he had better take care what he was about, or he should be obliged to quarrel with him; and then he extolled her virtues very much, as if—as if he were in love at last; but this time Clary was not there to overhear.

> This was Clarv's first occupation; her next was different. Perhaps the physical and mental strain had been, for the last twelve months, almost too much for her youth; for those who

loved her began to notice that her spirit flagged, and that her brisk feet went slowly to and free the garden walks. George watched her anxiously; but his friends told him to be patient, and wait awhile, and she would be better soon. But it is very hard to be patient when we see what we have learnt to prize above all else in the world fading slowly before our eyes—and so Clary seemed to fade.

"George, you must take care of Clary, or you will lose her," her mother told him, abruptly: "I do not like her symptoms at all"

It was after this harsh communication—for the mother spoke as if he were to blame for her child's fate—that George involuntarily betrayed to his young wife how much he feared for her.

"And you would grieve to lose me, George?" said she, a little mournfully.

"It would break my heart, Clary! Oh, don't talk of my losing you!" cried he, passionately kissing her thin, white hands. "Who have I in the world besides you? who loves me as you do?"

"I think nobody loves you as I do, George! It is selfish in me, but it is the happiest time I have had for a long while, to see how you would be sorry if I were gone: I should not like to think you could forget me soon."

"Clary, you will live to biess me for many a year yet!"

"That must be as God wills, George: let us both say, that must be as God wills."

"As God wills, my darling!" and George hid his face on Clary's bosom, that she might not see his tears.

Perhaps the covetous, watchful tenderness that now surrounded the young wife revived her courage and strength, for she rallied visibly; and, after a few months, George had to baptize a little copy of himself, and to return thanks for Clary's safe deliverance. After that day, nobody could have persuaded him that there had ever been a time when he was not in love with his wife, or when he did not think her the dearest treasure in the whole wide world.

There are three children as the rectory now, and it is one of the happiest homes that can be found in the county. Mr. Warenne, who has become more cynical than ever, quotes the pair as an exemplification of how well two people who are rightly matched in other things may get on through life, without falling into that enthusiasm of love which hot-headed boys and girls esteem the grand climax of existence. One day, in the confidence of friendship, he was so ill-advised as to remind the rector of the confession he had formerly made to himself, and George was actually offended.

"Not in love with Clary? she is the only woman for whom I ever cared a chip!" cried he: "you are under a delusion, Warenne; I never can have said anything so absurdly false."

The rector thinks so now; and Clary is converted to the same opinion. I do not see what Mr. Warenne has to do with it. Bygones should always be bygones. Clary has never yet confessed about that silliest of little tales in the thin blue magazine; perhaps it has slipped her memory, but all her love, devotion and patience of that time will never escape George's. If he knew who wrote "Patience Hope's Trial," he would possibly be inclined to call it a "gem of fiction" now, instead of what he did then, because he would see it from a real point of view.

THE OUNCE OF PREVENTION-A SOUTHERN SKETCH.

BY MRS. M. S. B. DANA SHINDLER.

I AM an orphan, but I have good friends. Therefore I have never known the peculiar sadness of the orphan's lot; I have been cared for, educated, and what is more than all, loved. I am now a young man of eighteen, about half through college; and being now at home spending my long vacation, I propose to amuse myself by giving some little sketches of my dear, kind, queer old uncle and aunt.

I live with an old bachelor uncle and maiden aunt; they adopted me as their own when my father and mother died, and no boy ever had a better or a happier home. Wild and rattle-

brained as I am, they have borne all my freaks and follies with the most exemplary patience, and although my uncle Zeb—his name is Zebediah—never said an unkind word to me in his life, and never laid the weight of his finger upon me, he has managed always to keep a great influence over me. In fact, though my character for doc lity does not stand particularly high, I flatter myself I cannot be a bad young fellow, or the old man would never have been able to manage me. It is a great pity uncle Zeb didn't marry and raise a large family, I think the country has lost a good deal by it. I have some notion that he met with an early disappointment in love; indeed, I caught him one day with the miniature of a beautiful girl in his hand, and he blushed like a boy at being discovered.

My aunt Polly is just as good in her way as my uncle is in his. And yet, to hear her fret and worry at the servants, one would think she was the veriest old termagant in creation. There is scarcely any dreadful punishment with which she does not threaten the little ones; and especially one mulatto torment, whom she has undertaken to train up as a house-servant for me, she says, when I get married. But the mischievous little imp takes all her scolding as a matter of course, and laughs in her sleeve at it. She knows, just as well as I do, that aunt Polly talks in that blustering way just to hide her own want of discipline.

A week ago a niece of aunt Polly's, and consequently a first cousin of mine, arrived from New York to pay us a visit. Cousin Lizzie is a dashing New York beauty, with a color that some of our pale Charleston belles have hinted is not entirely genuine; but I know better, because I caught her one day and tried to rub it off with my handkerchief, and not a bit of it would come off. Aunt Polly is very proud of her. I am proud of her, too, but I don't quite like it that she looks upon me as a boy, and only accepts of my services when full-fledged beaux are scarce. And yet she is nearly a month younger than I. But she is a splendid girl for all that.

I believe I have introduced all the white members of our family; the colored ones shall come upon the stage as they are wanted.

Uncle Zeb is a sort of philosopher, and is full of wise proverbs, which he often introduces in the most felicitous manner. His favorite saying, however, is this: "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Scarcely a day, aye, scarcely an hour passes in which he does not find occasion to use it for our edification; and, to tell the truth, it is always a decided hit; which cannot be said of all his proverbs. So that I have come to the conclusion that a want of forethought is the most prominent and common weakness of poor humanity.

The day after cousin Lizzie arrived, Rose, the mulatto torment, was laying the table. Now, whether Rose is left-handed or not, I cannot say; certain it is that her favorite arrangement of the knives and forks is what, when children, we used to call "wice wersa;" forks to the right, knives to the left hand. Aunt Polly had sedulously endeavored to impress it on Rose's mind that the knives were for the right hand, and had even gone so far as to rap her head sometimes with a knife, sometimes with a fork, when she did not arrange them properly; which, perhaps, only tended to confuse her, and yet I do believe Rose did it all on purpose, for she was a limb!

Well, Rose was laying the table, but aunt Polly was busy listening to cousin Lizzie, who was giving an animated description of the ball she had attended the night before, and so she forget the ounce of prevention, and madam Rose had it all her own way. Daddy Andrew brought in the dinner, and we took our seats. Uncle Zeb said grace, and aunt Polly started to carve the turkey.

"Gracious patience!" she exclaimed, "if here aint both of my knives on the left side, and my forks on the right. What is to be done with you, Rose?"

"I do' no', ma'am," said Rose.

"You do' no'! you good for nothing slut!" said aunt Polly; "what upon earth are you good for?"

"I do' no', ma'am."

"If you don't stop saying, 'I do' no, ma'am,'" said aunt Polly, "I'll do' no' you! Will you ever be worth the salt in your hominy!"



"I do' no', ma'am."

"If that aint too much!" exclaimed aunt Polly.

Cousin Lizzie and I exchanged glances, and she nearly choked in trying not to laugh. Uncle Zeb at length interposed:

"Go into the kitchen, and tell your mother to come here," said he to Rose. Her mother was the cook. "And do you stay in the kitchen; you shan't wait on the table for not putting your knives and forks right; and every time you do it, you shall go in the kitchen, and stay there. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," sobbed Rose, who now either cried or pretended to. She was such a case!

Mom Tillah, the cook, came in.

"Mom Tillah," said uncle Zeb, "can't you teach Rose how to put her knives and forks on the table? I should like to eat my dinner in peace; but every day there must be a fuss about the knives and forks, and all for that precious daughter of yours, who pretends she does not know her right hand from her left."

"She know'um well enuff, massa," said Mom Tillah. "Dat gal is de berry ole boy himself!"

"Why, Mom Tillah, do you speak so of your own flesh and blood?" said cousin Lizzie.

"Flesh and blood or no, my missis," said Mom Tillah, "de gal is an owdacious huzzy! Missis does scole 'um too much, and don't whip 'um enough." Then, turning to her master, and dropping a curtesy, she said, "I will try to teach de gal, my massa; but Rose is too contrary."

Directly after dinner cousin Lizzie and I went into the kitchen to see after Rose, for aunt Polly was actually scolding poor uncle Zeb for having pronounced the sentence of exile, and said she knew that Rose was crying her eyes out. Crying, indeed! We found her at the kitchen dresser, helping herself to a large lump of sugar while her mother's back was turned; and we concluded her heart was not quite broken. Her little brother Tony was playing sentinel, for which service he was rewarded with a small lump. All this we discovered through a broken pane of the kitchen window. When we entered the kitchen, Rose pretended to be at work putting the dresser to rights, and were an air of injured innocence that was edifying to behold.

"Rose," said cousin Lizzie, "what makes you so bad?"

"I do' no', ma'am."

"Come, Rose, said I, "none of that. You aint talking to your miss Polly now, recollect. Tell miss Lizzie now, this minute, what makes you so bad."

"De ole boy, I 'spec," said Rose. "Miss Polly ent bin hear we our scatischism 'nuff."

"Scatischism?" said cousin Lizzie, looking inquiringly at me; "what on earth does the creature mean?"

"She me as catechism," replied I; "aunt Polly catechises her and Tony almost every evening."

"Capital!" exclaimed cousin Lizzie; "how I should like to hear them at it! These are the most comical little monkeys I ever saw."

We took the little monkeys into the house to be catechised, and good aunt Polly, thinking that perhaps Rose was in the right, and that she had been remiss in her duty, very readily undertook the task. So she began, questioning them alternately.

Aust P.—" Who made you?"

Rose-"God."

Aunt P .-- "Who redeemed you?"

Toxy-" Jesus Christ."

Aunt P.—" Who sanctifies you?"

Resg-" De Holy Ghost."

AUNT P .- " Of what were you made ?"

Tory-"Out o' dut."

Auxr P.—"You, Tony, haven't I told you fifty hundred thousand times not to say 'dut!' It's enough to try the patience of Job himself. You, Rose, of what were you made?"

Rose—"Out o'—out o'—ent we bin mek out o' due, Miss

Polly!"

AUNT P.—"Now if that ain't too much! Clear out, you good-for-nothing little imps, you! Clear out, and don't let

me see you in the house again!"

So out of the house they scampered, nothing loth, while

cousin Lizzie, to whom negroes were quite a novelty, nearly went into a convulsion of laughter over their comicalities.

Just at this moment, in came uncle Zeb from the piazza, where he had been enjoying his after dinner smoke. "I'll tell you what it is, Polly," said he, "that Rose will never be worth anything if you don't train her better. You know she's leithanded."

"No, I don't know any such thing, Zeb."

"But I say she is," continued uncle Zeb; "at any rate, left-handed or not, when you see her laying the table, why don't you put her on her guard? That's better than having such a disturbance at the table."

"Then she'll certainly never be good for anything if I bring her up to be watched and set right all the time," said aunt Polly. "She must learn to depend on herself."

"If she wasn't a negro, and a very thoughtless one too," said uncle Zeb, "that course would do very well; but it won't do with her. Try the ounce of prevention, Polly, the ounce of prevention!"

"Well, I'll try it, Zeb," was the reply.

Aunt Polly did try it; and in the matter of laying the table, and arranging the knives and forks, Rose became all that could be desired.

There is a moral to my little sketch, which my readers can find out and apply for themselves. The ounce of prevention is needed at the North as well as at the South.

THE CANOE FIGHT.

The following incident of wild life in America will be read with interest. It has all the excitement of romance about it. A party of adventurers having fallen on the stores of a bedy of Indians, determined to partake of the provisions they had found. In the field on the bank of the river, they kindled a fire for the purpose of cooking these, and were about, in the language of Dale, the leader of the party "to make use of the briled bones and hot ash-cake," when they were stuffed by the discharge of several rifles, and the sudden war-whoops of some twenty-five or thirty Indians, who came rushing towards them from three sides of the field. Dale's party immediately seized their rifles, and being too few to oppose the force of the enemy, dashed down the second or upper bank of the river, and took post among the trees, whence they kept in check the approach of the savages.

By this time the canoes had conveyed all but twelve of the entire force to the opposite side of the river, and one cance alone had returned for the residue. This was the first thought of the little party, who were now hemmed in by the Inlians But simultaneously with the attack by land, a large canoe, containing eleven warriors, had issued from a bend in the river above, and descended rapidly, with the evident design of intercepting communication with the opposite shore. They now at tempted to approach the shore and join in the attack, but were kept at a distance by the well-directed fire of a few of Pale's men. Two of their number, however, leaped into the river, and swam, with their rifles above their heads, for the bank, just above the mouth of a little creek, near the northern corner of the field. One of these, as he approached the shore, was shot by Smith; but Austill, in attempting to intercept the other. was thrown by the underwood and rolled into the water within a few feet of his antagonist. The Indian reached the shore and ran up the bank. Austill, in pursuing him through the cine, was fired at, in mistake for an Indian, by Creagh, and narrowly escaped.

During this by-scene, Dale and the other eight of his valual companions were interchanging hot fires with the enemy. These in the cance sheltered themselves by lying in its bottom and firing over the sides. The party on shore were deterred from pressing closely by an ignorance of the number of Dale's forces. This cause alone saved them from certain destruction. But the circumstances were now growing more critical. Soon the Indians must discover the weakness of their opponents, and rush forward with irresistible superiority. A more perilow

position can scarcely be imagined, and yet there was one in this contest.

Dale, seeing the superiority of the enemy, called out to his comrades on the opposite shore for assistance. They had remained, thus far, inefficient, but excited spectators of the scene. But now eight of their number leaped into their canoe, and bore out towards the enemy. Upon approaching near enough, however, to discover the number of the Indians, the man in the bow, becoming alarmed at the superiority of the foe, ordered the puddles to "back water," and they returned to land! Dale, indignant at this cowardice, demanded of his men, who would join him in an attack upon the Indian canoe? Austill and Smith immediately volunteered; and with a negro, as steersman, named Casar, the little party embarked for the dreadful encounter.

As they approached, one of the Indians fired without effect. When within thirty feet, Smith fired, and probably wounded an Indian, whose shoulder was visible above the canoe. Dale and Austill attempted to fire, but their priming having been wet. their guns could not be discharged. Fortunately the Indians had exhausted their powder. The white party now bore down, in silence, upon the foe. As the boats came in contact at the bows, the Indians all leaped to their feet. Austill was in front and bore for a moment the brunt of the battle. But by the order of Dale, the negro swayed round the canoe, and "Big Sam'' leaped into the enemy's boat, giving more room to Smith and Austill, and pressing together the Indians, who were already too crowded. The negro occupied his time in holding the canoes together. The rifles of both parties were now used as clubs; and dreadful were the blows both given and taken; for three stouter or more gallant men than these assailants never took part in a crowded melée.

The details of the struggle can scarcely be given. Dale's second blow broke the barrel of his gun, which he then exchanged for Smith's, and so fought till the end of the scene. Austill was, at one time, prostrated by a blow from a war club, and fell into the Indian cance, between two of the enemy, and was about being slain by his assailant, when the latter was fortunately put to death by Smith. Austill rose, grappling with an Indian, wrested his war club from him, struck him over the skull, and he tell dead in the river.

The last surviving Indian had been, before the war, a particular friend of Dale s. They had hunted together long and familiarly, and were alike distinguished for their excellence in those vigorous sports so much prized by the man of the woods, The young Muscogee was regarded as one of the most chivalrous warriors of his tribe. Dale would always say, when, long subsequently, he narrated these circumstances, and he never did so without weeping, that he "loved that Indian like a brother, and wanted to save him from the fate of the others." But the eye of the young warrior was filled with fire; he leaped before his opponent with a proud fury; cried out in Muscogee, "Sam Thlucco, you're a man, and I'm another! Now for it!" and grappled in deadly conflict. The white man proved the victor. With one blow of his rifle he crushed the skull of the Indian. The young hero, still holding his gun firmly in his hands, fell backwards into the water, and the canoe fight was over.

BITTEN BY A SNAKE.

One evening I returned more than ordinarily fatigued to my bungalow, and hastened to bed. I was soon asleep, and as usual, dreaming away of Europe and her charms. Suddenly I was awakened by a cold object resting on my arm. Involuntarily I raised my other arm towards it. It glided rapidly off, not, however, till it had inflicted its dreaded bite; for I plainly felt the pain, which, though not acute, was stinging, resembling the puncture of a hot instrument or sudden scald. The fact, however, was obvious. I had been bitten, and was probably a dead man. I sprang from my bed, rushed towards my dressing table, and with a courage which nothing but danger could have inspired, seized one of my rizors, and without hesitation cut out the bitten part. I actually scooped out a piece nearly as large as a nut. Then, with my arm bleeding profusely, I rushed

towards the lamp, and catching it up, burnt the wounded part for several seconds.

By this time several of my servants had arrived, alarmed by my cries. One hastened off for our assistant-surgeon, who, as I before said, lived only next door, while the others began to question me as to the cause of my alarm. In broken sentences I explained to them my situation. They were horrified. Whi'st one poured eau de luce into the dreadful self-inflicted gash, the others prepared a potion of the same medicine diluted in water, which I hastily swallowed. By this time I was more calm, and when Dr. Sisson arrived I was collected enough to view my situation with becoming philosophy. Whilst he was dressing my arm and binding it up, I took advantage of the silence, the awe of the moment, to signify to him my last wishes in case of my death. I stated the manner in which I desired to be buried, the style of letters I wished written to my relations, the way in which I wished my little remaining property to be disposed of. Sisson, however, hoped I had cut deep enough, and he assured me he thought the virus had not had time to enter the system. He therefore bid me hope for the best, and all might yet go well. "Let us, at least," said he, in conclusion, "have the consolation of destroying the reptile that has thus endangered your life. Here, my men, bring each a soft cane, and let us attack the monster together.

The men ran out, and came back each armed with a pliant bamboo, a single stroke of which will instantly kill the most dreaded snake in India. "And now surround the bed; the reptile cannot have got away. Gently, gently; keep your eyes steadily fixed. He must be under the pillow. Directly I raise it be ready to strike. Ha! there he is!" The servants at once struck at the object pointed out, and succeeded in killing it. They held it up, when lo! it proved to be a poor little lizard, a harmless animal, which, beyond the blistering drop he bad let fall on ray arm, bears no venom. The doctor burst out into a roar of laughter. The black rascals joined in it. The next week I was forced to get two months' leave, for wherever I appeared with my arm in a sling, my "dving words" were quoted to me. In a word, I was almost teased to death, merely because, when I fancied I had been bitten by a snake, I had chosen to take precautionary measures.

Mole-Hills.—Those small heaps of earth that are so common in the fields, and called mole-hills, are merely the result of the mole's travelling in search of the earth worms, on which it principally feeds; and in their structure there is nothing remarkable. But the great mole-hill, or mole-place, in which the animal makes its residence, is a very different affair, and complicated in its structure. In it is found a central chamber, in which the mole resides; and round this chamber there run galleries or corridors in a regular series, so as to form a kind of labyrinth, by means of which the creature may make its escape if threatened with danger. This palace is formed, if possible, under the protection of large stones, roots of trees, thick bushes, or some such situation, and is located as far as possible from paths or roads. The food of the mole mostly consists of earth worms, in search of which it drives these tunnels with such assiduity. The depth of the tunnel is necessarily regulated by the position of the worms; so that, in warm, pleasant days or evenings, the run, as it is called, is within a few inches of the surface; but in winter the worms retire deeply into the unfrozen soil, and thither the mole must follow them. For this purpose it sinks perpendicular shafts, and from thence drives horizontal tunnels. It may be seen how useful this provision is, when one thinks of the work that is done by the mole when providing for its own sustenance. In the cold months it drives deeply into the ground, thereby draining it, and preventing the roots of plants from becoming sodden by the retention of water above; and the earth is brought from below, where it was useless, and, with all its properties unexhausted by crops, is laid on the surface, there to be frozen, the particles to be forced asunder by the icy particles with which it is filled, and, after the thaw, to be vivified by the oxygen of the atmosphere, and made ready for the reception of seeds.—Rev. J. G.

DAINES BARRINGTON AND THE TIPPERARY FIRE-RATER.

An amusing story is recorded of Daines Barrington, Recorder of Bristol, England. Having to appear for the plaintiff in a case at a winter assize at Clonmel, he "let into" the defendant in no measured terms. The individual inveighed against, not being present, only heard of the invectives. After Barrington, however, had got back to Dublin, the Tipperary man lost no time in paying his compliments to the counsel. He rode all day and night, and, covered with alect, arrived before Barrington's residence in Harcourt street, Dublin. Throwing the bridle of his smoking horse over the railing of the area, he announced his arrival by a thunderbolt knock at the door, which nearly shook the street. Barrington's valet an-wered the summons, and opening the street door, beheld the apparition of a roughcoated Tipperary fire-eater, with a large stick under his arm, and the sleet sticking to his bushy whiskers.

"Is your master up?" demanded the visitor, in a voice that gave some intimation of the object of his journey.

"No," answered the man.

"Then give him my compliments and say Mr. Foley (he'll know the man) will be glad to see him."

The valet went up stairs and told his master, who was in bed, the purport of his early call.

"Then don't let Mr. Foley in for your life," said Barrington, "for it's not a hare and a brace of ducks he has come to present me with."

The man was leaving the bed-room when a rough wet coat pushed by him, while a thick voice said, "By your leave," at the same moment Mr. Foley entered the bed-room.

"You know my business, sir," said he to Barrington: "I have made a journey to teach you manners, and it is not my purpose to return till I have broken every bone in your body;" and at the same time cut a figure eight with his shilaleh before the cheval glass.

"You do not mean to say you would murder me in bed?" exclaimed Daines, who had as much humor as cool courage.

"No," replied the other, "but get up soon as you can."

"Yes," replied Daines, "that you might fell me the moment I put my body out of the blankets."

"No," replied the other, "I pledge you my honor I will not touch you till you are out of bed."

"Upon your honor?"

"On my honor."

"That is enough," said Daines, turning over and making himself comfortable, and seeming as though he meant to fall asleep. "I have the honor of an Irish gentleman, and may rest as safe as though I were under the Castle guard."

The Tipperary Salamander looked marvellously astonished at the pretended sleeper, but soon Daines began to snore.

"Hallo!" says Mr. Foley, "aren't you going to get up?"

"No," said Daines, "I have the honor of an Irish gentleman, that he will not strike me in bed, so I am sure I am not going to get up to have my bones broken; I'll not get up again. In the meantime, Mr. Foley, if you want your break fast, ring the bell; the best in the house is at your service. The morning paper will be here presently, but be sure to air it before reading, for there is nothing from which a man so quickly catches cold as reading a damp journal," and Daines once more affected to go to sleep.

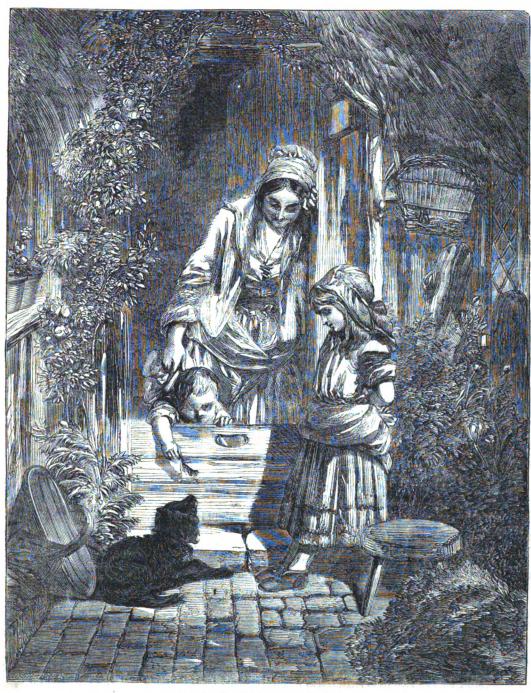
The Tipperary man had fun in him as well as ferocity; he could not resist the cunning of the counsel, so laughing aloud, he exclaimed:

"Get up, Mr. Barrington, for in bed or out of bed, I have not the heart to hurt so droll a head."

CLEMENTS PAOLI.—His was a singular character. Of a saturnine cast of disposition, he seldom spoke to those by whom he was surrounded; a great part of his time was spent in religious observances, and in the practice of the most rigid ansterities. In short, he was the monk when at home, and the most interpid warrior when engaged with the enemy of his country. The sanctity of his private life produced him singular veneration, and his presence in battle produced a wonderful effect on the putriots. Even when pulling the trigger to destroy his enemy, he is said to have prayed for the soul of his falling antagonist.



THE SPORTMAN'S RENDEZVOUS.



THE COTTER'S FAMILY .- BY J. E JENKINS.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN PARIS—A TALE OF THE CLUBS AND THE SECRET POLICE.

CHAPTER X .- M. DE BEAUFORT TURNS CONSPIRATOR.

ALAS! why are pumps and nankeens no longer admissible in Regent street, when the silver stream has mounted to 95° of Fahrenheit, and Gunter himself cannot keep his ices hard? or rather why may we not wear a Chinese umbrella and Turkish enlargements, instead of the everlasting tweeds and black silk hat? But they manage these things better in France, and though a well-dressed Frenchman must always be neat—and, indeed, far too much so for comfort—there is no texture (tarlatane of course excepted), which is too light for him to adopt with propriety. M. de Beaufort entered his wife's bedroom, after first knocking respectfully at the door, of course, on the morning of the next day, looking really quite delightful in his You. III., No. 6—3

summer attire. Imprimis, he wore pumps with a large bow and silk openworked socks! Next, the twin-garment, just above, was of delicate lemon-colored nankeen. Above that, a white waistcoat displayed an enormous amount of muslin shirt, in little puffy felds; and there was last, a very small coat of a thin black material, the name of which—tailoring being a portion of education which was shamefully neglected in my early days—I am unable to give. The little man bowed politely to his spouse.

"Madame de Beaufort, I trust you have passed a good night."

He then imprinted on her forehead that respectful solute, which is the most that a French wife permits to her mate after some years of wedlock.

"I am not so well as I could wish," replied the little woman peevishly, and turning over some flowers which she was arranging for her bonnet.

"Indeed, madame, you pain me. Do you suffer from head-ache, or is it the nerves? Ah! those nerves, what a cruel-invention!"

"Slightly from both. But it is nothing;" and here Madame de Beaufort glanced at her husband for the first time, and conjectured that he was going to drive out.

"I think a little air might do me good," she suggested imidly.

"You can take Clothilde in the brougham."

The little woman pouted; she hated the close brougham. She wanted to show off her new bonnet in her husband's curricle.

"Because my dear madame, duty demands that I should return M. Montague's call to-day."

"Ah! that is another thing," sighed his diminutive spouse, and threw the flowers aside in disgust.

"Madame de Beaufort," resumed the little man, with a dignified accentuation of each syllable, "you are oppressed with the heat. Paris is becoming intolerable. You want a change of scene and air. Is it not so?"

"Perhaps. Yes, of course. But," she added timidly, "it is too early yet for Dieppe."

A slight cloud passed over M. de Beaufort's bumpy brow.

"My love," he said solemnly, "you mistake me. I did not mean a watering-place. I fear that, for the present, would be impossible. I have been looking over my bank-book this morning. I do not find it in the best possible condition. Indeed, when our expenses are paid up here, I think we shall find it imperatively necessary to retrench a little. What do you say, Ernestine?"

His wife knew what was coming. He never called her by her Christian name, unless something disagreeable to herself was to come out. The little thing was fond of gaiety in her way. It was true Paris was getting dull, but at any time, it was better than that dreadful château, that prosy old aunt, and that silly, giggling niece, whom she always deemed it her duty to instruct in all the arts of society, suitable to a jeune fille; she therefore sighed, and then, to turn it off, laughed inanely.

"I know what you are going to propose, my dear," she replied. "But I certainly do not think that it will improve my health."

"My love, I have everything ready for your happiness. The change is as disagreeable to myself as it can be to you; but it is positively unavoidable. In the first place, your side-saddle shall be sent to be mended, and the gray mare shall be exercised by Thomas with a horsecloth round his legs. She has carried you once before, and you at least, Madame de Beaufort, can ride any horse."

"You are charming," answered the little woman. "The riding will do me good, I dare say. But the want of society?"

M. Beaufort drew a chair close to hers, and sitting down. gently took her hand.

"My friend," he said, in a low, but emphatic voice, "I have a scheme, a plan. You shall not be dull. You will see. We shall have amusement for two months at least, and in August we can perhaps manage to have a few weeks at Trouville and Dieppe."

"Well, but-"

"Let me speak. This is my scheme. Let me expound it." It is profound. It is well considered. Only be patient. The little man drew closer to her side, and knit his brows with the air of a conspirator. "This Englishman, this M. Montague, is rich. You know it; you see it in everything about him. M. Latouche has good means of information. It is he who has discovered that the Englishman has not less than five thousand pounds a vear. It is a good fortune. It is princely. It is grand. He is distingué, well educated, of brilliant talents, young, modest, even elegant." And M. Beaufort drew himself back with a look of satisfaction, and waited for his wife to speak.

"But what of this?" she asked innocently.

"Do you not see it? Are you so blind! Can you not appreciate the exquisite tact of my scheme?" Then stooping low, and looking mysteriously into her face, he muttered "Clothilde."

"Ah!" cried the wife, enlightened; "and you think—!"

"I am certain of it. We invite M. Montague to the châtesu. The young people are thrown together. An Englishman never marries except from affection, but his affection is often guided by reason. We call them a nation of shopkeepers. In one sense we are right. They have always the sense to let their feelings be guided by interest, at least by the proper considerations of men of the world. M. Montague will find a châtean and a large estate—for he need never know that it is not large—to support the youth, the good looks—for Clothilde is pretty—and the engaging innocency of a young girl. We shall see little or no society. These English do not expect it in the country. They rather devote themselves to country pastimes—fishing, riding, shooting. There will be nothing to distract his attention from Clothilde—he will become attached to her."

And having arrived at this conclusion, M. de Beanfort got up, and thrusting his little hand into his little waistocat, looked as proud as a Watt, who had just explained the principle of a new steam-engine.

"Your plan is very good," said Madame de Beaufort, in a doubtful tone though. "But—?"

Now the little man hated nothing more than his wife's "buts," so he left the room in a hurry.

The same evening, before dinner, M. de Beaufort drew his wife mysteriously aside.

"My dear," he whispered, with the look of a conspirator, "Clothilde is married!"

The little woman was slow in catching an idea.

"What! married privately?" she exclaimed, aghast.

"Privately? How do you mean?"

"Well, clandestinely."

"Nothing of the sort, most openly and respectably."

"Clothilde!"

"Do you not comprehend? She is married to the Englishman. I have seen him and invited him. He will come!"
"Oh! I see."

"Ah, you see? That is well. He will come, I am certain, but not yet. He has, he says, some important business that will keep him in Paris, perhaps a fortnight, perhaps six weeks. But he will let us know. I described our château and our ters. He asked if the De Ronvilles were not our neighbors. I told him we were very intimate with them. He said that was another inducement, as he found the baron a most agreeable man. My dear, congratulate me on my success. And now to prepare Clothilde, I shall talk of nothing but the Englishman all dinner-time."

CHAPTER XI.-THE PEG-TOP OF THE TUILERIES.

Ir was the hour when from his club the haggard gamester shame-faced slinks; it was the hour when to his pai the laden burgiar slyly winks; the hour, in short, when lubberly gendarmes, tired of watching, rub their eyes; when the weary sentinel looks out again and again towards the cast, to catch the first glimmer of morning; when the sick man turns complaining on his bed, and finds nurse snoring in her chair, and the tumbler empty of its cooling lemonade; when the sleepless lover cons his declaration for the fifty-first time, going through the most careful mental revision, correction and annotation; and, lastly, when those who have no home, who have lingered on the pavement with a gnawing stomach, hoping till the very last minute to meet some stranger with bowels of compassion, give up this vague straw of hope, and sink upon the door-step in a sleep of lethargy and despair. Blessed sleep! best gift of a merciful, a most loving God! without thee the world would go mad; by thee many a fool, nay, many a sinner, is cured of his folly or his wicked design, and wakes next morning to wisdom or to repentance. O sleep! let them abuse thee who have never trembled through seven hours of bateful darkness, oppressed by the ghosts of their own wicked thoughts; but to us, the suffering and the sinful, thou, sleep, art the kindest medicine of a most loving, most forgiving Father. Kings sleep despite their crowns; but the king who will have history solemnize his name, sleeps little.

gardens, a bright blaze of waxlights still shone at that last hour of night, and three men were awake and alive within it, conspiring against conspirators.

The first, the same little minister whom we have already seen in his own cabinet, sat at a writing-table with some halffilled sheets before him. The second, no other than our friend Antoine Legrand, stood near the door in an attitude of respectful attendance, while his eyes passed from the minister to the third person.

This third person paced the carpet with a slow, firm and thoughtful measure. He was short, and his figure was somewhat like a peg-top-thick almost to deformity across the shoulders, and tapering downwards till it ended in a pair of remarkably small feet, whose owner was proud of them, as great men often are proud of little advantages, and the very points of which they have least cause to be so. The face of this man tapered downwards exactly in the same manner as his body did. The brow was broad, bold and sufficient; the chin naturally long and sharp, was made to look longer and sharper by a long sharp beard, of the size of a goat's, or just large enough to catch him and shake him by. But between this chin and that brow the man seemed to live, while the rest of him was dead or sleeping. Even the long, thick and tapering nose had its expression. You were reminded by it a little of the Jew, but more of the common Christian sharper. It was just the nose to lay a forefinger on while winking out of the corners of your eyes. _n the little sharp pupils which watched so narrowly and so constantly without being seen, and in the half-hidden mouth round which played such a subtle smile, you saw the same deep, reserved, self-restraining, but self-congratulating soul. Like the burglar who plots the attack of the house for weeks, and seals his lips while he is maturing his plans, this man went about chuckling, smiling to himself, but never disclosing by word or look the scheme that lay in his heart.

And this man was in fact a burglar; but a burglar on a large -on the largest possible scale. Born of an adultery between one of Napoleon's generals and the wife of one of Napoleon's brothers, this man had passed for a legitimate child, but could not long pass for that.

On his deathbed, with nought but the fear of God before him, his reputed father had revealed the truth, which fear had till then kept a mystery. The revelation was in writing; it might one day be produced. The man bore an imperial name. His fate was uncertain. He might on the one hand be declared a bastard—on the other an emperor. He chose the latter; and once the alternative fixed, no human power could make him swerve.

This, then, was a great man and a great burglar, because a successful one. The house of France was to be broken into somehow or other; its treasure and its throne to be obtained by fair means or foul, or better still, by foul means having a fair appearance. The burglary was long and ably planned, the occasion long awaited. Once he failed, and became the laughing-stock of Europe; again he failed and was caught and locked up, as all burglars should be; a third time he tried, and succeeded, and now the burglar became a respectable householder, and was immediately visited by all his neighbors. See what it is to be a successful housebreaker, when the very people who laughed at your failures heartily, turn round and kiss the dust before you; and cannot find words enough to express their admiration- they would even say-their attachment. Hail then to Success, the last god in the Pantheon, but far from being the least! Hail to Success that makes saints of sinners, and yet betimes sinners of saints! and hail, too, to that ancient order of political burglars, whom a Success-worshipping world, and its history, are polite enough to style merely usurpers, and to rejoice over with a grand ovation!

But this burglar, besides his talents, has one great recommendation. He deceives others, but he does not deceive himself. He is too wise for that. He has taken the house, and can bully the servants, but he does it with a smile that says, "What fools you are to submit! Why did you let me in? You would not have had this knocking about, if you had held your ground

In one of those rooms in the Tuileries which look over the | like men; but I came with my soft insinuating poisons, you took them like fools, and so now I can kick you." And the sleepy face, with its two twinkling jewels of eyes, kept looking all this for ever more.

> This peg-top of a man still walked up and down, smiling to himself and thinking. At last he stopped opposite to Legrand, and stared him coolly in the face. He seemed satisfied with his inspection, for, with a gentle voice, he bade him be seated at the table. It was impossible to disobey the Peg-top, and so Legrand sat down opposite to the minister. Then the political burglar, having walked about till he was tired, came to the end of the table and looked rapidly from one fool to the other (as he thought them), and smiled to himself. It was strange to see these men seated, while their master stood, but this was the master's policy, and it succeeded. Love and fear are ill consorted, and it was better for these two men to be devoted to him, than for them to fear him.

> "Will you have the kindness to explain your plan?" he said in the same soft tone to Antoine.

> The latter was not abashed. Indeed there was much more restraint about the minister than about this mere underling.

> "Sire," he replied, rising, but immediately resuming his seat at a glance from the mighty Peg-top: "sire, M. le Ministre has already informed you of my discoveries; and I am aware of the difficulty there would be in making an example of these traitors to your majesty's most excellent government. without having some tangible matter for accusation. This, sire, I propose to supply. I propose to induce these men to organize a distinct conspiracy against-or, if it should please your majesty, even to make an open attempt upon—your majesty's person; an attempt, which, of course, being foreknown, would be a failure-

> The man with the heavy shoulders nodded his head almost impatiently.

"Go on, if you please," he muttered gently.

"I would humbly suggest to your majesty, that if my proposition be approved of, the man appointed to carry out the design should be no other than the person who first betrayed the secrets of the society-

"Girardon," interrupted the listener, who never neglected an opportunity of displaying his powers of memory.

"Yes, sire, Girardon."

Then there was a pause.

"Well?" said the man with the twinkling eyes, after a

"Sire, that is all. The details, of course, can be supplied hereafter."

"Yes, M. Briou, your plan is good."

Legrand rose, and began to bow himself away.

- "M. Briou," said the other, "you are, I believe, a Breton?"
 "Yes, sire."
- "From the neighborhood of Baud."
- "Yes, sire."
- "Your father is gamekeeper to a certain Baron de Ronville, is he not."
 - "Yes, sire."
 - "Then your name is not Briou, but Legrand?"
- "Yes, sire;" and this time the words were jolted out tremulously, for Antoine little knew that he was known so well.
- "It is well. Is there anything you would particularly desire in reward of your services?"

Antoine was prepared for this question.

"Sire," he replied submissively, "if it is not too much to ask, I would beg that three of the conspirators, whom I shall name, might be at least spared their lives."

Peg-top smiled slowly, and turned his eyes to the minister.

"His majesty," said the official, "has determined to extend his elemency to all the implicated. The dernier supplies will not be called into requisition."

Peg-top once more strode thoughtfully across the room, and returning, bent his eyes, with a wicked look, upon the informant.

- "The price, then?" he asked.
- " May it please your majesty?"
- "The price of these services?"



- "Sire, I am only doing my duty."
- "Still, a work of supererogation."
- "Sire, if you encourage me to ask, I will do so. There is a chateau in Brittany, a mere shell, with a small estate round it, the whole worth little more than a few hundred louis. Belonging now to one of the implicated, it will, of course, be confiscated. If your majesty would deign to allow it to pass to me, together with the title of Vicomte belonging to the estate——"

"See to it," interrupted Peg-top, addressing the minister, and then bowed an unmistakable dismissal to the spy.

Once more the heavy-shouldered man paced the soft carpet, and then turning, for the last time, to the minister, he said: "We are better served by the hatred of our enemies, than by the love of our dependants." Which saying being duly retailed by the minister next day, and heard by some gatherer of the crumbs which fall from great men's mouths—some Boswell or Raikes—was soon promulgated as a mot, and eventually registered among the Idées Napoléoniennes.

CHAPTER XII. - THE RIVALS UNITE.

"My dear fellow, this timidity is very foolish, as you will see when I explain the whole thing to you. You will enter the room, after having announced the tiler's signals, and the moment you enter, the two or three men who know you, headed by Henriot, will cry out against you. You will take no notice, but advance quietly to your place, while the president will undoubtedly restore order, as, indeed, he has promised me to do, when I shall bring forward the coalition proposition. Well, that is all, you will not be torn to pieces, not even spat upon, not even openly accused. The mere fact of your entering with me-one, who am in the light of an important bearer of important despatches—will secure you from violence. When the sitting is to begin, then Henriot or some other man will get up and denounce you. You must not turn pale, you know, but look amazed. You must front him boldly, and swear that you were at the Three Emissaries on the affairs of the club with me-in which I shall support you-and then offer, if any one still doubts your fidelity, to put it to the strongest possible test. I shall then get up and propose that your offer to do so be accepted, and that that test shall be the assassination, by your own hand, of the enemy of liberty, &c. &c. You may be sure I shall put it well in. We shall win them over between us, and Henriot has already expressed his intention to support my proposal-he, for one, will be silenced by your offer. Now, do you understand?"

"Yes, my good friend," replied Girardon to his friend Antoine; "yes, I understand all; but you speak without knowing this man Henriot. You don't know how he hates me, and what cause he has for it. The fact is, that he too was once a master cutler, and made overtures to our party in 1848, to supply them with arms. But my offer was accepted in preference, and ever since then he has opposed me. He ruined me with the trade, and when he had impoverished me, he used to watch every action that I did, in order to ruin me with the club, and at last he has succeeded. Oh i he is a terrible man."

"Come, come," answered Antoine. "Courage, my friend; you will have me by your side, and now come in here, and give your courage a stimulant in a glass of brandy."

So saying, he drew the not unwilling starveling into a little cabaret, whence they presently issued to make their way to the meeting of the masons.

The proceedings at that assembly took place exactly as Legrand had feretold, so that it would be superfluous and perhaps unfair to set before the reader the minutes thereof, for which we refer the curious and the archæologist to the Bureau des Archives at Paris.

But when the stormy meeting dispersed, when the clever speech of Legrand, the readiness of Girardon, the influence of Ludowsky, who in this matter seemed to represent a whole party, and most of all the furious imprecations of Henriot, which roused the excitable Frenchmen to the height of zeal in a cause which ten minutes before they had rather opposed, had won over the whole society—except De Coucy and the Englishman, who still stoutly and ineignantly held their ground—to

the design proposed by Legrand; when all this was over, and the chief preliminaries discussed and arranged, the dainty count from the Faubourg condescended to walk towards home with the pretended citizen of Nantes, who had succeeded in getting rid of Girardon for the time being.

It was scarcely interesting to mark the ease with which the count, well practised in this art, let himself down to the level of his fellow-conspirator, but it was a little amusing to see the quondam gamekeeper, who had so often carried his gun for him, treating his superior as a novice and a disciple.

"You see, brother," he said, with an easy swagger, chuckling to himself all the while, "we must take this affair into
our own hands. By 'we,' I mean Henriot and myself, and you,
if you think it of any use to join us. But, of course, you would
be of use; of course you would. We shall leave the seedy
Faubourg—excuse the expression—to your management, and
expect you to prepare it for immediate action in the eventful
night. Then—"

"True; but pardon me," nerrupted the count; "one thing, as I understand it, is definitively arranged. The provisional government is to contain at least three members from our party; am I not right?"

"Certainly, you are right. Those are the terms on which we buy your co-operation. But, remember, we must have proof of such aid having been employed, or you cannot have your places."

"And this proof!"

"First, before anything is dene, you must be able to show to us that the most influential men of your party are in fair league with you in this matter. You must name the men who are to fill the places, and from them we must have a promise of faithful co-operation as long as the provisional government exists, that is, until our plans are matured."

"Good; these conditions shall be complied with. But next, as to the army?"

"You heard the propositions of the two brethren who have undertaken that department."

"Yes; but have you confidence in their efficiency?"

"Perfect confidence," replied Legrand, who inwardly laughed at the hopes of the party, and the credulity of the count.

"Then nothing remains but your own share in the business."

"Mine and Henriot's, at least. And these two are the most arduous and the most important. It remains with me to prepare the provinces through the medium of the provincial lodges, and to arrange the details of the great blow, besides keeping Girardon up to the mark. Then Henriot has the whole of the Faubourg St. Antoine to make ready. And now, brother, let us make our own private arrangements. We shall meet again, of course, before the great day, but we may not have an opportunity of being alone, and it will be better that we should avoid being seen together. Well, then, let us arrange for the great day."

"Good; there is nothing like combination."

"Precisely. And for the purposes of combination the agents must come together: until the blow is struck, and its immediate results known, no plan of action is worth a thought. We must meet them after the blow; immediately after it."

"Where?"

"At the nearest point to the Tuileries—that will be safe."

"Shall we say the Place Vendôme?"

"No; better the Place de la Concorde; it is larger, and less suspicious."

"The Place Louis Quinze," the legitimist corrected.

"Ah, royalist. But as you will. The name matters little. Well, then, let it be close to the bridge."

"Good. So be it; and the hour?"

Legrand thought a moment.

"Half an hour after midnight."

"I shall be there."

"Adieu, brother. Take care of yourself. Your life is now valuable."

"Good-bye, sir."

And Ludowsky went off to his club; and the Breton to the Cafe Aux Trois Emissaires.

CHAPTER XIII.—DE COUCY FINDS OUT THAT HE HAS MISTAKEN HIS CALLING.

From the same meeting De Coucy and the Englishman walked home in quite another frame of mind. Both were silent for some time. Both had made an honorable struggle in the cause not only of moderation, but of that prudent course which they had chalked out for the society which they themselves had so ably and so long supported and kept together. De Coucy was the sadder of the two, for he was older, and to this object he had given all his heart, all the labor of his life. Paul, on the other hand, had embraced these theories with the ambition and the romance of youth, and could see life and hope beyond even the worst failure.

"That Lefebvre is a clever fellow, a wonderful fellow," Paul said, to break a tedious silence. "How he took his ground and kept it. How well he understood his audience. He spoke to them, not to us. The last meeting had shown him that our influence was weaker than our position guaranteed."

"He has been the ruin of us," muttered De Coucy.

"And yet nothing is done. There is some hope yet. 1 do not see why we should not succeed in putting a stop to this wild attempt."

"Alas! my dear friend, you think too well of the men whom we have enlisted. It is for ever the constant fate of such combinations. One or two men set forth with pure and lofty theories. They collect disciples, they labor, they teach, they are answered, and they are satisfied; nay, even hopeful, as I have been. Then, one fine morning comes the temptation. A material interest is put forward, a substantial, coarse, disgusting reward offered, and your disciples fly off, and leave you and your theories for contemptible indulgence. You see it all the world over. You lead out an army to defend the widow, the orphan and the pauper against some cruel despot or some ruthless conqueror. For a while all goes well, and the motto on your banners is the sentiment in each man's heart. But show them a town to sack-wealth to plunder, and the men who came to defend the right become worse brutes than those they went out to punish. Of what use are centuries of Christian teaching, and millions of good men to teach, if the note of one bugle can raise hell upon earth? It is not the passions of men which we have to fear. It is the passions of a mass, a crowd, a mob, a concourse. And this is the vanity of the people. We labor for the people, whom we see suffering and meek, as individuals; but we forget, that once brought together in a mass, they are more contemptible and more disgusting than the worst tyrant on earth."

"De Coucy," answered Paul, stopping and seizing his hand violently, "let us abandon this fruitless task. Let us throw over a cause, or rather a people that is not worthy of our labors. Let us, that is, you and me, seek a better field for our efforts. Come away with me, for awhile, till the storm is blown over, and we have seen the result of it. Come into some quiet country nook, where you shall find more honest hearts, and truer—where men, when you have done for them what you have done, will love you. Come, old fellow. I am ready to be off at once, to Brittany, or where you like. In Brittany we shall find a simple, honest, almost noble peasantry."

"Paul," said the other sadly, "you tempt me too hardly. You know I will not go. I will never consent to abandon the one cause in which I have staked all my interest in life—"

"But if the cause has abandoned you?"

"Not the cause—only the men. No, I will not leave Paris till the worst is come, or the best. Let the crisis come on. After all, why should we fear it so much? It may turn out better than we expect. At any rate, I must be prepared to act upon it whatever it is. I shall be wanted here if these men fail; still more if they succeed."

"Then you refuse?"

" I do."

"I am sorry for it. If I saw that my remaining in Paris could do any good, I would not leave it for any comfort and peace in the country, though I am sick of the city. But I do not, cannot see how we can avert the blow, and cure the evil when done."

"Do as you will, Paul," answered De Coucy. "Whether you go or not, I must remain."

Paul was touched by the sad tone in which these words were spoken.

"My dear fellow," he cried, "do not think so ill of me, as to suppose that I shall leave you here alone to bear the burnt of the coming danger. This day week, but not before, I shall be in readiness to leave at a moment's notice. If the plot succeeds, and the result is pretty favorable, we shall be together for the work that must then begin. But if it fail, I shall fly at once. It is not cowardice to do so. While I am free I am useful to mankind, but to consent to pass the rest of my days in a dungeon would be worse than suicide."

De Coucy smiled bitterly.

"It is the end which I foresee for my own life I look into the future as hopefully as I can, and I see nothing else."

Paul pressed his hand.

"Then we will suffer together," he cried warmly.

De Coucy passed his hand across his forehead.

"I sometimes think, Paul," he said in a low voice, "that I have been a great fool; that I have utterly mistaken the course of life I had to pursue. If I had chosen a more modest sphere; if I had become, for instance, the pastor of a quiet flock of souls, or a missionary—ha, ha! Well, God knows; our lives are not our own. It is enough for me to know that I have done no harm by mine—and yet when I see this ending to my labors, I feel almost guilty."

"Then keep your freedom, and work out some great sufficient good in a humbler sphere."

"Paul, Paul, I have put my hand to the plough. I must not look back."

And these two men pressed both hands, and separated.

CHAPTER XIV .- HOW TO PLAY REGICIDE.

A week after the general meeting, on a fine spring night, when there was every inducement to the citizen with madame and les petits, or to the Parisianized foreigner in his heterogeneous dress, to linger at those little iron tables with the white marble tops, that were ranged in dozens outside the brilliant cafes, within which seedy loiterers, half pay officers, and dirty officials were playing at dominoes, or écarté, the peaceful godlessness of the Boulevards: peaceful, because—except the women at the corners, who perpetually sang out in their harshest tones "La Patrie, La Presse, les journaux du soir," and those old frequenters of the throng, who with a tin pagoda on their backs made bellmusic wherever they went, and offered weak lemonade and orgeat to the thirsty citizen—everybody had given up business for the day, and was pursuing pleasure easily; godless, because Parisians are by nature atheists—this peaceful godlessness, then, was a little ruffled by an unusual presence of the military. Not but what the military, in some form or other, are ever present in the streets of Paris, and picquets and patrols are as common, and much more common, than policemen in London. But on that night the military were the more remarkable, because they stole quietly upon the scene, with an evident desire to escape notice, and once there, remained there. Thus there were suddenly to be seen sentries at the corners of the streets, with bayonets fixed; two or three horsemen at the entrance of every street that gave upon the Boulevards, and certain silent, rambling patrols every here and there. Bourgeois A asked bourgeois B in an under tone what this appearance meant, and bourgeois B replied that he could not tell, in a yet more subdued tone, and with yet more mystery in his look.

"Where is the emperor to-night?" asked one.

"Dieu sait," was the answer; "unless he is at the opera."

"Ah, of course he is; but then-"

Now, as monchards have long ears, and as they throng the streets of Paris, it was not prudent to utter more than the doubt expressed in that "but then—:" and so people went home to bed, expecting next morning to hear of an emeute, and not a few dreading to catch the sound of cannon in the hours of sleep.

But those who had no inducement to go home, became suspicious, and gathered round the doors of the opera-house. Two magnificent carriages, bearing on the panels a shield on which the imperial eagle was blazoned, were there drawn up. On these two carriages the looks of a motley crowd were fixed. But what looks! The looks of a people unworthy of liberty, because they can be so easily cheated out of it—a people who, respecting little in this world, have so great a respect for power, that they worship it. They were looks of stupid admiration, of servile appreciation, of childish fascination. The sturdy Englishman poohs and scoffs at a show of finery, though he will go miles to see it; but the Frenchman enjoys it thoroughly. There are three ways by which a French mob may be tamed, and only three—a bon-mot, a dazzling show, and the mouth of the cannon. The present emperor has had recourse to the latter two already. He is not celebrated for smart sayings, but a day may come yet, when his life at least, if not his throne, will depend on his ready wit.

Among the crowd that stared at the prancing English horses, the rich liveries of the servants, and the vulgarly profuse adornings of the carriages, and waited for the great man who so coolly appropriated these and his other splendors from out their own pockets, were two men who seemed far too much interested in their own business to care for any of these things.

"How do you feel now?" said one of them to his companion, a little man, whose face was very pale.

"I am so fearful least anything should go wrong."

"How can it! All is pre-arranged."

"Yes, but if one of these gendarmes should cut me down?"

"Pooh, pooh, they have their cue."

"What, even they? I cannot believe it."

"But I tell you they have," answered the other impatiently. "I tell you, you are safe, perfectly safe. Come, man, don't be an ass."

"And the populace-"

"What? the people! You are mad. Do you think a single man here cares one jot about him?"

"Take care, there is Henriot watching us."

Legrand, for it was he, looked round and saw the black, savage frown of Henriot bent upon them.

"Well then, let us move nearer to the carriage. But stay—is the pistol all right? You know what you are to do. The moment you have fired, you must fall back, and move off quickly. Do not run, and when you are taken, do not utter a word. I will be there to protect you in case of need."

"Good; I know. I wonder if there are any others of them here besides Henriot!"

"No. They are all in different parts of the city, preparing the workmen."

"Ah well! I hope it will all go right."

The speaker, who, of course, was our little traitor, Louis Girardon, shuffled up nearer to the carriage, and squeezed himself into a position in the first rank of the spectators, just between the principal carriage and the steps of the emperor's entrance to the opera, and close to the only gendarms on that side, who was there to keep back the crowd. Legrand followed him closely, pushing him on from time to time. Girardon thrust his hand into the bosom of his coat, and nervously grasped his pistol.

"Ah, my poor wife," he muttered to himself. It was his redeeming point. None of us are all bad.

Just then, a movement in the crowd showed that the emperor was expected. Eager necks were stretched for eager eyes to look upon the face of this man, who had first tricked and then enslaved their owners. A tall splendid footman moved down from the doorway to the carriage-door, where another was already standing.

was already standing.
"Here he comes," hissed the crowd, as if fearful to speak aloud in the presence of so much greatness.

"Vive l'Empereur," cried a single paid voice in the throng, and the gendarmes alone repeated the cry.

At the same moment the peg-top figure, whom we have seen in the Tuileries, passed down the steps, followed by a general in full uniform, and two gentlemen in plain evening dress. He advanced with a firm but easy step, and in his little eyes played a look, which no other word describes so well as "leery." Just as he was casting a glance round upon the crowd—just as the same voice repeated in a louder tone its ten sous worth of

"Vive l'Empereur;" just as the peg-top figure bowed to thei side from which the cry came, and was moving on to the carriage steps, Legrand nudged Girardon's elbow from behind. The same instant the pistol glittered a second in the light of the gas lamps, and a loud report and curl of smoke petrified the crowd. The women shrieked, the men rushed forward, the gendarmes leapt eagerly towards Girardon, and one of the gentlemen who accompanied the emperor darted upon him, and seized him by the throat.

"My friends," said the peg-top, turning at the carriage door, and speaking with perfect calmness, "be reassured, I am unhurt."

How kind! how condescending of this little avatar!

But the apparent courage of the man delighted the mob, which raised a loud huzza, and then crushing pell-mell towards the carriages, did its best to swell the confusion.

The horses pranced and reared, the coachman cracked his whip over the heads of the crowd, and shouted, "Place, place," and in the midst of it all a troop of dragoons rode recklessly into the crowd, and laid their flat sabres over the heads and shoulders of all who came in the way.

"The emperor is killed," shouted those on the outside, and rushed off with the news.

"He is not hurt," muttered one.

"Worse luck," said another, and before the words were out of his mouth he was arrested. Then came the true confusion, and the petty war between soldiery anxious to disperse a mob, and a mob which will not be dispersed, because the soldiery want it to do so.

And in the midst of all this, Henriot, who, when he saw the result, had turned pale, and muttered a deep curse, ran off in the direction of the Faubourg St. Antoine. Legrand, with a cheerful smile, bounded away towards the Tuileries; and Girardon, the cause of it all, had disappeared. Where he had got to was the great mystery which puzzled all the crowd. Some had seen him fire, others had seen him seized; but in the hurry and confusion that followed, very few had seen him thrust into the second carriage, followed by his captor and a gendarme with fixed bayonet, and so bowled off to the Tuileries to be treated as a regicide till further orders.

For the rest of that night the pavements of Paris, particularly of those streets which led to the Faubourg St. Antoine, rattled with the muskets of changing guards, while from time to time the peaceful inhabitants were roused by the noise of a fiacre driving rapidly along, accompanied by the clatter of a body of horsemen. Then those who had gone to bed nervous, got up, and put their nightcapped heads out of windows, and when they drew them in again, said to their wives: "What is up now, I wonder? They are making fresh arrests."

Whereupon the drowsy spouses growled ill-temperedly, "Shut the window, then, if that is all. You have nothing to fear; you haven't the courage to be a conspirator."

CHAPTER XV .-- A SWIMMING MATCH EXTRAORDINARY.

When Legrand left the crowd, he did not see that he was followed by a thin, shadowy figure, surmounted by a most lugularious face, now pale with a great anxiety. The owner of this figure and face, the long spiky nose of which came down over his mouth, was simply the misnamed Fortune, who, filled with suspicions at all times, had stolen to the great scene of action, from which so much had been expected, in order, that whatever the result, he might convey to his master the first intelligence of it. The faithful creature had forgotten for a while his aged mother and blind sister, and deeply attached to his English master, who treated him more liberally though more distantly than any former one, he had not hesitated to risk his life and liberty by mingling in a crowd which might have been the nucleus of a new revolution.

Meanwhile, the Count Ludowsky had arrived at the place of rendezvous long before the appointed hour; for the count, though he never allowed himself to dream, sometimes indulged in a speculation, and this coup d'ctat was as good as another. Indeed, when all the arrangements were completed, there seemed to be so little chance of failure, that Ludowsky, quite hopeful, had begun already to chalk out a course of action for himself,

to be pursued immediately after the event. In this, the count had evinced his natural selfishness, and the true nature of his political ambition.

Carefully concealing the plot from his party, he had taken to himself two aspiring confidants, young clever noblemen, who had less of the prejudices of the old Faubourg set, and to them alone had imparted the secret, binding them by threats and promises to keep it, and aid him. The triumvirate plotted together, and matured their plans. All seemed to be rose-colored, if only the one blow took effect. If not, there was nothing lost, and, at least, they were safe. The plot was a socialist one; they were legitimists. So far the police knew nothing, and for the rest suspicion could not light on them, and suspicion alone was the soul of the danger.

Still the count thought it prudent to absent himself from the scene of action on the eventful night; and hence his agreement to the appointment with Legrand.

At a quarter past twelve he issued from the salons of one of those noble marquises, of ancient family and historical surname, who had thought it no sin to accept a senatorship from the Empereur de Fraichedate, and retain in their hearts all the loyal sentiments of their ancestors. On one arm leaned one of his young confidants, on the other, the other; and the three faced the chill air up the Rue du Bac, till they arrived at the bridge. Here the count left them, and the two, lighting their cigars, walked up and down on one side of the river, waiting for his return.

The count did not feel the chill breeze that came up along the Seine. He did not notice the bright lights that still glittered in the windows of the Tuileries, and found their doubles in the ripples of the dark stream; still less did he perceive that two soldiers, with bayonets fixed, took their stand behind one of the large cumbrous figures that represent the principal towns of France, grouped around the Place Louis Quinze, as he delighted to call it. But what if he had seen them? Could he have suspected their errand? Far from it; his mind was full of one idea, the hope of attaining, almost single-handed, at least without the aid of his party, a position which he had determined should be a grand one.

He had walked up and down for a long time, nursing this flattering hope, when suddenly a hand was laid upon his shoulder. He turned at once, and beheld Legrand by his side.

- "Well, what news?" cried Ludowsky eagerly.
- "News?" replied the Breton, with provoking calmness. "of whom? of what?"
 - "VVhy, man; of course you know what I mean."
- "Indeed, I do not, Count Ludowsky," answered the other stolidly, "unless indeed you refer to that affair."
 - "Yes, yes; to that affair. How has it succeeded?"
 - "Very ill. She persists in her refusal."
 - "She? what do you mean? Are you mad?"
- "Not I, forsooth. But it strikes me you must be so, to continue to press your suit as you do."

Ludowsky was beside himself with irritation, but he scarcely dared to ask outright about what he wanted to know. It was too dangerous.

- "Come, come," he said; "you are playing the fool. You are having a laugh at my expense. Speak out at once, and tell me if the blow has taken effect."
- "Count Ludowsky," replied Legrand sternly, "no blow that you can aim will take effect there. The innocent girl whom you would sacrifice to your love of money, and your sensual admiration of her beauty, will never give in to your importunity."
- "Fellow!" cried the aristocrat, savagely, "take care how you speak. Don't carry your joke too far, or you may—"
- "No threats, count. What I tell you, I know to be a fact. Mademoiselle de Ronville hates and despises you."

The count reeled back a moment in utter confusion, but never forgetful of his dignity, as quickly recovered his self-possession, and replied in an off-hand tone—

- "My good Lefebvre, I see through your joke now. The Englishman has been putting you up to this. Come, let that drop, and tell me the result of the plot."
 - "You are mistaken again, Count Ludowsky. Years before

the Englishman met you in Paris I knew of your engagement, if it can be called so, with Madeleine de Ronville. Years before I found you listening at a keyhole."

- "Ah, villain!" cried the count, losing his temper. "Ah, you talk to me like this, do you?" and he rushed upon the Breton, and seized him by the throat. But the stalwart Celt threw him off as a giant would a child.
- "Take care, count," he cried. "I could crush you in a moment; but I reserve you for a slower death."
- "Indeed! you are kind," replied Ludowsky, turning his back upon his opponent, and shrugging his shoulders.
 - "Yes, count, I hold your life in my hands."

Ludowsky laughed derisively.

- "And on one condition I return it you safe," continued Legrand.
- "Ha, ha! These socialists are amusing. But let me hear your condition, sir. It will be something original, I daresay."
- "Very original. It is this. You will give me in writing, signed by your own hand, a promise, on your faith as a Catholic, and your honor as a nobleman, that you renounce for ever the hand of Mademoiselle de Ronville; that you break off your engagement, if any there still be, and that you will never renew your suit, either to herself or to her parents."

The Breton's voice was deep and stern, and yet it trembled a little. The count affected not to notice it.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed. "This is fine; this is truly melodramatic. Really, Mr. Lefebvre, you would succeed at the Porte St. Martin in some grand and bloody tragedy. I think your talents would be more appreciated there than they are here."

And with this he would have walked away, for his temper was growing warm, if he had not been dying to hear the result of his plot; so, thinking that patience was the best policy, he waited for the Breton to speak. Legrand, too, waited to give him time to make his decision. Ludowsky walked up and down; the other crossed his arms upon his chest. At last he spoke.

"Well, count, do you accept my terms?"

- "Still at this nonsense!" answered Ludows y impatiently. "Now, tell me who has hired you to come here and threaten me in this extravagant manner? It is the Englishman, is it not?"
- "No, count; no. The man who has sent me here stands before you. Look to him well. You know him."

And the Breton rapidly drew off his hat, and the wig under it, and stood with his own hair in the light of the gas-lamp. The count looked at him attentively.

- "I really have not the honor of knowing you a bit better now, sir," he said, "except that I discover for the first time you have been wearing a peruke, when your own hair would have suited you better."
- "Count," answered the Breton in a tremulous voice, but nothing moved by the other's laughter; "I must tell you, then, who I am. I am the son of the gamekeeper of the Baron de Ronville. I am a native of Baud, and I am in love with Madeleine de Ronville."

Ludowsky opened his eyes at the first part of the sentence; but at the last words, he lost all command over his temper.

- "You, you!" he hissed out. "You a servant, and have the insolence to love your master's daughter, and the audacity to confess it?"
 - It was now the Breton's turn to be cool.
- "Yes, sir, and the still greater insolence to be the rival of the Count Ludowsky, that honorable gentleman who listens at keyholes."
- "Yery well, very well," cried the other, hoarse with rage; "your master shall know of it—a pretty fellow!"
 - And he was walking off, when the Breton seized his arm.
- "You are not running away like this, Monsieur le Comte? I have offered you my conditions. You must accept or decline them."

Ludowsky wrenched his arm away.

"Then that is your answer?"

"Yes, and you may take it back to the rascally Englishman who sent you.'

The Breton replied by a low whistle, and the next moment the two soldiers rushed from their hiding-place, the one in front, the other behind the retreating count.

"Ah! mille diables! ah, traitre!" cried Ludowsky, who saw in a moment that he was betrayed. He plunged his hand into his breast, and drew out a loaded pistol, which he had brought as a precaution, and with a clever shot sent its contents into the body of the soldier before him. Then darting down the bank of the river, he plunged desperately in. The other soldier

"And you and your conditions may go to the devil," he | guessed how it would be, and making a crosscut, gained so much upon his quarry, that the two men reached the black whirlpool under the arch about the same time. The Breton. too, was the stronger. He summoned up all his force, and with three bold strokes, was close behind the count, when the latter, pushed to the last extremity, raised his booted foot with an effort, and with a clever movement, kicked him in the head. The blow was a sharp one, in spite of the difficulty of giving it, and took effect. The Breton was stunned, and sank like lead. Ludowsky breathed again, and striking out, managed to round the pier of the arch, and to cling for a few minutes to the stone-

> "If I can only muster strength to swim back again, and so give the soldier the slip." thought he to himself.



OLD ASSOCIATIONS --- BY G E. HICKS.

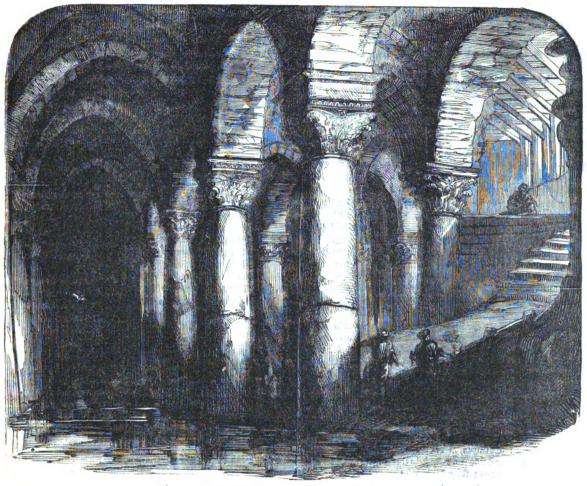
had raised his musket, and would have fired before the count had reached the bank, but for the Breton.

"Hold!" he cried; "do not fire, but run round to the other side, while I follow him. Quick, quick!" and bounding forward, he plunged in after his rival.

It was now a trial for endurance. The count was a capital swimmer, and the fear of death was before him. He struck out bravely, and left the heavier Breton far behind. But it is no trifle to swim in your coat and boots in the rapid stream of the Seine an hour after midnight; and before they were half way across, both men began to flag. But the stream being stronger in the middle, was now against the count, and in favor of his pursuer, who was some yards behind him. It carried Ludowsky

Meanwhile, Legrand rose again. He had recovered the stun, but his forehead was cut open; the blood was flowing copiously, and he was weakened and blinded. He made two strokes, and then felt that he was giving way. It was a desperate moment. Another stroke or two would bring him to the pier of the arch. He struck out, but the stream was too strong for him, and carried him rapidly down. Again he struggled. It was a moment for despair. His arms refused their work, and again he began to sink, when suddenly he felt himself drawn up by the hair of the head, and hauled roughly into the bottom of a boat, where he lay for a while half dead with exhaustion.

Now there was but one man in this boat, and that man was the lugubrious Fortune. That faithful servitor had overheard rapidly towards the centre arch of the bridge. The Breton from his lurking-place the greater part of the conversation we



SUBTERRANEAN LAKE, CONSTANTINOPLE

have retailed. He had at least caught sufficient to learn that Ludowsky was anything but friendly to his master, whom he knew to be meant by the Englishman. Still he never dreamed of taking any share in the matter, one way or the other, until he saw the two men struggling against the stream, and became fearful of their fate. Then he ran down to the bank, cut the painter of the first boat he found there, and pulled off, just in time to save the Breton from drowning. Now Fortune had a tender heart, and bore no malice, so that, having saved one man, he had no idea of abandoning the other; and when, on looking about, he saw Ludowsky clinging to the narrow ledge of the stone pier, he pulled back towards him. But the count saw the movement, and believing himself to be pursued with hostile intent, dived in once more. Fortune stopped his sculls, till that of the count reappeared, and then pulled towards him.

"Ho there, wait!" he cried. "I will pick you up in a minute. Do not be afraid."

"No, no," answered Ludowsky, "I am not quite such a fool."

So Fortune, with the kindest intentions, gave chase, and the count avoided him by diving in cross directions, until at last he reached the opposite bank, and dragged himself dripping out. Poor count! it was hard after such a race to be welcomed by a stout young soldier ardent in his duty, and with bayonet fixed and musket loaded—but such is life; and by the time Antoine was sufficiently recovered to thank Fortune and jump out of the boat, Ludowsky was secured. It was in vain that his two friends came up, now that they were useless, and expostulated with the soldier. Legrand only drew out his warrant, and Ludowsky was marched off.

(To be continued.)

THE SUBTERRANEAN LAKE OR RESERVOIR AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

The marvels of Stamboul—as the Moslems call Constantinople—are manifold, and accidental discovery perpetually adds to their number. The thousand years of its Christian history have left innumerable vestiges, in the shape of magnificent buildings, statues and monuments, to the custody of the ignorant Turk; and enterprise, were any manifested, would undoubtedly succeed in the discovery and preservation of many priceless relics of the successors of Constantine.

One of the most extraordinary discoveries was made in the year 1550, about a century after the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks, when a gigantic subterranean work of art was found beneath the ground occupied by the Hippodrome, or square in which the equestrian performances of the Greeks were wont to take place. This great square—still used by the Turks as a racecourse, and thence named Atmeidan by them-covers an immense subterranean reservoir or lake, the extent of which has never, within the memory of man, been fully explored. Its existence was a mere tradition until quite recently, when an accident revealed its precise locale. The most wonderful fact in connection with it is the existence of rows of marble columns, supporting the roof above which the Atmeidan extends, and these columns were brought to light, a few years since, by the falling in of a wall, which revealed their capitals. Boatmen with torches sometimes venture amid the murky labyrinths of the great lake; but it is usually only approached at its borders, in one or two places where means of access are now provided.

PRISON COMPANIONS.

A PRISONER named Liard, whom Constantin de Renneville had as his companion in his room and cell, had tamed rats, which ate and slept with him. This man, who was accused of having published libels against the king and court, had not a friend in the world, and had become attached to his prison by the affection which he had inspired among these vile animals; he even cursed any one who was sent to share the "stone jerkin" in which he was rotting on his straw. He knew them all by the names he had given them, and could distinguish them one from the other. One was called Ratapan, another Le Goulu, a third Le Friand, and so on. When he dined, you might see all these rats come round his dish and make a horrible disturbance, while he tried to keep them on friendly terms. "Come, Goulu," he would say to one, "you eat too fast. Let Le Friand come up to have his share. Why didst thou bite Ratapan?" And he tried to lecture these indocile brutes as if they had been gifted with intelligence. "If I had killed one of those villainous animals," added the eye witness, "he would have flown at my throat. It was a pleasure which diverted me many times to see him call these brutes by their names. You might see them come out of their holes as if to receive orders; he gave them a little piece of bread, after which he sent them back to their holes by giving them a gentle tap on the tail."

One day, during the long imprisonment of De Latude in the Bastile, a huge rat having made its appearance, he called it gently, and threw it some crumbs of bread, which it took after some hesitation and carried off to its hole. The next day the rat reappeared, and required less pressing to come and take the bread; on the third day the rat became more familiar and more vorscious, because Latude deprived himself of a portion of his daily ration of meat to attract this hungry guest; on the ensuing days the rat, whose confidence increased with each repast, came up at a full trot to take its meal from the prisoner's hand. This was not all; example is as contagious among rats as among men. The rat took new lodgings, and summoned its wife and six young ones; they took up their quarters around Latude, who gave them names, and taught them to walk on their hind legs to reach their food, which was hung up about two feet from the ground. This society of rats found themselves so comfortable that they showed their teeth at any intruder who tried to enter their ranks; they multiplied patriarchally up to the number of twenty-six, great and small, who lived, like Latude, on the king's bread. The spiders were, doubtlessly, of a more savage character than the rats, for Latude never succeeded in taming a single one. Although he offered them flies and insects, although he seduced them by whistling and playing the flageolet (which he had formed by taking a wheat stalk out of his paliasse), the spiders would not vield to the soft impeachment, and hence he concluded that Pelisson's spider was only a myth.

Still, the Baron de Trenck, confined during the same period at Magdeburg, found his spiders much tamer; he had even promised to render a brilliant homage to the marvellous instinct of these insects, and he would nave furnished some powerful arguments in favor of animals possessing a soul. He merely relates, however, in his memoirs, the touching history of the mouse, which he tamed to such a degree that it came to eat out of his mouth. "I could not," he says, "trace all the reflections which the astonishing intelligence of this animal produced in me." One night the mouse by leaping, scratching and gnawing, caused such a disturbance that the major, summoned by the sentinels, commanded a round of the prison, and examined the locks and bolts, to assure himself that no attempt at escape was being made. The Baron de Trenck confessed that all the noise was made by the mouse which could not sleep, and demanded its master's liberty. The major seized the mouse and carried it off to the guard-room. On the next day the mouse, which had tried with great courage to gnaw its way through the door, waited for the dinner hour, to return to its master at the heels of the gaoler. Trenck was greatly surprised to find it climbing up his legs, and giving him manifold caresses. The major seized the poor animal a second time, re-

fusing to restore it to the prisoner, but he made it a present to his own wife, who put it in a cage, hoping to bring it round by kind treatment and good food. Two days later the mouse, which would take no food, was found dead. Grief had killed it.

Rats and mice have played a great part in the amusementand affection of prisoners, but when the talented Mdlle. de Lannoy, better known as Madame de Stael, was taken to the Bastile after the discovery of the Cellamare conspiracy, she could not overcome her repugnance to these animals, and therefore invoked the protection of cats, which she was fond of. "I did not feel in prison," she says in her memoirs, "that ennui which is generally apprehended oo I guaranteed myself against it when I grew calmer, by the occupations which I prescribed to myself, and by all the amusements that offered, and which I took good care to benefit by. It is not the importance of things which renders them precious, but the need we have of them. I was astonished at the interest I derived from a cat, for which I had asked merely for the sake of delivering me from the mice by which I was persecuted. This cat gave birth to several kittens, and these again to others. I had the time to watch several generations. This charming family gambolish and danced before me, with which I was greatly diverted, although I had never before loved any sort of animal." Misfortune produces kindness in even the driest hearts. Mdlle de Lannoy, who could not keep a friend at court, remained faithful to her cats in prison.

LEGEND OF THE PIN.

In the west of France the pin is endowed with a fabulous power which is not without a certain interest, though it may be a painful one, as will be seen by the dénousment. One of its supposed attributes is, when having been employed in the toilet of a bride, to attract lovers towards the one afterwards possessing it; consequently, it is a curious sight in La Vendée or Les Deux-Seares, to see all the peasant girls anxiously placing a pin in the bride's dress, and the number is often so considerable that she is forced to have a pincushion attached to her waistband to receive all the prickly charms. At night, on the threshold of the bridal chamber, the bride is surrounded by her companions, each one eagerly seizing upon the charmed pin, which is kept as a sacred relic.

Elsewhere—in Brittany, for instance—the pin is considered as the guardian of chastity, a mute witness, which will one day stand forth to applaud or condemn in the following manner:

In the villages where this superstition is in force, some days before the wedding, the intended leads his future bride to the edge of some mysterious current of water, and taking one of her pins, he drops it into the water; if it swims, the young girl's innocence is incontestable; if, on the contrary, it sinks to the bottom, it is an accusation which no evidence can overcome, for it is considered the judgment of Heaven, as such things were regarded in the middle ages. But as the peasant girls in Brittany never use by way of pins anything heavier than the long blackthorn which they find in the hedges, the severity of the tribunal is never very great.

On the 7th of last December, a young peasant, mounted on a strong cob, full of hope and gaiety, not a little the result of a lovely spring-like morning, was seen urging onwards towards Morlaix (Brittany), with a handsome girl of twenty on a rillion behind him, her arm tenderly clasping his waist. From the air of happiness around both of them, it was very easy to see that they were two lovers, and so they were, going on a pilgrimage to try the charm of the pin, at the fountain of Saint Douet. Jean's father was one of the richest landholders in the neighborhood, but above all the girls of fortune around he had chosen Margaret, whose sole wealth lay in her beauty and virtue. Through all the alleys of the wood, with wild thyme and violets beneath their horse's feet, the sweet odor of which, even at that late season, was perceptible, they journeyed on until they arrived in a wild and described-looking plain, whence they plunged once more into the mysterious forests of Finisterre, filled with Druidical memories. Was it the influence of the

spot, or the near approach of the trial at the fountain which saddened both? Nevertheless, Margaret looked forward without fear; she was so certain of her innocence, and she had so firm a reliance on the virtue of the act she was about to perform. It might be that the west wind, as it sighed through the trees which had waved beneath its breath for ages, recalled to both of them all the legends of fairies and elves which were supposed to dwell in those vast forests. Jean, who was well acquainted with the forest, managed to guide his horse through all the overgrown and tortuous paths, until they found themselves close to the sacred fountain; it was a clear source bursting through the crevices of a rock, overgrown with moss, over which it rushed into a natural basin, and thence escaped in a thread-like stream over the sylvan glade.

The young couple dismounted, and Margaret kneeling down, prayed fervently for some moments; then rising up, she gave her left hand to her lover, and full of confidence, advanced towards the fountain. Alas! she had too much faith in the virtue of the legend; instead of a thorn pin, she took from her neckerchief a large one with a silver head, which her lover had given her! The pin dropped into the water and disappeared instantaneously. At eight o'clock in the evening, Jean left the young girl broken-hearted in her sorrow, at her father's door. Silently he brought her home; not a word had passed his lips since the moment of the fatal trial, but as he lifted her from his horse he stooped, and kissing her brow, said, "Adieu, my poor Margaret, and to think how much I should have loved you!"

Poor girl! How enter and tell her parents of the trouble; her inexplicable disgrace! How bear the world's mockeries; and above all the loss of him she loved so well. Instead of rapping at the door, she fled, and the next day poor Margaret's corpse was found in a neighboring pond

A CAPITAL SCHOLAR IN SKYR.—The following is worth mention as illustrating education by rote. Walking to church one Sunday in Skye, we were followed by a slip of a lad some ten or eleven years of age, who, on putting some questions to him, volunteered to name all the capitals in Europe, which he did with marvellous dexterity. From Europe he crossed to South America, and rattled out the names of the capitals with the accuracy of a calculating machine. From South America he started off to Asia; and finally brought up at Jeddo, in Japan. We were rather sceptical as to the value of such acquirements -and indeed, as to the reality of any information having been conveyed to the lad's mind by the formidable muster-roll of words that had been stuffed into his mouth. We, therefore, asked him, "Can you tell us the name of the island you live in!" But, notwithstanding his lore, he had not learnt that he lived in the Isle of Skye. To make quite sure of the fact, we requested the captain of the steamer to repeat the question in Gaelic; but there was no Skye forthcoming. He knew the name of the parish, and of all the capitals in the world, but not of the island he lived in. There being a schoolmaster present, accidentally, we thought the occasion too good to be lost to show the worthlessness of word-stuffing, and ventured another question-"Now, my lad, you told us the names of nearly all the capitals in the world; is a capital a man or a beast?" "It's a beast," said the boy, quite decisively. So much for words without understanding. In the next school inspection that boy will, probably, pass for a prodigy, and will figure in statistical reports as an example of what good education can do.

An Important Discovery.—Professor B. F. Greenough has discovered a new process by which burning fluid and camphene are made non-explosive, thereby saving the risk of accidents, which have become so frequent of late. The process by which this desideratum is attained consists in the complete saturation of the camphene or fluid with carbonic acid gas. This gas, it is well known, is unable to support combustion (and, indeed, in considerable quantities, it is as effective an extinguisher of fire as water itself), and when combined with burning fluid utterly destroys its explosive quality, without in the least impairing its illuminating property.

BOTANIC ORNAMENT AND USEFULNESS.

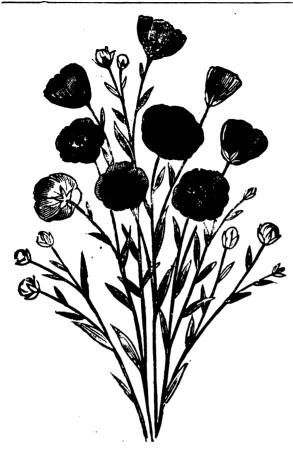
NATURE, the all-bountiful, while she has given to the inhabitants of tropical climes an animal and a vegetable product -silk and cotton-for the manufacture of their clothing, has not been less provident for the wants of the denizens of colder regions. Side by side with the fleece which forms the indispensable basis of all warm clothing, grows the flax plant which supplies us with linen, and answers to the silk that supplies Asiatic nations with garments of surpassing delicacy and lightness. The linum usitatissimum is a plant more widely diffused than perhaps any other of those which are adapted to the use of man, and mention is made of it in the very highest antiquity. In Genesis xli. 42, we read: "And Pharach took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestments of fine linen." This is the first scriptural and therefore the earliest mention of the product of the flax plant; but after this, allusion to it is of frequent occurrence. We learn in Chronicles, Second Book; i. 16, that Solomon purchased linen from the merchants of Egypt, in which country, as we have seen, it was cultivated in the time of Joseph, and where it was for many centuries more successfully cultivated than elsewhere. Herodotus, the father of history, who, the more he is studied the more surprisingly accurate and truthful he is found, speaks of Egypt as the great emporium of the flax trade, and tells us that armor was made of linen, a statement which is confirmed by Pliny, who saw the remains of the very corselet of linen which Herodotus mentioned. It had been the property of Amasis, King of Egypt, 600 years B. C., and was preserved in the temple of Minerva at Lindus in Rhodes.

The extraordinary diffusion of the flax plant is one of its most curious features. In Northern Europe and in the torrid plains of India, in Ireland and in Siberia it is fully at home. The plant is extremely slender and graceful, growing usually to a height of some two feet, with a single stem, from which a corymb of light blue flowers diverges. From very ancient times the plant has been cultivated for purposes of manufacture in France, Great Britain and Ireland, Holland, Germany and Russia. In Germany, Prussia, Saxony, Hanover, and parts of Austria are the regions in which flax is principally cultivated; but England is the principal linen manufacturing country of the present day. German writers have long, although vainly, endeavored to arrest the decline of flax culture and manufacture in their country; while in Great Britain and Ireland the trade becomes yearly more extended.

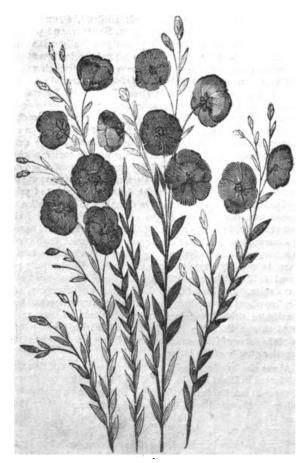
The cause for the crushing out of this important branch of native industry lies probably in the fact that the invention and improvement of spinning machinery, as well as the general systematization of labor, has been carried to such a pitch in England in the last twenty or thirty years as to render the cost of production so much less, that German manufacturers are unable to compete with their English brethren in point of price. Great attempts are being made in Germany to acclimatize the precarious manufacture of cotton on the banks of the Rhine and the Elbe, but here again British capital and skill, as well as unscrupulousness, interferes to prevent success. Such goods, however, as are manufactured in Germany, whether cotton or linen, bear a high reputation, and would be universally preferred to British manufactures if they could be afforded at as low a price. Dr. Francia, the despotic ruler of Paraguay, concerning whose extraordinary career so much curiosity has been manifested since it terminated with his death in 1840, prohibited at one time the introduction of British manufactured goods in favor of German cottons and linens, on account of the superior quality of the latter.

About one hundred and twenty thousand acres of flax were cultivated in Great Britain, in 1851, which, taking the average of three to ten hundred weights per acre, gives an aggregate of thirty-six thousand tons, beside an importation of ninety thousand three hundred and thirty-nine tons, which were consumed in one year's manufacture.

Flax is gathered by hand, the plants being pulled up by the roots, and fastened in small bundles, which are left for twelve or fourteen days in the field to dry. The bundles are then steeped



COMMON FLAX



SIDERIAN FLAX.

in water, until the skin and mucilaginous part of the stalk are wholly decomposed, and the tough fibre is set free. This operation is denominated water-rotting, and occupies some ten or twelve days. The fibre is bleached for an equal period, and is then scutched or bruised, and combed, when the fibre is ready to be spun.

Flax, in the language of flowers, is used as the emblem of fate. It was also used in Egyptian hieroglyphics, as a symbol of the same idea, and it is considered probable that the origin of this emblematical representation lies in the use of its fibres for bowstrings. The following lines have reference to the subject:

Of flax the bowstring was entwined That winged by fate the arrow sent; Of flax the Fates the web did wind, On human destiny intent.

Dried flax is sometimes used as the emblem of utility, on account of the manifold usefulness of the plant. As is prettily said:

Many a use hath the flax that grows Wheresoever the free wind blows

Far more beautiful, yet how much less useful than the humble flax plant, is the stately camellia, which adorns the bosom of beauty, or blushes in the raven hair of some divinity of the



PLOWER OF CAMELLIA RETICULATA.

stage! This magnificent flower, glorious in its proportions and its inimitable tints, soft as the gradations of color on the cheek of the fair one whom it ornaments, lacks nevertheless that enduring fragrance which is indispensable to the perfect flower. There are many varieties of the camellia, of which the most beautiful are the *C. japonica*, and the *C. reticulata*; but all are of Asiatic origin. The plant is named in honor of Georgius Camellus, a Moravian missionary, who travelled in Asia in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and published a history of the island of Luzon. It is a hardy plant, and easily cultivated in a warm room during winter; nor can there be devised a more pleasing ornament to a parlor than a camellia plant in bloom. The flower greatly resembles a very large carnation, and has been thus poetically apostrophised:

Thou beautiful, but scentless art, like one in whom we find All outward graces, but who wants the graces of the mind; Round such the best affections can never be entwined.

Another Asiatic plant, however, supplies the want that the perfumeless camellia occasions, and throws its delicate aroma, artfully extracted, around the lovely person that the flower grows more beautiful in adorning. The Pegostemon patchools, or



PEGOSTEMON PATCHOULY.

patchouly plant of the East Indies, furnishes that delicious scent with which all our readers are familiar. Our engraving represents admirably the handsome spike of lilac flowers as they may be seen growing in their native soil; but patchouly is only known in the United States in its dried state, and as an essence. The dried tops, with leaves and flowers, are imported in bundles of about one foot in length, and from these an essential oil is distilled, which, digested with weak alcohol, gives the essence of patchouly. The essence is only used in perfumery. Large quantities of the dried herb are annually exported from the East Indies, in chests and half chests, weighing one hundred and ten and fifty-five pounds respectively.

Beside the camellia, and very much more frequent-



ly than that plant, our houses are decorated with hyacinths during the inclement season which has now fairly descended upon us. These inexpensive and beautiful floral ornaments may be seen everywhere; in the mansion of the great and wealthy no less than in the humblest dwelling of the poor; and their gradual development, from the tiny shoot of tender green, which rises from the moistened bulb to the brilliant spike of closely set and many colored blossoms, is watched day by day, the long winter through, by numberless households. The hyacinth is produced in countless varieties, and is one of the earliest blossoms seen in our gardens in the spring. When cultivated in the house, the bulbs are placed in the well-known tapering glasses or bottles, nearly filled with water, into which their fibrous roots descend, and in which they flourish without hindrance.

The hyacinth derives its name from the Greek legend of the beautiful youth, who was turned into a flower, and whose name was Hyacinthus. The names of Hyacinthe and Jacinto are great favorites in France and Spain, from the fact that one of the saints in the Romish calendar is named St. Hyacinth. The celebrated battle of San Jacinto, or St. Hyacinth, will occur at once to all our readers.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD TRAVELLER-No. III.

VOYAGE FROM GENOA TO LEGHORN.

When the Mediterranean is in a humor to do justice to the

praises lavished on her in poetry and in prose, when her waters are blue and placid, when the air that plays on her surface is calm and zephyr-like, her sky a transparent azure dome. then is it delightful to be borne away with rattling steam-speed on her bosom, in one of the beautiful Eng. lish-built steamers which ply between Marseilles and Naples, in company of men and women from all lands, among whom, however, the lively children of the South mostly predominate. The livelong day on deck, even during meals, under the sun-shielding awning, you enjoy the view of the sea and of the land, sometimes faintly seen at a distance skirting the horizon, some times sufficiently near to let you distinguish the rosy tints on fantastically-shaped mountains and peaks: you enjoy the friendly talk with fellow-passengers; the game at chess; the quiet reading in some secluded



CLOSE-SPIKED HYACINTH

nook; you enjoy everything that is near and afar, below and on high, and all on deck, unless wishing to avoid the risk of sleeping in the night dew, you prefer spending a few hours in your comfortable berth below. But the Mediterranean, though it must be admitted that she is mostly good-tempered and amiable, is not invariably so; she, also, like everybody else in the world, has occasionally her whims, and once roused to anger she is dangerous and to be feared. The steamers of twenty years ago could not boast either the speed, accommodation or comforts which you find on those that frequent her waters now.

It was on a dark Saturday evening in the month of November, in the port of Genoa, that I went on board the little steamer

Dante, which was, without fail, to set me down the following morning at Leghorn in time for church. I might as well have embarked from the flat, dreary coast of Holland, for I could see nothing of the celebrated bay and its white marble palaces, and gardens, and church domes overtopping each other, amphitheatre-like; it was pitch dark, and all around was black. I might as well have gone on board during a Scottish mist in its native land for all the balm and clearness in the air; the air felt raw, and the rain came down drizzling, as I was rowed to where the Dante lay at anchor. Up by the steamer's ladder, along the wet and slippery deck, down the narrow companion, I got into the first cabin, which, by the dim light of a paltry lantern hung up in the ceiling, I soon discovered to be dirty, unfurnished and cheerless. No lateral state-rooms were there, nor even berths to sleep in; the Dante had no accommodations for night passengers, as she generally made her voyages by day. I looked around for fellow-passengers, but found only one; there were more as I understood, but they belonged all to the cabin of the second class.

Whilst moving slowly within the mole which warded off the outside waves, we were not sensible of much wind; but the very instant that protecting shelter was left, we were made aware by the violent dance the Dante now commenced, that we had a strong gale and a heavy sea upon us. She was tossed like a nutshell up to the top of a watery mountain, and down again into humid valleys. There was no temporary rest, no respite in her motion as in larger ships; it was incessant and highly uncomfortable. My travelling companion, as he represented himself, a captain in the English army, was a tall, stout individual. stammering in his speech, but not much given to conversation, and withal of a meditative and melancholy expression of countenance. There we lay opposite each other on long but narrow forms, covered with our cloaks in helpless discomfort. I ordered our slovenly steward to bring us wine; he had none, nor brandy, nor bread, nor anything except rosoglio, bad Italian whiskey, which not being drinkable, was of course declined. Slowly passed the wearisome night; the constant pitching of the vessel made sleep altogether impossible, at least to me; as for the captain, he left me in doubt whether he slept or not, for occasionally he would stammer a few sentences to himself, and then again relapse into silence; it might be that he thought aloud, or that he talked in his dream. At last a dusky light dawned, and I crawled on deck, flattering myself, though perhaps at some distance, still to see the lighthouse of Leghorn before me. But I was doomed to be disappointed, for I was now informed by the captain that during the whole night we had only made forty miles, or half-way, and that as the gale was still increasing, he had resolved to run for shelter into the nearest port, which was the Gulf of Spezzia. Celebrated for beauty as this gulf is, in such weather when all objects are hidden in mist, when of the picturesque mountains which enclose it only the base of the nearest can be discovered, when a stiff cold breeze blows in your face as you stand dripping on the deck, it is all as much lost to you as the sun was that day, of whom you full well know that he shone brilliantly on happier mortals elsewhere, though not upon you.

Perched on the summit of a pyram.ua. mountain, beautiful to behold when you enter the gulf in bright sunshine, when its white houses look dazzling and form a charming contrast with the warm tints of earth and sky, and with their own rich and deep shades, whilst of its existence we of the Dante were in apathetic unconsciousness, lay a straggling village, which was to be our refuge until the storm had blown over. Who would have expected that, in a vessel bearing a name so poetic, one could experience sensations so full of prose? In fact, my spirits when landing were such that if I honored the great poet with a thought at all, it was wondering whether, in his "Inferno," he had not described some uncomfortable voyage on the black waves of Cocythos as a prototype of ours. Up the muddy rugged steep climbed first and second class passengers; and when, after much expenditure of breath, they reached the village and its locanda, they had at least not to suffer the disappointment of a dispelled charm previously lent by distance for it was all in keeping.

stone, coated with plaster, of which large patches had fallen out, and once painted yellow-as of this color, from under all possible and impossible tints, only here and there a faint indication remained—hourse sounds of men shouting to each other. as if engaged in a serious brawl, greeted our ears. I knew it, however, to be no more serious a matter than the innocent game of "mora," so common among the lower classes of Italy, Two men sit opposite each other with clenched fists, from which they simultaneously, and with great rapidity, throw forward their fingers, shouting out at every throw how many fingers each guesses, his own throw added to his opponent's, to number. It is a game of great antiquity, and supposed to have been introduced by the Saracens or Moors, who, in early centuries, infested the Italian coasts; hence the name. Often in the stillness of night, in the country and in the outskirts of cities, you hear no other sounds disturb the tranquil air than the sharp but monotonous shouts of uno, due, cinque, tutti (meaning the whole ten, or all). They play so quickly that to the uninitiated it is incomprehensible how they can manage to shout, guess, verify and correct each other, all at the same time; and still the game, generally played for coffee or wine, seldom for money, goes on without difficulties and terminates without squabbles. It is interesting to watch the eagerness of their expressive countenances whilst they play. As we entered the room where the gamblers sat—it was a large room, doing service as bar, dining saloon and general parlor—they ceased their game and joined the rest of the company, a set of unwashed villagers like themselves, in staring at us shivering voyagers. In shirtsleeves that probably once had been clean and white, and otherwise not very prepossessing in appearance, yet with much politeness, landlord and waiter advanced to receive our orders. What we first wanted was a good fire, the huge fireplace being black and empty; and next, as good a breakfast as the place could afford. It was not long till, by means of large fagots placed on the handirons, a blaze flared up which once more spread genial heat through the veins of a set of shivering beings, that in a semi-circle surrounded it. It is unnecessary to task my memory by trying to relate of what our meal consisted; suffice it to say that it was hot and substantial, and though its quality might not be unexceptionable, that it answered admirably to hungry men.

Every positive sensation of joy or happiness must necessarily arise from a contrast with a preceding sensation of an opposite kind. The greater this contrast, the more intense will the sensation be. I have heard of a poor scholar, who, on a bitter cold Christmas-day, sat in his unheated attic-room, enveloped in a fur-lined dressing-gown, moping over his inability to procure himself even the smallest enjoyment on a day when thousands of fellow-beings were merry and happy. Of a sudden a thought struck him. He ran to the window, opened it, thrust out his bared arm in the keen frosty air, where he held it till it became painful from cold; he then withdrew it quickly, and having closed the window, wrapped it up again in his warm sheepskin. The delightful sensation which, by way of contrast, he now experienced, dispelled his gloom, and left him contented, if not happy, for the remainder of that Christmas-day.

When I began to fret at not being at Leghorn, where about that hour I would have returned from church with valued friends, accompanying them home to a comfortable English-Italian dinner; or, when looking out of the window from whence I ought to have a prospect famed for its beauty, but where my eyes met naught except the white, shapeless, impenetrable fog-I had only to recall to my mind the cheerlessness of the preceding night and morning, and compare it with my present comforts to regain perfect contentment. And had I not books? If one can only keep one's mind sufficiently at ease to read, how easy is it to soar away even from worse places than an Italian village locanda, and from indifferent companions, to roam far away to happy scenes—to lands of enchantment and bliss on earth, and even in Heaven-to associate with the noblest of men and even with angels! I read a great deal that day. Captain S-'s conversation was far from interesting. still it whiled away a little more of time, which was finally filled up with another meal, and at length the day was over; From the said locanda (Anglice, inn), a gaunt buildin of but the idea of leaving had to be abandoned, for it still blew

too hard to venture out to sea; while the rain had never ceased to come down in torrents.

The double-bedded room into which Captain S—— and myself were shown was of immense size and paved with bricks, which make an agreeable floor on a sultry summer's night, but not when the weather is damp and raw, as when we entered it. An old-fashioned Italian bed looks like a smail fortress. If you wish to enter it with comfort, you should escalade it; and it is large enough to contain six, with convenient space between each two, and room besides for one or two more crossways at the foot. For a while I was prevented from sleeping by my companion's stammering to himself as on the preceding night. The sound was but merely above a whisper, and would not have disturbed me had there not been in it something of a mysterious, unearthly nature, that awed me whilst it compelled me to listen. At length sleep overpowered me, and I heard no more.

Early in the morning we were roused from our slumbers by a knocking at the door from our waiter, who announced the glad tidings that the wind had shifted in our favor and was now moderate, and bade us hurry on board. With much alacrity I obeyed the summons. The rain still continued; my wistful glance toward the shores of the bay remained unrecompensed, as all it sought there was concealed from it as on the previous day; but I had at least the consolation to know that in three hours I would be at Leghorn.

Where is perfection to be found in this world. no man in his senses will expect it anywhere, certainly not in Italy, and least of all in her institutions. Hence our satisfaction in at last having reached the roads of Leghorn was not to be without its alloy. The Dante's paddle-wheels had ceased their revolutions. her anchor was let go, and the landing-place lay temptingly before us at only a stone's throw distance, but we were not yet allowed to leave. For though no cholera existed in any part of Europe that year, the stringent quarantine regulations, dictated by ignorance and fear, which had been enacted in Tuscany some years previously, when that malady prevailed in some other countries, were still in force; and not only had each vessel from abroad to produce a clean bill of health, but her passengers and crew had to be mustered and counted by the quarantine officers, passing before the latter in single file, and to be compared with the manifest before pratique and permission to land were granted. So if there was a mistake in the manifest, containing one individual more or less than were found, all on board were, in that event, put in durance vile for a whole fortnight in the grim lazaretto. It was from the lazaretto the said officers were to be brought. A boat was lowered, and in it our captain, provided with his papers, sped away.

Meanwhile a fleet of small boats had surrounded us, whose occupants competed with each other, with much clamor and gesticulation, in offers to the passengers on deck of taking them ashore. Not to be cheated at all in the southern countries of Europe, is a thing not to be thought of even by the most practised traveller; but if you wish to be cheated as little as possible, at all events if you wish to avoid disputes a posteriori, your most effective move is to bargain beforehand, even for the smallest services you may require. It is true the maxim holds good in other countries as well, when you have to deal with that class of men to which boatmen, porters and hack-drivers belong, but nowhere to the same extent.

Worst of all are the facchini or porters of Leghorn, than whom there exists no worse rabble in any part of the world. With a lively recollection on my mind of angry squabbles with these worthies on former occasions, I resolved to avail myself of the opportunity of avoiding them this time altogether. I beckoned to one of the boatmen, who immediately shot ahead of his competitors, and came as near the steamer as the regulations permitted. Having ample time to spare until the quarantine officers might be expected, which in fact I was but too glad to fill up with some occupation or other (it mattered not what), I lesurely rested my elbow on the bulwark and commenced operations in the shape of bargaining about the fare. As usual a figure was demanded which had to be considerably lowered, and one offered which had to be raised in about the same ratio. These are gennine Italian tactics. At length a solemn agreement was made

between the said boatman and his assistant on the one part and myself and my inevitable stammering Englishman, whose interpreter I had been since we first met, on the other, for the conveying and safe delivering, on payment of a certain number of francs, of the two latter individuals and their luggage as far as the landing-place at the Mole; and furthermore, for the carrying the said luggage, not only to the gate of the Hotel San Marco, where the two latter individuals intended taking up their abode, but to their very rooms, be these rooms situated up one, two or ever so many flights of stairs. I chuckled when picturing to myself the disappointment this arrangement would, on our landing, cause the rascally facchini.

The quarantine officers came; the number of our flock was found correct, and we were declared free to depart. Not many strokes of our boatmen's oars brought us to the Mole, where, precisely as I had anticipated, a crowd of fierce-looking fellows were gathered, eagerly waiting for us, like so many wild beasts that watch their prey, or nearer in reality like so many banditti ready to pounce upon their victims—for banditti they are said to be, when during a dark night on a solitary spot an opportunity offers itself for the use of their stiletto; even in broad daylight, with the knowledge of the neighborhood of the police, a vague feeling of apprehension will seize you when approaching them.

On the lowest step of the landing-place about half-a-dozen of these savages, with red nightcaps on their heads and jackets slung over their shoulders, stood prepared for a spring into our boat. I called out to them that they needn't trouble themselves about our luggage, which our boatmen had agreed to carry. This intimation, however, instead of instantly driving them away as I had confidently expected, produced no other effort than to raise a shout of scornful laughter among them. With many imprecations they informed me, on their part, that I had no right to employ any other parties than themselves, who were exclusively privileged as such by law, and that carry my luggage they would. Unable to prevent their seizing our portmantcaus by main force, if they were landed, and yet determined, in spite of the still continuing rain and of further detention, not to be imposed upon if I could find protection, I jumped ashore, bidding one of the boatmen to follow me to the nearest police station, and the other to stay in the boat with my friend until I returned. The whole rabble scampered after me as I proceeded through the wet and muddy streets. The station was not far, and pellmell they entered with me into the very presence of the captain of the police.

This dignitary at once settled the matter in my favor, assuring me that I had a right to employ whoever I chose. The facchin were severely rebuked and threatened with punishment for their falsehood and imposition, and a gendarme was sent with me for protection.

Thus escorted, I retraced my steps, again followed by the crowd, who now protested that it was all a mistake. They had thought it was merchandise I had, but as it was merely travelling apparel—ah, that was a different affair, of course it was all right. The rascals, they knew better!

Having again reached the landing-place, I was not a little surprised to find the boat forsaken and in it only my own lug gage. My stammering friend, regardless of the services I had rendered him whilst we were together, and forgetting that the trouble I took was as much for his benefit as mine, had only considered his own convenience, and availing himself of the facchinis' absence, had gone on with his luggage and the remain. ing boatman. I doubted not, however, that I would find Cap. tain S. at San Marco, when he would at least not fail to repay me the few francs I had disbursed for him during the voyage. I was puzzled what to make of this man; he called himself a captain, and was simple almost to childishness, gentlemanly in his bearing, and yet capable of conduct that was anything but gentlemanly. The facchini despersed as soon as they saw my boatman's load on his shoulder, the gendarme was rewarded with a liberal botiglia (something to drink), and before long I and my luggage were comfortably installed on the second floor of the Hotel San Marco, and thus ended my adventures on the voyage from Genoa-to Leghorn.

which had to be raised in about the same ratio. These are genuine Italian tactics. At length a solemn agreement was made he was not at San Marco, nor did I meet with him in the streets But he turned up two months later, and my unexpectedly falling in with him again forms an appendage to my little narrative.

Any one who had seen me arrive at Civitta Castellana, a village at the distance of one stage from Rome, would have taken me for some state prisoner who had to be strictly guarded, for en each side of my carriage rode a carbineer armed to the teeth; but it was only an escort which I had hired for fear of robbers, with whom the road from Terni was said to abound. At Civitta Castellana several roads coming from different parts of Italy join into one that leads to Rome. Here our vetturino wished for the last time to rest his horses before he finally set us down in the Eternal City. Several carriages arrived after ours, and standing at the window of the public room of the hotel, I amused myself with watching the new-comers as they alighted; one of them was a tall figure, which even before its face was turned towards me I recognized as belonging to my friend the stammering captain, and certainly there he was When he entered the room his eyes were not at first turned in my direction, but the moment he perceived me he came up to me and with the utmost coolness stammered out, "I be-believe I ha-have seen you some-where be-fore."

This address, after what had so lately passed between us, was so unexpected and, at the same time, so sublimely ridiculous, that I was at a loss how to take it. Nor did the man's manner look as if he intended an insult, and hence I had no choice left but to pronounce him crazy—not aloud, but mentally, for it was of no use to commence a quarrel; I contented myself, therefore, with replying that he was right. He had seen me before, namely, at Leghorn, where he left me in the lurch and went off with his luggage, jeopardising mine.

When I arrived at the Hotel Franz, Piazza d'Espagna, in Rome, I had an hour to spare before dinner; and who would have borne to lose even one hour of his first day in the city of his e. rly dreams? I was not far from St. Peter's, to which I hurried to obtain of it a first general view. It does not belong to this sketch to speak of my sensations, when, at a distance of several miles, I spied the cupola of this wonderful edifice, and was made conscious thereby that I was now indeed approaching the city of Romulus and of the Cæsars; or when I was close to it an beheld it in all its imposing grandeur—they were deep and never to be forgotten.

Having taken my seat at the table d'hôte, I looked round to reconnoitre my fellow-guests, and at the other end sat Captain 8—again. The conversation was general, but neither of us addressed the other.

Once more he came in my way. when the mystery that surrounded him was at last solved in the most unexpected manner. This was on the same evening, when on my road to the theatre with a friend. I heard some one who walked before us talk or rather stammer to himself. Though dark—the streets of Rome being miserably lighted at that time-it was not difficult to guess who that some one was. . I now felt certain that my old travelling companion was not right in his mind, and only wondered that I had not noticed it during our intercourse.

I wondered whither he would bend his steps. Like myself he had arrived at Rome that day only, and must be unacquainted with its streets, unless he had been there on a former occasion. My curiosity once awakened, I resolved to follow him, and having inspired my friend with an interest almost as lively as my own, I easily persuaded him to give me his company. From the Corso, Rome's principal street, we were led to the right, then to the left, in such a zigzag course, that we became apprehensive, in spite of our endeavors to be particular in remembering our way, that we should lose ourselves on our return.

At last our pioneer stopped before what, by the dim light of an oil-lamp suspended over its entrance, we recognized to be a convent. Here he rung a bell, and immediately a small window in the door was opened; a few words were exchanged between our mysterious friend and some one within, the purport of which was unintelligible to us, and the window was again closed. After the lapse of a few minutes, we saw a door open, and a monk appear, holding a lantern in his hand, whom, by his brown garment and cowl, and by the cord round his waist, we knew to belong to the Capuchin order. Shrouded by the darkness, we could, without fear of being observed, approach near enough to see and hear all that passed. The monk extended his hand, and said to Captain 8---- in plain English: "Welcome, Brother S——. I am happy to see you safely arrived." To which Captain S—— replied: "Yes, I am here at last, to leave the world for ever." The door closed upon him, and my friend and myself stood for a while silent, in utter amazement.

Now, of a sudden, so much that had appeared strange in Captain S——'s conduct was explained. Absorbed in the purpose of abjuring the world, his mind had become alienated from its interests; hence his taciturnity, his abstraction, his inconsistencies. How interesting it would have been to learn his previous history, and what had led him to exchange the world for the rosary, the camp for the cloister. I have inquired of many persons in and out of England, but nobody knew anything about a Captain S——, and unable to describe the street, I have never ascertained in what Capuchin convent he had so strangely disappeared.

With some difficulty my friend and I threaded our way back to the hotel, neither of us being in a mood for the rest of that night to carry out our intention of visiting the theatre.

A man of sense does but one thing at a time, and resolves to excel in it—for what's worth doing at all ought to be done well.



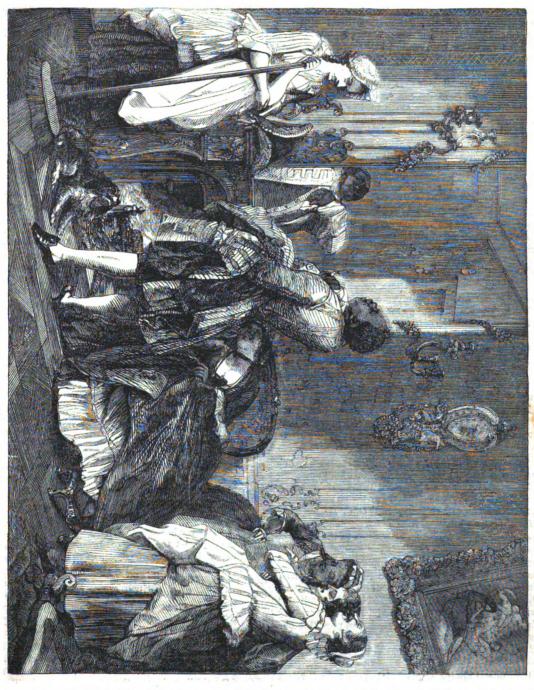
ITALIANS PLAYING AT MORA.

NOTES ON ORNAMENTAL FLOWER CULTURE.

FLOWER PLANTS IN WINTER.

Many plants designed for the garden or veranda in summer will keep through winter in a cold frame, as roses, hydrangea, lauristinus, rhododendron, carnations, and many hardy greenhouse and tender herbaceous plants that are liable to be killed in the garden in winter, as well as shrubs that are liable to be injured with hard frost.

As long as the weather is mild the glasses should be slid off in the day and drawn on at night, except in hard rainy days, on which tilt the sash with a piece of wood to give air and keep off the rain. Pick off all dead or decayed leaves, and clean any foulness from the surface of the soil in the pots, also give a little water occasionally to such as are dry. As soon as there is an appearance of winter setting in, shut down the sashes close, and cover them with mats or straw, and some boards to keep them from being blown off. If a fall of snow



MASTERS ARE OUT.—BY HENRI SCHLESINGER

About the middle of October, take a light frame, and place it on the ground in the most convenient part of the garden near the house or at the side of the fence, the better for shelter; then dig out the earth one or two feet deep, or according to the height of the plants, and bank the earth around the outside of the frame, levelling it to shoot off the water; then put a few old boards at the bottom for the plants to stand on, and place in the plants, the tall ones at the back and small ones in front; then put on the glass sashes.

Vol. III., No. 6-34

comes on, take a spade and put it down, and place it well around the sides, as it makes a close covering; let them remain covered as long as the cold weather lasts.

GROWING BULES IN ROOMS.

In the latter part of November, a compost of mellow loam mixed with a little sand and leaf-mould may be prepared for potting such bulbs as hyacinths, narcissus and the various kinds required to be grown in rooms. The pots may be filled with this compost, and the bulb placed in the centre by pressing it down in the earth, so that its crown is level with the earth; the pots should then be placed in a situation where they will not receive much light, as bulbs always strike root much better in darkness than when fully exposed to the light. Little water will be required to be given until the bulbs begin to grow, when the watering may be gradually increased as they increase in height, and when the flowers show they may be copiously watered.

The hyacinth and narcissus may also be grown to good advantage in glasses in rooms. The best time to commence operations is in November; the glasses may be filled with clear water and the bulbs placed in them. They should then be provided with a suitable position in a light, airy room, where the temperature of the air is moderate, in order to start them in a vigorous manner; when they are placed where they are started into growth too rapidly, they are drawn very weak and are apt to flower badly. In the process of growing bulbs, the water should be changed every three or four days, and the fibrous roots rinsed in clean water, as any impure substance or water will be injurious to them.

OBNAMENTAL WATER-SPOTS IN GARDENS.

The margin of pieces of water in garden grounds, when designed to imitate nature, should be as nearly as possible a refined representation of what is seen in natural lakes. The grass sod should never exactly touch the water, because the green of the one and the blue of the other do not harmonize. In nature the harmony is provided for by the water sinking lower at one time than it does at others, which leaves a dark line of soil even in the most unfavorable cases, and a narrow line of bright gravel or sand in cases best deserving imitation. As substitutes for gravel, stones may be introduced here and there, being groupe I either with plants on the shore, or with aquatics, and the shades and reflection of these will produce a degree of variety and force of effect which will go far towards making up the beauty of the scene. In the placing of water, whether in imitation of nature, or in the creation of artificial character, regard should always be had to the surrounding scenery. Water in landscape attracts the eye more powerfully than any other material, and therefore it should never be placed near a boundary, or near any object to which it is not desirable to attract attention. Water in imitation of nature should also be placed in what is in reality or in appearance the lowest part of the grounds, though this rule does not apply to water in highly artificial forms.

ARRANGEMENT OF SINGLE TREES.

Single trees and shrubs are the grand sources of variety in a garden or lawn, where the surface is flat and without any other objects of note, and they are also, when judiciously disposed, valuable additions to a surface naturally varied by undulations. The great art in putting down single trees is, to dispose them so as to form groups when seen from a distance, and yet so as to produce variety in every change of position in the spectator when near.

The kinds of trees and shrubs thus employed may be varied at pleasure, provided some attention be paid to the general forms, and to the prevalence of one general form or character of tree or shrub in one place. Thus, if conical trees be distributed equally over the grounds, along with round-headed trees, they will produce great sameness; but if conical trees prevail in one place, round-headed trees in another, and flat-spreading trees in a third, so many distinct characters will be produced. The same is the case with shrubs.

Single trees should always be planted in prepared soil raised in heaps a foot or more above the general surface, so that after a year or two, when the earth has settled down, the tree may stand on a little hillock. The trees, before planting, should be ten or twelve feet in height, with trunks three or four inches in diameter at the surface of the ground.

THE CACTUS.

The remarkable class of plants known as cacti are arranged by nature in several distinct groups. The first of these consists of the tree cacti, or those kinds of cereus which have long, slender stems, and which usually grow on the summits of the mountains of Brazil, forming a singular kind of crest; these are generally thirty or forty feet high, and sometimes are branched like candelabra, and sometimes consist of only one naked stem, not thicker than a man's arm, though of such enormous height. The porcupine cacti, which form another group, grow in the valleys of the temperate regions, generally in loamy soils and low grass; and the opuntias and pereskias, which form two others, are also principally found in the temperate latitudes. The melon cacti and the rhipsalis, which has narrow jointed stems, are two other groups, which are only found in the hottest parts of the tropics.

With regard to the culture of the cacti, it is found that, generally speaking, they ought to have a season of complete rest followed by one of considerable excitement; that is, they ought to be kept almost without water from October to March, and then watered profusely while they are coming into flower. They ought all to be grown in pots well drained with cinders, instead of potsherds, as the latter retain too much moisture for the delicate and succulent roots; and they all enjoy bottom heat, which makes them throw out abundance of fibrils. When young plants are transplanted, they should not be watered for several days.

MESEMBRYANTHEMUMS.

This is a very extensive class of plants, comprising some five hundred species and varieties, all of which, with a few exceptions, are natives of the Cape of Good Hope. They are all singular, many of them beautiful, and some splendid, and are altogether a plant of much interest. The leaves are of almost every shape and form; their habits vary in appearance. Some of them are straggling, others are insignificant, and a few grotesque. When they are well grown they flower in great profusion; the colors are brilliant and of every shade, the yellow and white being most prevalent. Each species continues a considerable time in flower. They are sometimes kept in the hothouse, but undoubtedly the green-house is the best location for them. They must not get water more than twice a month during winter, but while they are in flower and through the summer they require a more liberal supply.

TRICOLORED VIOLETS.

One of the chief objects to be desired in this flower is symmetry. The petals should be large, broad and flat, lying upon each other so as to form a circle, and prevent anything like angles or intersections of this circular outline. The petals should be as nearly of a size as possible, the two top ones being the largest, but so covered with the two side ones as not to appear disproportioned. The colors should be clear, brilliant and not changing. The eye should not be too large, and it is accounted finest when the pencilling is so arranged as to form a dark angular spot.

FLOWER MANAGEMENT AT THIS SEASON.

Preparation should be made at this time—if not already attended to—for the housing of green-house plants. Previous to this being done, let the room or green-house be whitewashed with lime, which will prove pernicious to insects, and will prevent their generating among the plants. In arranging the various plants, place all the shrubby ones, such as orange and lemon trees, on the back shelves; others should be so placed that they can be cultivated to advantage, and they should all be arranged in regular gradation, so as to have the low-growing or dwarf plants on the front shelves.

Stock gillies and wallflowers should be taken up, potted and kept in a shady situation until they have taken root. Such dahlia plants as have been cultivated in pots should be sheltered from the chilling air, and those in the ground will need attention. Prepare the ground for all the hardy kinds of bulbous flower roots; and, towards the end of the month, plant anemones and ranunculuses, crocuses, crown imperials, gladioluses, hyacinths, irises, ixias, jonquils, &c. Prune flowering shrubs, and set them out where wanted.

Chrysanthemums should be neatly tied up to small sticks, and watered occasionally with liquid manure, to promote their blossoming in full perfection. Those in pots intended to be protected for late flowering should be watched, and taken in on

the appearance of a frosty night; they may, however, be exposed to the air as much as possible, when it is soft and calubrious.

IRIS, OR FLEUR DE LIS.

There are two distinct species of plants cultivated under this name, each consisting of several varieties. The bulbous species and varieties are designated as English, Spanish, Chalcedonian and American. These, if introduced into the flower borders and intermixed with perennial plants of variable colors, have a very pretty appearance when planted in clumps or patches. This may be done during the present month, by taking out a spadeful of earth from each place allotted for a plant, and then inserting three or four bulbs about two inches deep. If the ground be poor, some rich compost may be dug in around the spot before the bulbs are planted; and if several sorts be planted in the same border, let them be of various colors. The tuberous-rooted are of various colors, as blue, yellow, brown and spotted, and are easily cultivated.

CULTURE OF STOCK PLOWERS.

As many as twelve entirely distinct colors of the ten-week stock may now be selected. One of the first requisites to insure good double stocks is to make the ground intended for them of the best possible condition. It is a great mistake, and but too common, to suppose that the soil for flowers need not be rich; the opposite is indeed nearer the truth, and, for these plants, is absolutely indispensable. Observation shows, that the double state is only brought about by excess of vigor, and if this condition is lost by planting in impoverished ground, it is only reasonable to suppose that the flowers will degenerate to their original figure. The intermediate stock is an excellent kind to grow in pots for early spring decoration. The seed should be sown in good time for this purpose, and the young plants, after being potted, should be brought up as robust as possible, keeping them in frames through the winter until they are in bloom, when they tend to make the green-house gay in spring, and they may afterwards be turned into the flower garden, where they continue to bloom for a length of time.

MANAGEMENT OF DAHLIAS.

So precarious is the growth and blooming of the dahlia, that in a vast number of instances it fails to complete the circle of vegetation. In September or October they are in full force, and the slightest frost is then sufficient to destroy them. In order to prolong the duration of their blooming, they are sometimes planted in large pots, which are plunged in the border during summer, but are removed to a green-house or conservatory as autumn advances. The forward buds are thus enabled to expand in safety. But plants so treated display only a short-lived beauty; to flower well, dahlias must have the open air.

The tubers ought to be left in the ground some little time after the autumnly frosts have destroyed the foliage; they still find nourishment there, complete their ripening, and are consequently less difficult to keep. Taking them up is an operation which ought to be carefully performed, avoiding wounding the roots, and choosing if possible a bright, calm day. They may be left a few hours to dry in the open air, to be afterwards removed to any place secure from frost, where neither the excess of dryness or moisture is to be feared. They will pass the winter very well, if covered with sand on the floor of a dry and wholesome cellar.

It may here be remarked, that the first blooms are generally imperfect in their appearance; and dahlias are scarcely in their full beauty till the great heats and droughts of summer are over, that is, at the end of August and in September. It is as well to cut off all imperfect and faded blooms, that the sap may be directed to the buds that are successively coming forward.

THE WHITE ROSE FAMILY.

The white rose is the parent of a very distinct little family of much admired plants, distinguished by their grayish, light green leaves, their vigorous shoots, with smooth bark and stout thorns not too closely crowded, and their peculiar perfume. They make a handsome plant for city gardens, when trained against a wall, a large surface of which they will cover, producing the most beautiful effect. The old white is an early and

welcome rose, its semi-double and single varieties making the most pleasing garden ornament. Everybody knows and loves the Maiden's Blush. The Celestial is a very beautiful flower when half opened; afterwards its charms diminish. Princesse Lamballe is a lovely, pure white rose, sometimes delicately tinged with flesh. The Queen of Denmark and Madame Audot are charming hybrids. Those who intend to supply themselves with white roses should bear these in mind.

MATERIALS FOR ORNAMENTING CITY GARDENS.

Grass is a common object, yet it adds so much to the beauty of a garden spot, that it can seldom be dispensed with, even in town gardens of very limited scope. To produce its true effect, however, it should present a somewhat different appearance from a half naked patch of ground. Too many of the grassplots met with are of the latter class, notwithstanding the expense incurred for resodding, rolling, mowing, guano, &c. If the blades of grass will spindle up, long, lank, few and irregular, and if the roots will not thicken, it is better to occupy the space with something else, even with a layer of clean, bright gravel. Where a strip of green is wanted to run along the ground, as at the foot of buildings, round the base of a pedestal or as the border of a grass-plot that is intended never to be trodden on, ivy answers the purpose well, especially if the band of green is broad. If a narrow edging is all that is required, the lesser periwinkle, planted thick, answers well. Only particular kinds of roses will generally flourish in city garden spots. Among those which are tolerably well suited to this purpose are the old white, the Maiden Blush, the common pink and crimson chinas, &c. One of the Boursault roses, which are vigorous climbers-for instance, either the blush or the crimson Boursault, trained against a wall, with a sunny and airy aspect, will sometimes answer well. Violets, pansies, primroses, polyanthuses, anemones and double daisies will often bloom quite fairly. Thrift, with its pink blossoms, and London pride, with its pretty rosettes of leaves, will also flourish.

VARYING THE APPEARANCE OF FLOWER GARDENS.

As soon as the frost has put a stop to vegetation the flower garden demands attention, for many of the strong shrubs and herbaceous plants that spread from their roots, as well as other kinds that increase freely by seed, are very apt to overrun the more valuable plants which do not increase of themselves, and if unchecked would soon destroy that variety which it is so desirable to have in small gardens. Much of the beauty and order of a flower garden depends on the preparations and disposals made at or soon after this time. Accordingly, measures should now be taken to improve the quality of the soil, the shape of the beds may be altered, shrubs and herbaceous plants removed, and all other practicable improvements effected. These alterations are very necessary, for gardens that wear the same unvaried aspect year after year become wearisome. A little trouble in interchanging the flowering plants among the different beds, enlarging some and lessening others, will accomplish all that is necessary.

THE CHINESE PRIMULA.

On account of its free blooming habits, and pretty appearance in the winter months, the Chinese primula is a desirable plant for a room window. It is usually raised from seed, which should be sown in a pot of rich sandy soil, placed on a shelf near the window, and the soil kept a little moist. When the plants are of sufficient size, they should be put into separate pots, in any rich light soil, and, in summer, may be plunged in the flower beds in a shady place, or they may be planted out in moist ground. They must be taken in before frost; be kept in a cool room window till they show their flower buds; then placed in a warm room and watered treely, and they will soon bloom.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.—Small acts of kindness, how pleasant and desirable do they make life. Every dark object is made light by them, and every tear of sorrow is brushed away. When the heart is sad, and despondency sits at the entrance of the soul, a trifling kindness drives away despair, and makes the path cheerful and pleasant.

MUSHROOM CULTURE IN FRANCE.

The extensive and increasing demand for mushrooms in all the markets of Europe, where few vegetable productions are esteemed as greater delicacies, has led to the research of means

by which the precarious supply could be increased. Gardeners in France, accordingly have, for several years past, been engaged in the cultivation of the curious fungi, with the assistance of artificial appliances, to promote their growth.

M. Chambry, a Parisian horticulturist, was the first to pro-

pound the idea. He instituted an establishment for the cultivation of mushrooms, in the Rue de la Santé, where he occupied a portion of the catacombs which extend in every direction beneath the streets of Paris. As is well known, the fungue springs from decayed matter of almost anv description, and thrives with especial luxuriance upon manure heaps. The epicures of Ancient Rome were well acquainted with the means of producing their favorite bonnes bouches in this manner, and we find in many writers upon natural history allusion to the production of mushrooms upon beds of manure especially provided for their growth. As the fungus thrives best in subterranean localities, the Parisian market gardeners make extensive use of the catacombs beneath the city, and the product of their united industry is immense. In an official report of the Society of Horticulture, made in 1845, it was stated that no less than three million baskets of mushrooms were raised in the capital alone. It is probable that at present the production has been increased nearly threefold.

In many parts of France besides, caverns are used for the cultivation of this delicacy, and the method is no less inexpensive than simple. Beds of earth are constructed in the "mushroom mine," and covered to the depth of several inches with manure. After a few months the crop of mushrooms bursts out in edible eruption, and the cultivator has only to fill his baskets and prepare the way for a second crop.

A VISION OF CHRISTMAS.

CHAPTER I ALONE in a saloon that might own a royal master, with sheets of mirror and rich hangings, and furniture of costliest wood, and all splendor and taste that ingenuity can produce and gold purchase, sits a man who might be old, to judge by his dejected air, but who is not. A profusion of dark silken hair curls and clusters round his brow, wild as the neglected trailing of the vine, taking fantastical shapes, reckless as the thoughts that burn beneath them. His

eye is bright, but joyless; and



Digitized by Google



WORKING OF THE MINES.

his lip, curled into a keen, habitual scorn, expresses a heart sick with experience of life. What does he here alone, at such a time, when the corners of the earth are preparing to rejoice? Should not sounds of music ring through this hall, and the stir of lordly company give it life, and the shining forms of rich dressed loveliness float through it? The bells will soon ring out the Christmas hour; and the feasting and merriment of to-morrow fill the world with expectation. But there is no to-morrow in his mind, nor thought of festivity. He and the world have parted and stand opposed, a bitter hatred flowing between them, broad and stormy. And he sits alone, without a friend and without a smile.

Barren of affection though his heart is now, it was not always so. It swelled once with emotions full and ready. He had then an ear for sorrow, a response for generosity and sympathy for joy. The mother who watched over his cradle and trained up his unfolding mind to good and noble thoughts, in the fond pride of her heart looked forward to a time when the rare gifts and more rare nature she knew him to possess would lift him high above the crowd, to be an object of men's admiration-good, brave, enthusiastic, tender, generous and gifted! And when her eyes closed on this world, it was a thought she cherished joyfully that the soft hand she joined to his gave him a heart equal to his own in truth and goodness. In his mind he has drawn that picture often since; and if his lip ever relaxes from its curl of scorn and hatred for a moment, it is on such occasions. But the hate and scorn come back again, and the heart that loved once, curses!

He who runs gloriously in the race and in the twinkling of an eye is struck down, is this man's type. Life was fresh to him. He embraced it in confidence, and his faith was betrayed. Burning for fame, not of the common sort, but to be reputed true to friendship and to love, he had adopted his friend and won the woman of his choice. And as he loved them both he willed that they should love too, because of the faith each bore to him. He had his wish, but he had more. Loving for his sake, they soon leved for each other's; and now the friend and the bride looked strange when he was by.

Coldly did she now respond to his wooing; and when he spoke sweetly to her, and put his arm fondly round her waist,

lovelist and best of lovely ones, why did she look abstractedly upon the ground, as if she heard not, and suffer her hand to be pressed without return, as if she felt not?

These were the first symptoms of decaying love, but Edgar did not comprehend them. Anon came tears, and his heart bled to see her weep, though he never dreamt the cause; nor why her cheeks grew pale and her eyes thoughtful. By their love he implored her to make him partner in her sorrow. But she only wept the more.

Time, which had taken wings and decked itself with garlands, scarce touching the ground as it flew gaily onwards, now went with a heavy pace. What influence was it which wrought this change? In the bustle of the day, in the silent hours of night, when he passed along the thoroughfares of life or traversed the hill or brooded in the solitude, Edgar's mind, intent on the solution of this mystery, was absorbed by it, and strained till it seemed no longer able to endure its agony of doubt. Nature smiled on him in vain. The lovely summer's eve lay in golden floods upon the meadow, and sparkled like myriad gems upon the river. The air was full of music; the grass chirped with joyous life, and the merry sound of children's voices from afar, like all things innocent, floated up to Heaven. Edgar sat down upon the bank and gazed on the flood rolling before him. The light faded; the last golden rays departed from the sky, and the quiet moonlight flowed over the scene. He rose and re-entered the wood which lay betwixt him and his home, and thoughtfully pursued his path. At a little distance from him he heard footsteps. Pausing, he looked round, and through a vista beheld his brother-alone!

How fond and generous a love was in his breast towards this young man. The moment he looked upon him he forgot his cares. He admired his tall and graceful form, proud and athletic, and his heart swelled as he reflected that for ten years he had been a father to the boy whom his love and care had had trained up to this noble manhood. It was a glorious thought that when himself bad only numbered twenty years, he had taken his sire's place, and shown the wisdom of older age, inspired into his soul by his burning, enthusiastic love. There, at least, was satisfaction. If the woman's heart grew or played with her long golden tresses, and told her she was the cold, there was the brother and the friend to fill her place with

an affection that fortune could not change and death alone could end.

More footsteps, and another form appears. The boy springs towards her and their lips meet, his arms clasped round her, and her delicate form yielding to his rapturous embrace. While the man's eyes swim and his head reels till it staggers for support against a tree—the lovers pass on with their stolen joy, twined by each other's arms, in the cold, chaste moonlight.

Love! No; that is past. Henceforth hate is the ruling passion of his soul. Wealth accumulates around him; flatterers would gather if he would suffer them; honors are within reach but they are all spurned, scorned, trampled upon, with bitter, unrelenting and contemptuous hate, till his eyes kindled with unearthly brightness, and his cheek grew lank and sallow, and the heart whose life was love lived only for revenge.

Revenge came. The brother who had betrayed him was now his suppliant. Stricken down by poverty, homeless with his wife and child, mad with want, and crouching like a slave for mercy, while the other's steadfast eyes turned slowly on him, gleamed with an exulting rage. Months, long as years, had passed; on this hope he had lived; and now, when the hour of triumph came, he laughed loud and bitterly, though the frosty wind howled round the mansion, and the snow fell in whirling clouds upon the ground, and the picture of their misery was before him. The grace of youth which he had cherished was gone—the proud bearing, the fearless mien. Hunger and nakedness had done their work, and the repulsed brother turned mournfully away with a broken heart. The mocking laugh could not stir his blood into anger, nor the scornful curling lip. Slowly his steps receded till he had reached the door.

" Edgar !"

Such a voice might have touched a heart of stone, such a look persuaded hatred itself to put off its bitterness; but it only moved him to a sterner enmity, and again he breathed a malediction upon both.

CHAPTER II.

The bells chime merrily, like angel voices in the air, raising the triumphant "Gloria in Excelsis" over the new-born Babe of Bethlehem! The poorest home makes merry. The prisoner in his cell, the pauper in his ward, the laborer in his hovel—all feel the inspiration of the hour, in which earth and Heaven seem to meet and to be reconciled. The drifting snow and the keen biting wind without matter not; the fire blazes cheerfully within, and every face smiles with joy and breaks into laughter. There are sounds of music, too. The "Adeste" peals from ten

ousand organs, an exulting and enraptured strain, to which saints and angels listen as it swells up and mingles with their own rejoicing hallelujahs! and the hearts of all are light. Whoever has a care flings it off, and prepares to drink deep of the gladness of the festival. The rich unlock their treasures, and the poor make holiday. The mother gathers her brood around her with their el morous petitions—refusing, that they may urge the more, or delighting them with unexpected pleasures. While the rattling dance goes off—feet light as the hearts that lift them; and whispers of love call up blushes on fair, innocent cheeks; and old and weary eyes sparkle bright and young again over the joyous scene.

Still, to commemorate the history of the night, there is the wanderer who has no home to rest in-perhaps, a mother and her children; exposed to the pitiless storm, hurrying with shrinking feet over the frosty ground; friendless and hungry, while the store-rooms of the rich are gorged with profusion, and every luxurious appliance invites them to their case. But not less miserable than these is he who sits in the midst of splendor, heedless of what passes in other homes, noting not the progress of time as it rolls onward to the hour of midnight to add another to nigh two thousand commemorations of the glorious festival. The fire has no comfort for him; he almost envies the naked wretch who has no evil worse than hunger and cold to endure, who is not the sport of a mental fever which has dried up every source of sympathy in his nature; and suffered a malediction to pass his lips, invoking misery upon his mother's child.

He heard the first peal of the Christmas bells: but their sound recalled nothing happy to his mind. His past had become like his present, gloomy. Even the deep draught of revenge he had just quaffed failed to satisfy his soul. The feverish ex ultation of the moment died away, and the oppression and bitterness of his spirit came back to weigh upon himself. Oh, to shut out the world from his mind, as he had banished it from his affections. To create thoughts of his own, and live with them, speak to them, love them! To have something sure to rest upon-not the treachery of fortune or of man !-something that could never be ungrateful! Tossed by these restless and burning thoughts, he sought refuge in the open air. The scene was solitary as himself; the sound of the new-fallen snow, crumpling under his feet, was all that broke its stillness: the chiming of the distant bells seeming to increase the silence in his immediate neighborhood. The snow continued to fall fast, and the wind, which had considerably abated, sighed mournfully past him. In the fever of a distracted mind, he heeded nothing, but went on with rapid step, believing he should reach the town ere long. Presently he found himself beside a stile. Where was he? He had been journeying further into the country, for in his right road this should not have been. He turned, and, as he believed, retraced his steps; but in a few minutes he was stopped by a hedge. Again he turned, and after walking a little found his feet descending. In another moment the thin layer of ice on which he had stepped broke, and he fell in. The water was shallow and he soon recovered his footing, but he was drenched, and in a few minutes felt his clothes begin to harden upon him, and his very heart seemed to be chilled. A shudder of agony passed through him when he reflected how common was the loss of life in storms like this. But he rallied and went on, his teeth chattering and his limbs trembling from the dreadful cold.

In vain. The further he went, the further he might go. No house appeared, no traveller crossed his path. Another hedge now intercepted him, and dropping with fatigue he was tempted to lie down, though with the terrible thought before him that to sleep was to die. Despair for a moment reanimated him, and with all his might he called for help. He listened, but no one answered him. He called again, but the only reply was the melancholy sighing of the wind. A heavy drowsiness came over him, and yielding to its influence he lay down on the snow and slept.

The bells have ceased to chime; and an old man and a woman pass before him. It is not the country now, but a village of olden time; and they go from house to house seeking for a lodging, weary and cold, for it is winter. As they ask, the inmates rudely close their doors upon them; and the feet that have travelled far turn away in quest of a home which none seem willing to accord. With humble and grave aspect the patriarch leads the way, while the tender matron-purest and holiest of all Eve's daughters-follows him with eyes abashed, shrinking from the gaze of the passers-by, who look with contempt upon the poor and noteless strangers, till they seek shelter in the stable of an inn. Why are they outcasts? What law have they broken? Whose fame have they traduced? Who can say that they have done wrong? To whom have they been ungrateful? An innocent child looked up in the old man's face with reverence and awe, and from a glance of the matron's eyes, felt her soul filled with light. The tired laborer, as he had passed them, paused awhile and wondered what influence was upon him, and how it came that the air seemed in a moment to stir with a gentle hovering as of wings, and with music which mocked the rivalry of human skill. But the world went by; the adorned Pharisee, the rich publican, the priests and learned doctors, with a scornful look on the poor carpenter and his spouse.

Now the air stirs indeed. The shepherds who stand upon the watch by night, near Bethlehem, to guard their flocks from danger, behold a beaming brightness in the heavens, and an angel descending, who tells them of the child lying in the manger. From an innumerable host of celestial spirits bursts forth the "Gloria in Excelsis!"

Then come the shepherds and the king's magi of the East, who kneel down and adore and offer gifts. Then suddenly the

child is caught up in His mother's arms, and flies by midnight into a distant land; returning to grow up in the midst of toil, to help His faithful guardian in his labors, to carry home His Virgin-mother's work to those who have bespoke it; to receive their money, or be repulsed by the insolent reproaches and contempt which poverty too often suffers at the hands of its employers. As the sacred picture passes before him, and he traces the developing tragedy, tears seem to start from his eyes and flow over his long arid soul; for he sees love without reward, enduring through hunger and privation and the black ingratitude of those it loves, surviving the most cruel persecutions and most ignominious death, but loving and forgiving to the last! He trembles; for what has he borne? yet he has cursed!

Another picture is unrolled before him. Beautiful as he remembers her with his infant brother upon her neck, he beholds the mother over whose lifeless body they embraced. She passes slowly, her arms crossed upon her breast, and her face averted from his gaze. She has scarce gone, ere a dense darkness envelopes him, and he finds himself in a firm grasp, against which he wrestles, but in vain. Now a new sensation comes over him. He appears to be struggling up through a multitude of waters, slowly making way and in an agony to breatne. The monsters of the deep swarm around him, hideous as his own hatred, and vehemently retort his maledictions on himself, their fearful jaws opening to let out their mocking laughter. Will he never come to the top! Presently the waters begin to surge past his ears; the monsters rage at him and lash about in fury; he hears voices overhead, and in a minute more he breathes.

"He lives!"

Where is he? A fire blazes before him. He is lying close to it upon the ground, and a man's hand chafes his breast. A woman with her child stand over him. The face is pale and worn, but he remembers it, and, closing his eyes, weeps.

In happier times Edgar had built a summer-house of some almensions and containing several rooms, on the verge of his estate. Here, with Eleanor, he had passed some of the happiest hours of his life. But from the moment he discovered her love for his brother he visited it no more, but suffered it to fall into When, after the endurance of many privations, Edward had met his crowning misfortune in the interview with his brother, he carried his wife and child from the lodging from which they were about to be driven, and placed them in this house; when, breaking up a shattered door and availing himself of wnatever else the house afforded in the shape of fuel, he soon kindled a blazing fire, before which he placed his friendless family. The spirit of the man now returned to him, and resolving to compel the assistance which wronged affection refused, he again made his way to the mansion, and without announcement entered the saloon. His brother was not there. The old domestic in whose charge the mansion was, undertook to provide him food till his brother's anger might be soothed; and, ere they ceased, the Christmas chimes brought the message of peace and good-will even to this poor outcast. Returning with the last load of comforts which his old nurse had bestowed upon him, he heard a cry for help, and listening to catch the direction in which it came, heard it again. Storing what he carried in the summer-house, he went forth into the fields; and after groping and exploring till his search seemed hopeless, he saw a man lying almost buried in the snow. Raising him in his arms, he bore him to his own place of refuge, and found that it was Edgar.

Great was his joy, when at last the blood came back to his brother's face, and his eyes open. Leaving him for a while in charge of Eleanor, he roused the servants of the mansion, and had a litter made to convey him to his chamber. On his return, with his own arms he lifted him upon it, when, turning round, he found himself held in Edgar's grasp.

"Come," then said the rescued man. "Eleanor and her child-bring them."

. And they went: and when the young wife saw her child nestling in the rich draperied chamber, and saw that the cloud

of care had drifted from her husband's brow, she stooped her head over Edgar as he lay asleep, and kissed him!

The spell was broken. The clouds which so long had settled upon his mind began to clear away, and from the bottom of his heart he sighed with the intense feeling of relief. Sympathies long ice-bound began to flow again, to stream freshly through his breast. The memory of days hateful hitherto came back upon him, hateful no longer, though with an altered hue from what they wore in reality. And ruling all, renewing the life of love within him, seem to stand before him, the poor wanderers of old and the Infant of the manger. Sweetly they smile upon him, while a voice whispers and tells him how true love is unselfish and undying.

Edward's hand is locked in his, pressed with a fond affection. He holds till he falls asleep. No more clouds now, no anger, no hate. The Christmas music sounds gently in his ear, and the Star of Bethlehem rises on his soul

GHOST STORY OF COLONEL BLOMBERG.—In a little book, entitled The Unseen World," there occurs a ghost story regarding a Colonel Blomberg, the father of a dignitary of the church, then living. The colonel being cut off in an expedition amongst the Indians in North America, his spirit appeared to two brother officers at head-quarters, and requested them, on their return to London, to seek in a particular place he pointed out, for a paper important to the interests of his infant son, and to present this paper along with the son to Queen Charlotte, who would be the making of his fortune. It is added that all was done as the shade requested, and that young Blomberg did prosper accordingly. I have heard this story in society, and been informed that the person whose fortunes were advanced in so extraordinary a way was the Rev. Frederick William Blomberg, who died in March, 1847, aged eighty-five, chaplain in ordinary to the queen, and canon residentiary of St. Paul's. The obituary notice of Dr. Blomberg, in the Gentleman's Magazine, says nothing of the ghost story, but gives a fact in conformity with it; namely, that the doctor was a member of a family which had long been attached to the court, and was educated in intimate association with the children of George the Third; it also exhibited a series of preferments such as falls to the lot of few, and amply justifies the prediction of the paternal spirit, if any such prediction was ever made. - Notes and

CORSICAN BANDITTI AND STRANGERS.—This was true, I imagine, with regard to strangers in the worst of times; their security from molestation being nearly allied to the national virtue of hospitality, which is not quite extinct. Nor were the Corsican banditti associated, like those of Italy, for the mere purpose of plunder, though they have heavily taxed the peaceable inhabitants, both by drawing from the poor the means for their subsistence in the woods and mountains, and by levying, under terror, direct contributions in money from the more wealthy inhabitants in the towns and villages. These are, however, but trifling ingredients in the mass of crime for which Corsica has been so painfully distinguished. Would, indeed, that robbery and pillage were the sins of the darkest dye which have to be laid to the account of the Corsican bandit! Most commonly his hands have been stained with innocent blood, shed recklessly, relentlessly, in private quarrels, often of the most frivolous description, and not in open fight, as in the feuds of the middle ages, not in the heat of sudden passion, but by cool premeditated murder.

How the Devil Lost.—The devil bargained for the soul of a young man. The devil was to furnish all the money Young America could spend, and if he did not spend it as fast as it came, his soul was the forfeit. For several years young America kept ahead of the devil by the aid of women, wine, horses, &c.; but the fiend made a large deposit with him, which it seemed impossible to get rid of. Young America, as a last resort, started a newspaper. The devil growled at the end of a quarter, was savage at six months, sad at nine, and owned up "dead broke" at the end of a year. The newspaper went down, but a soul was saved.



MABEL OSBORNE REFUSES TO WED MASTER POMSFORD, THE USURER.

THE VEILED BRIDE—A STORY OF THE DAYS OF CHARLES II.

"She must!—she shall be mine?" half shrieked Caleb Pomsford, usurer, dwelling in some sunless nook in the city, and looking, as he strode about the room, like some bloated spider who spreads his meshes in unclean corners to trap unwary flies, whence, having battened on them, the dishonored remains are cast aside for ever.

"Aye, aye, my pretty lady, I'll bring down your pride, I warrant me. I'll pay off your ruffling gallant's scorn; the Star Chamber will look to him, if my wretched scribe have not bungled in his charges; and as for the old cavalier, Sir Mark Osborne, of Osborne Hall, in a county that is both fair and fat, I trow I have brought the blusterer to my terms by this. But then to keep the king from beholding Mabel. How then? how then? for whom will these wild gailants spare where the young king shows the way?"

Still muttering, rubbing his hands, and walking about his dismal chamber, where, in many a strongly bolted box, lay musty parchments, representing many a demesne, many a rood of fat land, many an acre of good English soil, and many a sturdy oak.

Caleb Pomsford—one of those anomalies which unquiet times ever produce out of their tumult and capricious uncertainties—was an astute lawyer, a griping, avaricious man. He had learned the secret of power, and was in favor with the king, for the usurer's coffers could yield, on "good security," those supplies the lavish habits of Charles required. He was potential—in ar underhanded way—with the Star Chamber; and at this very time, held a young gentleman—one Valentine Howard—in the Tower on charges false and forged, in order to get the young man out of his path. We shall see presently what these charges have to do with our story.

Among the long list of those noble gentlemen and bold cavaliers who, in the days of that terrible strife between the king and the parliament, had come forward with purse and sword

to the assistance of the falling cause, none had been more libe ral and lavish than Sir Mark Osborne—a man now bowed down with sixty years of age, broken-spirited, bankrupt in estate, and lying under the displeasure of that capricious king whom the Restoration had given back to England.

Slighted on his appearance at court, the fiery soldier had resented the insult in words, which galled Charles, and by a public expression of his scorn at the unworthy treatment which he had received, had incurred his displeasure. The king forbade him to appear at court.

The slight—the words—the quitting the precincts of the court, were things which Caleb Pomsford knew how to make the most of, and when occasion served him to meet the king, he led the way to an inquiry as regarded Sir Mark, to which the lawyer replied, in his surly way, that, being Sir Mark Osborne's soliciter, and having the whole management of his affairs, he "deprecated his majesty's anger, and under favor, as a man of trust, he begged to be excused from answering the same."

"Why, odds-fish, man," replied Charles, "stout Sir Mark was angry with us, no doubt, but what the plague wouldst thou have me infer further from that?"

"The Fifth Monarchy men are raising their faction, so please your majesty, and the disaffected join them." And Caleb Pomsford added to this a look which meant to say, "Do not question me further, sire."

But the king broke forth with-

"Hark ye, Master Caleb Pomsford, you are a keen man and a wary, and I suppose somebody must know a little of something that goes on. In a word, does stout old Sir Mark Osborne, of whom I have heard speak so well, meditate treasen?"

"God forbid, sire," was the quick reply. "For it's possible," thought the usurer, "that I may say too much."

"And the knight is very poor?"

"Sir, he hath some lands in mortgage," hesitated Poms ford

"Is he alone? I mean what family hath he?" continued the king.

The usurer felt, by some instinct, that he was treading on dangerous ground.

"He hath-offspring," he stammered forth at last.

"How many?" persisted Charles, with a pertinacity unusual

"A daughter," said Caleb, the usurer, demurely.

"A daughter! Is she fair? Marry, we will see her. We should take it well that some should intercede for him, as we feel for the stout cavalier that he hath received some neglect."

"Perdition!" muttered Caleb. "This will go nigh to mar all."

a young gallant, who is friendly with Sir Mark Osborne, and hath worn his colors-

"His daughter's colors you would say, Master Pomsford. But, odds-fish, I warrant me they are not on thy cheeks, or she affects a color much washed out." And Charles laughed gaily.

"Your majesty is witty. Well, this gallant, one Master Valentine Howard, drew on my Lord of Rochester, because forsooth, my lord said that he misdoubted Sir Mark's loyalty, whereupon Master Valentine retorted upon him-

"My Lord of Rochester should feed on thistles. What fellowed ?"

"A guard was at hand, and I took the liberty of arresting him, as it may turn out a Star Chamber matter. On his person were found some papers, which I secured."



THE SPIRIT'S COUNSEL .- BY TONY JOHANNOT.

"Where lodge they now? Quick, man-you hesitate!" and the king turned darkly upon him with one of those harsh frowns he knew how to put on.

"At an old house of mine at Chelsea, sire?"

"Near Don Saltero's tavern—I know," cried the king.

"Beyond the church, so please you," added the usurer. "Whew!" and he breathed hard, "what comes next, I wonder ?"

"But, hold—of this disaffection?" began Charles, turning round afresh.

"Yea, your majesty, it might not be safe to venture-

"What proof hast thou? Speak out, man. Speak quickly." "Why, please your majesty, the other day in Birdcage Walk,

"A bad business for him; let me see those papers. Do they smell of powder barrels? See you bring them, and, touching that loan-

"I shall wait upon your majesty with the moneys."

"And the casket shall be thy security." And, heedlessly waving the usurer away, Charles sauntered forth to the Mall. followed by his pet dogs, to play at tennis with Buckingham; and, meantime, Caleb Pomsford took his departure.

It was on the same afternoon that we find the usurer going by water to Chelsea, where he landed at a huge old mansion, bearing marks of great dilapidation, and in which, for the present, dwelt the cavalier and his daughter, Mabel Osborne.

In an apartment with some assumption of comfort, rendered

sad enough of aspect by the heavy, broken furniture, hastily and ill assorted, with its tattered carpet and torn hangings, a noble-looking man, whom sixty years, much grief, straitened circumstances and present disgrace had broken down, wearily reclined, and gazed anxiously forth upon the river, as if in expectation of some arrival.

He started as he heard Caleb Pomsford announced, and half rose to receive him. Brief and succinct were the greetings between them, when the knight put the abrupt question-

- "Well, Master Pomsford, is there any hope for me-have you any news from the court ?"
- "Alas! no, Sir Mark. The king is so angry, he will not hear you mentioned."

"The ingrate!" murmured the old man.

"And the further loan you ask for is impossible."

"How is that, man-how is that?"

- "Does your worship forget how deeply your lands are already pledged? I am sorely pushed now, and-and-
- "Aye! is it so?" cried Sir Mark sharply, and eying him with a grim look. "Something lies behind that thou wouldst say."
- "But this," continued the usurer, gathering courage, "that while I have made you great advances from time to time-

"A tithe, man, a tithe-but 'tis the usurer's way."

Caleb Pomsford winced. "I have been forced to go to the Lombard merchants and the Jews, and to give the heavier mortgages on security—for my means were straitened, and they look to the interest of present moneys rather than the untilled value of lands in the future."

"The knaves-and-well then-thou has vowed not to foreclose."

"But I must, Sir Mark. Nay, pray you patience-

- "And the brave lands will go. Well, we have the old hall yet."
- "There is a seizure put into that for loans due to Ben Simeon."
- "The murrain seize them and thee. Art thou, too, leagued with these leeches—these thieves, who will prev upon a man to the last?" and the angry cavalier first grew purple, and next very pale

"Pray you, good words, Sir Mark. I have stood between you and ruin, as you know. I have held back the king's

hand-

"And what hast thou done with the frank, brave lad-the son of my true friend, who made me swear to be a father to him? And so he should have been my son. Why, Mabel and he have been betrothed from childhood, well nigh. What hast thou done with Valentine Howard? Tell me that?"

But the usurer was trembling—was ashy pale with rage and jealousy. "Look you, Sir Mark," he said, "these tempers will not go down with me-

- "How now!" cried the cavalier, bending a terrible look upon him; "am I so far in thy power—so much beneath thy thumb-
- "I am your friend, if you will let me be so, for all that's come and gone yet. I, alone, can save you from the utter ruin that now hovers over you-can clear your incumbrances, and free the old hall from every debt, which hangs like down clinging ivy around it."
- "And yet you have mortgaged the mortgages," remarked the other.
- "It will cost me much to do so-and if you do not see that what I offer is worth conditions-for this is not for naught-
- "So I guess, man. But, prithee, proceed," said the impatient knight.
- "I can do it, and I will," continued the usurer; "and since this will cease to be a mere matter of common business, your pride will take no fall."
- "Why, how will that be, Master Pomsford?" asked Sir Mark.
 - "The king will knight me!" and the usurer paused.
 - "Will he, i'faith?" and the cavalier laughed derisively.

- "Then I envy not the knighthood he will rub shoulders
- "Do not vilify him who may yet call you 'father!"
- "What!" exclaimed Sir Mark, with fiery eyes, and springing to his feet, his whole gaunt frame in a tremble.
- "I will free you from debt-again place you sole, undisturbed master of Osborne Hall-befriend even young Howard---"
 - "Well-how-what! The conditions!" shouted the knight.
 - "The hand of your fair daughter."
 - "Aye?" But there was danger in the old man's eye.
- "Give me Mabel for my bride, and I will make your fortunes firmer than they ever were before."

A loud, ringing, bitter laugh was his answer.

- "On the other hand," continued the usurer, retreating, "you will lose all. Not a rood of land, a stick of timber, a stone of your ancient heritage will be yours! And your fair daughter will find that, if I would love, I can also hate!"
- "Dog! wretch! scheming trickster!" thundered the knight; "was it to this brink you have led me, with your cunning lies, and your cheating fence?" And then, with a sob and a deep groap, he murmured, "My child! oh, my Mabel, my lovely daughter! to be at this man's mercy!" And as the bitter sobs grew deeper, and the worn frame, shaken to its very centre, sank on the couch, the gray old head bent over the breast, and moved no more.

The usurer was alarmed. He waited. A long pause of silence followed. Still he waited, while an indefinable expression crossed his face. Then he approached the knight.

He took a paper, pens, ink-spread them on a table before the cavalier-placed the pen in the hand-dipped it in the ink -and, holding the flaccid hand in his own nervous grip, made it trace a name at the foot of the parchment.

"So!" he muttered, folding it up, and putting it away in his vest, "it is done! It should be witnessed, though-but that

can be done by my scribe."

He went to the door-beckoned a weazel faced creature of his own into the chamber—pointed to the reclining knight, and

"You witness this signature. He sleeps now-don t wake him. Good! Now, get you to the boat-and be silent as the _dead."

The silence of the grave was in the room. When Mabel came to seek her father, it was to startle the house with her shricks and wild outcries.

Sir Mark Osborne was dead! The stout heart was broken at last. It had given way in that ignoble strife.

Several days now passed by-the funeral took place. The keen, sharp pang of Mabel's grief had become blunted, not deadened-nor was the sorrow forgotten-and a variety of circumstances, besides this, had taken place, which need not oe detailed at length.

Though he had some dread, and not a little misgiving, the usurer, who would fain have avoided the place, felt that to absent himself from the present home of Mabel might give rise to questions—to doubts—to suspicions—and even to something worse-detection.

Of course he was amazed, astonished and shocked, at hearing of Sir Mark's sudden demise. He had left him, after some busi ness transacted, and some little altercation, composed and asleep. No marks of violence were seen, and none were likely to suspect that his friend and legal adviser of so many years could by any hap have attempted personal injury. Consequently the shock, the inquiry, the slight attendant bustle which succeeded, and which Caleb Pomsford conducted, settling and paying the immediate demands of the hour, were soon passed over, and Mabel Osborne, her superb and stately beauty clouded by the wordless sorrow she felt, began to look with a stunned sensation to the darkening vista before her.

"He must have had some presentiment of this sudden death, without doubt," said Caleb Pomsford, during an interview with the pale but very beautiful orphan girl, and speaking of the catastrophe that robbed her of her last friend, "for he alluded

to your friendless position, should such occur, on the very afternoon I parted with him; in effect," continued the usurer, with an effort, "he left a paper here with me."

"Oh, if Valentine were but here!" sighed Mabel wearily, and only seeing help where her heart was, though it made the yellow face of Caleb grow white with gathering wrath.

"I fear that Master Valentine Howard could be of little service," he replied, "since it is in part through his intemperate behavior the king had become so incensed against your respected parent.

"Impossible! where is he?" she exclaimed. "Do you know?

"In the Tower," answered Caleb, with slow emphasis.

"The Tower! Oh, Heaven!" and she clasped her hands in fright.

"And he will soon be tried before the Star Chamber for his offence." continued the usurer, as if he were desirous of concentrating all the helplessness of her position before her gaze, in order that he might gather from her manner some rule of conduct.

"Ah!" he muttered, "I doubt it may go hard with him." "Oh, good, worthy Master Pomsford, can you not stead him in this business?" exclaimed Mabel suddenly, and catching hold of his arm."

"She thinks of him," he muttered apart, while a fierce fire burned within his strong, beating heart, "she thinks of him. Well, one pang the more, and she will know my power." He spoke aloud, "And do you say nothing of yourself-you, whom your dead father in a formal manner committed, as it were, to my charge—assigned me in a manner to be your guardian?"

"Alas, I know not what to do, which way to turn!" said Mabel mournfully, and deriving neither hope nor encouragement from his words.

"Turn your eyes to the ancient hall of the Osbornes," replied the usurer, "turn your eyes to a brilliant future; to wealth and station; to higher rank even, and—can you not understand me?"

She shook her head. "Do not jest with me. I am an orphan, and I know, very poor and very helpless without your aid."

"Which I offer you:" and with outstretched hand he adanced towards her.

Something in his face made her shrink, and she hurriedly said, "Would the king but hear me on behalf of Valentine! I should thank you for any help; my hope is in him now."

"It may hap even so. I-I can help him, save him; save his life; save him from fire, imprisonment, mutilation."

"Is his crime so great?" cried Mabel, drawing a deep

"It is, and his fate lies with you, and you alone."

"With me! I do not understand you," Mabel answered.

"All lies with you. In a word, read that paper signed by your father's hand, the last he ever signed," and Caleb Pomsford opened the parchment, and put it in her hand.

There it was, a contract of marriage duly signed, sealed and witnessed. The names, "Mistress Mabel Osborne and Master Caleb Pomsford, scrivener." Its promises were all that could tempt, compel or force a woman to assent.

She stood like a statue; ran it through; grew red then pale, and became cold and rigid.

"It is well, Master Pomsford," and she let the paper drop on the floor. "I think I understand now. My father never, never signed that."

"What mean you?" he exclaimed. "Do you accuse, doubt me, defy me? Beware! beware! if you would not come to beg for alms, or see his head on the block !"

"I say nothing, Master Pomsford. I simply desire you to go," and, with a commanding gesture and a mien resistless in its imperious air, she pointed to the door; and the baffled usurer, catching up the parchment, with a wild fire in his heart, but dumb and brow-beaten, crept to the door and vanished.

Something worse than the darkening shade of sorrow fell upon the lovely Mabel now. Trusting in human nature as she had seen it around her from childhood-kind voices whispering, fond eyes glancing, with honest, loving hearts to press her to them, these had been her experiences, and the ill-omened usurer had, in the full display of his villainy, disabused her of

It is bad enough to find a sweet illusion dispelled, but there followed this the sharp terror of what he might, could or would do. This terrible conjugation was haunting her at the moment her female attendant was praising the generous heart of Caleb Pomsford in a manner that savored of bribery, and deciding upon some plan of action, when the arrival of some person who would see Mistress Mabel Osborne on matter of especial moment was announced.

A young, swarthy-looking, yet commanding stranger entered the chamber, hat in hand. If there was levity in his tone and gallantry in his manner at first, these speedily gave way beneath the influence of the sacred grief; the extraordinary beauty of Mabel, heightened by the circumstances of her case, disarmed him at once, and he became grave, composed and respectful. He announced himself as a poor captain in the King's Musketeer Guards, a favorite regiment which Charles had formed. He said that he had known the brave Sir Mark Osborne, and was inexpressibly shocked to hear that he was dead-that he had died believing the king ungrateful, when he himself (the stranger continued) had a commission to inquire into the careless statement, and to see justice done him.

Would she tell him her story?

Mabel did so. The brave knight's gradual fall to poverty under the insidious working of the usurer. The story of Valentine's perilous position in the Tower, and the utter groundlessness of the charges against him. Caleb Pomsford's proposals—his boast of power—his possession of a signed paper. Her father, Mabel said, could never have signed such, for she and Valentine had been betrothed to each other for years, and it was the dearest wish of her dead father that they should have been united. But now-

"So, so, this is my money-lender," muttered the stranger captain of musketeers. "The old scoundrel! Never mind. odds-fish! we'll trounce him yet." He questioned further.-

Would she put herself under his protection, his escort, she should behold her lover that very afternoon, and the king should know all and judge between them. He could answer for it that, whatever was believed or said of Charles, he was not disposed to let ancient worth go unrewarded, an unprotected maiden forced into a loathed marriage, or an innocent young man be punished because he had shown courage enough to repel slander at the point of the sword. Mabel assented.

When Caleb Pomsford got back late in the afternoon, he found that his slave and satellite, his weazel-faced scribe, was not on the spot, which he otherwise never quitted save by leave and order.

"I'll starve him-he shall famish," growled Caleb furiously. Alas! the poor scribe was at Whitehall the while, divulging secrets, under threats of the rack and the gallows, which it were not well (for the usurer) should be known. The next day

Caleb Pomsford received a command to attend the king at the palace of Whitehall without delay.

Richly apparelled, as fit and meet that a bridegroom should be, though Caleb imagined he was playing the courtier rather than the bridegroom on this occasion, the usurer attended the summons, and passing through a throng of nobles, found himself in a reception-room of the palace. Charles was seated in a chair of state, with Buckingham beside him, to whom the king, with something of a joyous twinkle in the eye, ever and anon whispered and smiled.

Opposite was a railed space, which bore marks of preparation for some ceremony. Bowing lowly to the king as he approached, and, with a feeling of mingled apprehension and surprise, Caleb Pomsford obeyed the king's beckoning summons, and drew nearer towards him.

"So," said Charles, half apart, "I learn that Sir Mark Osborne died suddenly, and left his daughter unprovided

"Sire, the old soldier is dead. I did such honor to his remains as I was enabled to do."

"And his estates—his lands?"

- "Heavily mortgaged, sir. Confiscated or overloaded with debt."
 - "And do you possess—have you any claim?" asked Charles.
- "Aye, sire," was the subtle reply; "and in a worldly sense, to my sorrow."
- "I see"—and Charles nodded—" too much money lent. Oh! is it so? Well, and—for the daughter?"
- "Sire, Sir Mark Osborne had faith in me. He believed that I would fulfil his behests. She shall not, therefore, be unprovided for, nor left to the charities of the cold world." Caleb's voice grew quite virtuous in its tone.
- "Beshrew me, man, but that's well spoken; but possessest thou any authority—any paper of the eld man's signing? Thou art faithful and trusty, Master Pomsford, and though tongues do wag evilly of thee and about thee, by my hand thou shalt have thy right!"
- "Oh, sire?" cried Caleb, kneeling in delight, and with an eager hand plucking forth the last-signed document which he held forth to the king, who took it, and critically read it over.
- "Odds-fish, man! this seems straightforward enough," exclaimed the king; "and the old cavalier speaks highly of thee too. Is it writ at his dictation?" and Charles turned his keen eyes upon him.
- "Yes, your majesty," replied Caleb, with some confusion, which might have arisen from his modesty.
 - "And the lady," continued Charles, "what of her?"
 - "If your majesty condescends, she will not object."
 - "And Master Valentine Howard?"
- "Let him rot!" hissed the usurer, carried away, "the traitor! Pardon, sire, the warmth of my loyalty, that carries me away when I think of the plottings against your sacred person!"
- "Can you prove him trustless, do you think?" demanded Charles, with an air that seemed to invite the fullest confidence.
- "I can prove him a discontented plotter, haunting the society of the Fifth Monarchy men. I can prove him to be worthy of exile, if not of the block; yet, for the young lady's sake, I would intercede that he be spared the latter, and I will fit him abroad."
- "Enough; but first for the wedding!" and the king paused.
 - "Sire!" Caleb Pomsford seemed surprised anew.
- "Lo there!" pointing to the rails, within which, at a given signal, stood a priest in full canonicals. "There stands the priest, and the lady is at hand. We love to do justice to our friends—and why should I not favor thee, so honest and so good!"
- "What can this mean?" muttered Pomsford, turning to the
- By the railing stood a tall, stately figure, faultless in symmetry and graceful in all her noble proportions; veiled from head to foot, motionless and erect as a statue was the veiled bride.
- "Dost thou know her? Go, take her by the hand. Put the question to her. It is possible she may surrender her difficulties to our will. Go!"
- Obedient to the command, the usurer advanced, and sinking on one knee, said—
- "Madam—Mabel Osborne, as I judge—you hear what the king says. For Heaven's sake—for your sake—for Valentine's yield, and be the mistress of me and mine; be the lady of Osborne Hall once more!" But the lady did not stir.
 - "Bid her unveil!" said the king at length.

Unveiling at the command, Mabel seemed to confound the auditory by the dazzling loveliness which shone through her pale countenance and downcast eyes. But she did not speak or move.

"One witness more," said Charles, "and let the ceremony proceed."

A bustle at the end of the hall took place, and a young man of a noble presence, his eyes covered with a thick black bandage, and followed by Mabel's waiting woman, in mourning weeds, advanced.

- "Sweetheart," said Charles, advancing, "Master Pomsford here, by virtue of a paper having thy father's signature, and duly attested, claims thy hand."
- "Sire," was the firm but low-toned reply, "my father never signed such paper, and the signature is a—forgery."
- "Tut, tut," cried the king; "this is accusing my good friend here with a vengeance."
- "Oh, sire, have pity, and save me from him!" cried Mabel carnestly.
- "So, so! Well, look round, then, and claim thy husband where thou wilt; and—stay, Master Pomford, do not hurry."

Mabel did look round, uttered a joyous exclamation, and, with a rapid step, advanced to the figure who was blindfolded. Tearing the bandage from his eyes, and revealing a frank and noble countenance, the blushing maiden, ejaculating the name of Valentine Howard, said:

- "Sire, this is the man my father had chosen for me."
- "And thy heart?"
- "It is his." And she bowed her head on her breast.
- "Be it so," returned Charles; "as well now as at any other time; and the nuptials shall go on. Afterwards, Master Pomsford, we will look into your claims, your accusations, and your charges. I need not say that we have secured a very villainous looking scribe of yours, who has betrayed you; and you shall have the justice I promised to do for you. For once let Charles do an act of real justice and of human kindness. And oddsfish! I'll give the bride away myself."

The sequel of the story is now so easily solved and guessed at, that we may therefore conclude it without any further explanations.

A Shepherd's Dog.—A friend of ours, who owns a large ranche and several hundred head of sheep, is the fortunate possessor of one of the best dogs in this State. The intelligent creature was brought up among the sheep, nourished upon ewe's milk, his whole life being passed with the flock and devoted b its defence. He has been taught to open and shut the fold into which they are driven at night, and he cares for them with all the apparent thoughtfulness that a human being could display. In the morning, when the flock is driven to the field, he goes with it, selects some commanding place, and watches the sheep during the whole day, driving off the stragglers, and allowing no one but those with whom he is acquainted to approach. Should an ewe drop a lamb and pass on without noticing it, as she sometimes will, he has been known to take it up, and carrying it after her, compel her to take care of it; at night, he drives the sheep into the pen, fastens the door after him, and seating himself in their midst, lays there watching them all night. In the morning, he unfastens the door, drives out his charge to the pasture, and keeps ward and watch until night comes. In fact, so faithful is he, that his master frequently absents himself from the ranche for days together, with perfect reliance upon his dog to find all safe when he returns.

JEWISH FAMILIES. - Most of the families who settled originally in Spain and Portugal claim descent from the tribe of Judah; those in Germany and the northern countries from the tribe of Benjamin; the descendants of the other ten tribes not being known with any certainty. Since the building of the second Temple and their dispersion, several families have at different times claimed descent from the house of David. There are many who, by their surnames of Levi and Cohen, show respectively their descent from the tribe of Levi and the family of Aaron; Cohen being the Hebrew, slightly altered, for Price, all of whom were of the family of Aaron. The Rothschilds and Salomons, being of German descent, could probably be traced to the tribe of Benjamin. The Goldsmids are said to be descendants of a family of the name of "Uri a Levi," which is mentioned in a work on Jewish antiquities as claiming a traditional descent from the Asmoneans or Maccabees. The present head of the family, Sir I. L. Goldsmid, Bart., bears as his motto the passage from Exodus xv. 11, "Who is like unto Thee, 0 Lord, most mighty," from the initial letters of which the name of Maccabee has been derived .-- Notes and Queries.



INUNDATION IN INDIA-THE TREE OF REFUGE.

TREE OF REFUGE IN INDIA.

STEANGE scenes are sometimes witnessed when the floods are out in Bengal. For hundreds of miles the country is sometimes completely submerged. On these occasions the inhabitants of the villages in the drowned districts take refuge in trees and on boats till the waters subside, but it happens, not unfrequently, that many lose their lives. Whole towns are sometimes washed away, roads entirely destroyed, bridges broken down, and immense loss of life occasioned among the domestic animals of the natives. It is by no means uncommon to see trees crowded, in the time of the floods, with assemblages of animals which are usually the least willing to suffer the un-

molested presence of each other. Tigers, leopards, serpents, buzzards, vultures, crows, pigeons may at these times be seen huddled upon the branches of some lofty "tree of refuge," where they remain, a "happy family" for the nonce, till the floods subside. Our engraving represents one of these extraordinary gatherings.

OUR YOUNG RASCAL: A TRUE EXPERIENCE.

animals of the natives. It is by no means uncommon to see trees crowded, in the time of the floods, with assemblages of animals which are usually the least willing to suffer the un-

are iron railings, and an area in the ordinary London domestic style.

I and Mrs. Walker take our preakfast in the front room. Some few months ago, our commencement of that refection used to be the signal for the setting up, in the street outside, of the most lachrymose means and whinings, by a young urchin of about nine years of age. It was in vain to resort to the shallow manœuvre of drawing down the window blind. The young vagrant appeared to know by instinct the exact moment of our taking our seats, and then, with his hands grasping the front railings, between which he thrust a sufficient portion of his countenan e, he would set up his lamentations and entreaties for food. Now, when a fellow-creature really bewails his hunger, an opportunity is certainly afforded for the doing of an act which pharisaic persons may denominate charity, but which is simply a performance instinctive to human nature, and requiring some moral effort and hard worldly education to restrain. But there is a difference between wanting food and merely begging for it as a principle. Our young rascal begged carelessly. Between his intermittent appeals he would whistle "Pop goes the weasel," or turn round to converse with a friend, or step into the road to pelt a cat; having concluded these matters to his satisfaction, he would return to his business. At first, the maid used to give him a thick slice of bread and butter, but it was found that he only devoured this on the doorstep, and went to repeat his extortions next door. So this was stopped. Then I tried to highten him off. I flatter myself that my countenance is peculiarly adapted to terrify children, and the exhibition of it at the window sent him off two or three times. At last, he grew so inured to it that he didn't mind, even when I pushed my hair upright, which I am not allowed to do in ordinary life.

One fact was painfully observable in connection with this miscrable urchin. At first, although a mere ragged, dirty streetboy, there was the beauty of childhood in his face. He had light azure blue eyes, fresh round checks, a small neatly cut mouth, and glistening teeth. Gradually, day by day, and week by week, the Saxon English type of his face appeared to degenerate into that of the Calmuck or uncivilized race. His cheek-bones heightened, and began to limit the space occupied by the orb of the eye. The lower parts of his face grew without a corresponding enlargement of the cerebral development. His expression was fast settling into the common phase of the lowest and abandoned classes. Now, the sin of this debasement clearly rested somewhere—with his parents, or with society at large.

Perhaps any pretty child would, if exposed to the changes, meteorological, pecuniary and physical, of a mendicant life, grow up into coarse streety youth, and ugly premature old age; and if so, how many a lovely belle, in posse, may have been made or marred by the issue of a parental speculation in the stocks, or an old man's apoplexy?

This theory may be all wrong, but theorizing is apt to play sad tricks with a man who wants his breakfast. Matters become worse still, when the breakfast lies before him, and he is utterly precluded from tasting it by the existence within him of an organization which a monotonous whining beggar, within a yard of him, is sedulously and successfully laboring to disturb. So, in order to put an end to this, our Jane was directed to inquire into the circumstances of the boy outside, and to request that his parents, if living, would call on me the next day. And this Jane did with hearty good-will, being of a benevolent turn of mind.

Our Jane was one of the prettiest we ever had. She was chosen at a glance, and fulfilled our best wishes, for she did credit to her comeliness. She did not toss up her nose as an ugly, vulgar girl would have done, at being called upon to speak to the barefooted boy. She at once elicited his family history; how that his father was dead, and his mother living by very occasional charing, at a low figure, for economical households. She hunted up the poverty-stricken mamma, at her labors in a back street; and she provided all things for the interview of next day.

The next day, a ragged, potatoe-faced woman, with young Baretoes, came into my little room at the appointed hour. The

boy had evidently been got up with some care, for he was perfectly clean, and his hair having been brushed (probably with a dry scrubbing-brush), fell into pretty flaxen ringlets. Without unnecessary talk, we entered upon the business in hand, and all parties consented to this agreement: That Joe was to be washed every morning, to be sent to our house, knock at the door, and receive a hunch of bread and butter. Thence, that he was to proceed to school at 9 a. m. precisely (under pain of forfeiture of the breakfast). Then to return to dinner, and again to school. That his mother should provide him with scheping accommodation only, and receive sixpence per week for his services in cleaning boots, &c., when required, out of school hours. That we should set him up with decent attire and shoes, and provide him with schooling.

I took him to a school presided over by a clergyman in our parish. The master, at the instant of introduction, led me aside, and said: "That boy will play truant continually. I see it plainly in his face;" which, when it in due time proved true, appeared a most sagacious observation.

He played truant a week after, and his mother came in great distress. Joe could not go to school; he dare not even present himself at our house. Some bigger boy ("they are all thieves where we live, sir,") had stolen his cap. This difficulty was arranged, and Joe returned to school. Soon after that, a dislogue between some street friends on the pavement and Joe, in our area—where he was allowed to spin his top—was overheard plainly by myself and Mrs. Walker. It comprised remarks upon Joe's being in luck now, and inquiries as to how he was "off for grub;" to which Joe was heard to reply, "Oh, stunni!"—immediately after which Jane called him in.

One day, on returning home, I found my wife in some alarm. Jane, who kept a somewhat strict eye over Joe, had remarked him examining with some minuteness the fastenings of the lower part of the house. "Of course, he does not rob us himself, because we should know who did it; but he will give information to his friends, you know, and then—he doesn't know but what the teapot is silver. I declare I shall not feel safe of a night, now he has been here." This news certainly placed matters in a new light. "Well, never mind, don't alarm yourself, while I just give him a lesson as to what his friends may expect." So I went to the back window, opening upon the yard, where Joe lay basking in the sun, like a cat or a lizard. I brought from upstairs a pair of pistols and loaded them carefully, then called to Joe. "Joe, just pick up that flower-potthat smaller one; that's right. Now, put it on the top of that dahlia-stick; there, that will do. Come away." Bang! The shattered shards and splinters splashed out from the pole like & star. But where was Joe?

Crouched, pallid and trembling, in the darkest corner of the back kitchen, he was found, full five minutes after, by the faithful Jane. Then I called to mind what every one has read of the effect of firearms on the mind of the savage. Joe was as much a savage, in many ways, as a Hottentot or Pacific Islander. He had never seen before the effect of a bullet, and his terror was pitiable. He never uttered a single word in reference to that subject, that ever we could learn, up the present moment.

This was are only occasion, during Joe's stay with us, that anything was done to bear the semblance of coercion or appeal to his fears. It was thoroughly understood in the house that he was not to be "scolded." If he did wrong, he was to be told not only that he did so, but why his act was so. Not a word was ever spoken to him but kindly, and all "patronage" was scrupulously avoided. Nevertheless, he remained sullen, obdurate and silent, basking in the sun, or spinning his top and apparently sighing for the street. His only evidence of attempted self-reform was, that he did not go there, as at any time he might have done. Once he fell melancholy. He was found sobbing, in a heap, behind the dusthole. He refused to tell his grief. At length, we found from his mother that the school was going in a van to Hampton Court, whither Joe, without money, could not go, as ninepence was required from each pupil. We did not give him the money, but saw him into the van, and paid for him; and Joe's expression of unmitigated delight and happiness, while driving off under the flag-decorated

awning, with his shouting schoolmates, made us hope for an awakening at last.

But the next person in tears was Jane. The comely Jane had deposited her purse, with four shillings and sixpence therein, on her bed-room table, before the glass. She was sure of it. It was missing. Joe had been about, and he must have taken it. It was thereupon ordered by the domestic court that the table should be moved and every disposable place thoroughly searched by Jane; that, should the purse not then be found. one week should be allowed to clapse, to certify the loss; that then Jane should be reimbursed, and Joe sent up to me. purse was not found, and we were sure he had taken it. But there was this in his favor, nothing else had been missed. never lock up anything, by the way, for this reason, that if we have a thief in the house, we prefer to know it. So when Joe came-up stairs, I used this good trait in his disposition as a lever to disturb the bad one. I told him that I was sure that he would not steal from us, that he never had done so, to our knowledge, and we confided in him; but that Jane could less afford to lose than we, and, as we had brought him into the house, we must make good all her losses in consequence. But, in future, if he wished to steal anything, and had the chance, we should prefer his mentioning it, when we would pay him the value, to save him trouble. Whatever may have been his failings, Joe stole no more from our house.

His besetting fault was a morbid idleness; his utmost enjoyment, next to vagabondizing, was simply rest. As to cleaning boots or knives, when the novelty of the operation had worn off. Joe would touch them no more. He was as sullen and unconfiding as a captured crow. We could make nothing of him when he began, as a mere voluntary act, to neglect his attendance at school. Stopping the breakfast only sent him into the street to beg or steal, or gnaw cabbage stumps. As all our efforts were clearly unsuccessful, we began to inquire about reformatories. They would not have him, because he had not, as far as we knew, been convicted of crime. If he had only robbed us of a spoon, and we had caught him in the fact. we should have been relieved, and Joe carefully educated. At length an advertisement was observed of some model reformatory, which seemed just the thing. A letter was written, and the proprietor of the establishment called. He made some inquiries, but took his departure in some confusion, when he found that both my wife and I wished the lad taken charge of, and that, contrary to the evident anticipations of the benevolent proprietor, the lad was no relation of either of us. He had clearly expected to find "our young rascal" entitled to quarter upon his escutcheon, with a bend sinister, the arms of Walker (two marrow-bones proper et passant, on a field vert. Motto: Propris quæ maribus).

At last Joe vanished. He grew tired of the matter, that was all. With us, it was a difficulty to obtain his attendance at school at nine A. M. His mother used to tell us, when he had left, how he would rise at six, to join a friend on some expedition, and return, wearied and footsore, at past midnight, to rise at the same early hour next day. One day, she asked one of his friends on their departure, "Where are you going to take him?" The answer was brief enough, "Out thievin', to be sure. Vere should I take him to?"

Thieving or begging, Joe from that time avoided our street. I have seen him in the mud, dragging lazily behind him the stump of an old broom, just as a child might drag a musical cart. Next, he was encountered leaning against a public-house front, looking idly at a basket of vegetables, entrusted so to do while the proprietor went within for refreshment or intoxica-Then he was lost sight of altogether, until last week, when Jane ran up-stairs and begged us to look out at the window. There was Joe, in a new suit of coarse blue cloth and bright buttons, looking quite clean and respectable, and in company with a friend similarly attired. He had either rendered himself amenable to the law, and thus qualified himself, or some charitable society had taken him in hand. Either way he was evidently quite a new creature, and the method adopted with him had been perfectly successful. The impression it left on our minds was a useful one, and the moral deduced from it ran thus: if you wish to combat vice, wretchedness and misery,

depend upon it less is to be done by mere individual effort than by combination and system. There are schoolmasters by profession and inclination who will do their own business far better than any amateur can hope to do it for them, and this simply because it is the business of the one and not of the other. And when we next wish to be the means of snatching a young rascal from the streets, instead of failing miserably by attempting to do it individually, we shall try the result of the much more easy and satisfactory plan of simply subscribing to some society or institution, which will do it for us as it ought to be done.

THE ÆOLIAN HARP.—This instrument consists of a long narrow box of very thin pine, about six inches deep, with a circle in the middle of the upper side, of an inch and a half in diameter, in which are to be drilled small holes. On this side seven, ten, or more strings of very fine catgut are stretched over bridges at each end, like the bridge of a fiddle, and screwed up or relaxed with screw pins. The strings must all be tuned to one and the same note (D is, perhaps, the best), and the instrument should be placed in a window partly open, in which the width is exactly equal to the length of the harp, with the sash just raised to give the air admission. When the air blows upon these strings with different degrees of force it will excite different tones of sound. Sometimes the blast brings out all the tones in full concert, and sometimes it sinks them to the softest murmurs. A colossal imitation of the instrument just described was invented at Milan, in 1786, by the Abbe Gattoni. He stretched seven strong iron wires, tuned to the notes of the gamut, from the top of a tower sixty feet high, to the house of a Signor Moscate, who was interested in the success of the experiment; and this apparatus, called the "giant's harp," in blowing weather yielded lengthened peals of harmonious music. In a storm this music was sometimes heard at the distance of several miles.

A RESPECTABLE JURY.—True copy of a jury taken before Judge Doddridge, at the assizes holden at Huntingdon, A. D. 1619. (It is necessary to remark "that the judge had, at the preceding circuit, censured the sheriff for empannelling men not qualified by rank for serving on the grand jury, and the sheriff, being a humorist, resolved to fit the judge with sounds at least.") On calling over the following names, and pausing emphatically at the end of the Christian instead of the surname, his lordship began to think he had, indeed, a jury of quality: Maximilian King of Toseland, Henry Prince of Godmanchester, George Duke of Somersham, William Marquis of Stukely, Ed. mund Earl of Hartford, Richard Baron of Bythorn, Stephen Pope of Newton, Stephen Cardinal of Kimbolton, Humphrey Bishop of Buckden, Robert Lord of Waresley, Robert Knight of Winwick, William Abbott of Stukeley, Robert Baron of St. Neots, William Dean of Old Weston, John Archdeacon of Paxton, Peter Esquire of Easton, Edward Fryer of Ellington, Henry Monk of Stukeley, George Gentleman of Spaldwick, George Priest of Graffham, Richard Deacon of Catworth. The judge, it is said, was highly pleased with this practical joke, and commended the sheriff for his ingenuity. The descendants of some of these illustrious jurors still reside in the same county, and bear the same names.

INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF NEW TYPE.—It is well known that new type has a very injurious effect on the fingers, and that children especially, employed in sorting it in the foundries, very often lose the use of them. The Union Medicale relates the following recent case of paralysis caused by handling new type: "A compositor, aged thirty-nine, in perfect health, was provided, some time ago, with a new fount. He had scarcely used it for a week when he found his wrist become weaker and weaker; the skin of the thumb, index and middle finger was worn off at the tips, and, in a few days more, he had completely lost the use of his hand. His medical adviser, Dr. Salter, rightly attributing this disorder to the poisonous effects of the lead contained in the type, caused him to bathe his hands several times a day each time for the space of three hours, in a solution of sulphuret of potassium. This local remedy effected a complete cure in the course of eight days, without the aid of any other medicine.'



HANGING NEST OF THE PLAIN-SUITED TAILOR-BIRD.

HANGING NEST OF THE TAILOR BIRD.

SCARCELY two species of birds build their nests alike. Every dweller in the country is familiar with the infinite variety to be observed in the construction of their airy habitations. This bird will build its little domicile of twigs on the topmost branch of some isolated tree; that one constructs its nest on the ground among grasses and ferms and sheltering stones; another one builds only in the cavities of rocks; others line the eaves of houses, the steeples of churches, with their cosy fabrics; and so the list might be extended, with almost interminable enumeration.

The most curious nests of all are, perhaps, those of the pensile order, such as are constructed by the Baltimore oriole in the United States, and by various other species in South America, Asia and the Indian Islands.

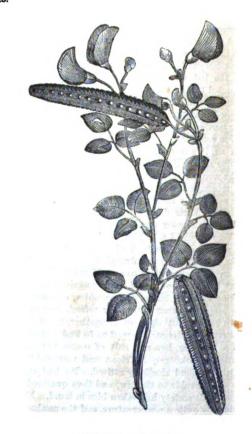
The nest of the plain-suited tailor-bird is very curious, and most elaborately contrived. The bird constructs it from the ample leaf of the Lettsomia nervosa, the edges of which are brought together and actually sewed up (whence the name of the bird), by means of filaments of cotton threaded in the sharp bill of the feathered worker. The ends of the threads, moreover, are cunningly swollen into a species of knot, which prevents them from slipping through the leaf. It is yet a question among naturalists how these knots are produced. Beside sewing together the edges of the leaves, the stalk end of the leaf is bent and crushed in such a manner as to constitute an effective hood to the nest, which it protects equally from sun and rain. The interior is comfortably lined with cotton, soft grasses and vegetable fibres.

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN PEA.

Our engraving represents the species of pea which is now beginning to be cultivated, and which owes its origin to a single pea at least three thousand years old, contained in an ancient vase sent from Egypt to the British Museum. This vase was bermetically sealed when received; but Mr. Pettigrew, the gentleman deputed to open it, unfortunately broke it in pieces

during the operation. A quantity of dust was found in the interior, together with a few grains of wheat, and some peas, the first ever found in an Egyptian relic, which were completely desiccated, and as hard as stone. Mr. Pettigrew distributed the peas among his acquaintance, and several gentlemen endeavored to grow them, but without success. At length Mr. Grimstone, of Highgate, near London, took the three peas which Mr. Pettigrew had retained as curiand succeeded, osities, after thirty days of anxious expectation, in bringing one sickly little shoot to light Tended with the utmost care, this plant was made to thrive, and nineteen pods were produced, the peas of which were planted in the following year. Botanists no less than antiquarians were delighted with this trange resuscitation, as he plant differs in many points from all existing peas. The blossom resem-

bles a bell, and is white in color, with green veins. The pod contains from five to ten peas, which are of a delicious flavor, and melt like marrow in the mouth. The Egyptian pea is now extensively cultivated in England and also in the United States.



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN PEA.

THE LAND OF CONTRARIES .-In Australia the north is the hot wind, and the south the cool; the westerly the most unhealthy, and the east the most salubrious; it is summer with the colonists when it is winter at home, and the barometer is considered to rise before bad weather, and to fall before good; the swans are black, and the eagles are white; the mole lays eggs, and has a duck's bill; the kangaroo (an animal between the deer and the squirrel) has five claws on his fore paws, three talons on its hind legs, like a bird, and yet hops on its tail. There is a bird (melliphaga) which has a broom in its mouth instead of a tongue; a fish, one half belonging to the genus raia, and the other that of squalus. The cod is found in the rivers, and the

perch in the sea; the valleys are cold and the mountain tops warm; the nettle is a lofty tree, and the poplar a dwarfish shrub; the pears are of wood, with the stalks at the broad end; cherry grows with the stone outside; the fields are fenced with mahogany; the humblest house is fitted up with cedar, and the myrtle plants are burnt for fuel; the trees are without fruit, the flowers without scent, and birds without song. Such is the land of Australia.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by FRANK LINIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

MYRA, THE GIPSY PROPHETESS.

AN ORIGINAL TALE.

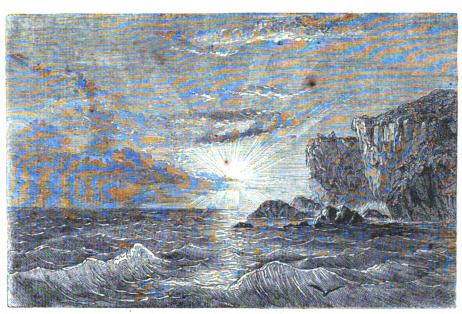
Written expressly for Frank Leslie's New Family Magazine.
BY JANUARY SEARLE.

CHAPTER XXI.—SEVEN O'CLOCK BEER AT THE GOLDEN LION—FISHER-MEN'S GOSSIP ABOUT THE BURGLARY—FOLLY DRADDA AND HER SON—BLOODY BELDIN'S CAVE IN THE BOWELS OF THE OLD "COW" —MAD PAUL AND GEORDIE VISIT IT TOGETHER—PAUL AN OPIUMEATER—WHAT THE CAVE CONTAINED—PAUL'S MAD VISIONS IN IT—GEORDIE'S BLACK MEERSCHAUM IN MFMORIAM—CONFUCIUS AND ARJOON TWO OFFAUL'S GUESTS—THE BEAUTIFUL GULNARE AND THE COFFEE ON GOLDEN SALVERS—THE VISION OF THE DREADFUL CLOUDS AND THE RESULT TO POOR PAUL.

A long dispute ensued, during which the parson tried hard to bring big Toon to; but it was of no avail; and at last he consented not to call any of us to give evidence, but to let the case rest on the fact of the capture. To this he pledged his word, and we kept watch over the burglars, whilst John aforesaid went for the constable and some of the fishermen—and when they rang the kitchen bell, we marched quietly back again to the tents, through the front door.

On our way home we had, as the reader may suppose, much talk about the late adventure; and the Grinder, who enjoyed the fun of it amazingly, said he should like no better sport every night in the year. "It beats peaching heller," said he, "and it was as good as a play to see that godly parson lyin' on his back, wi' them ere tiny hedge-stakes gagging his tatur trap." Big Toon, however, was in no laughing mood about it, for he knew what the consequences might be to him and his, and loving his race, he felt sorry and degraded also that any belonging to it should do a criminal deed.

When we arrived at the encampment, I called him on one Vol. III., No. ϵ —25



SUNSET ON THE COAST .- J. F. KENSETT.

side, and said: "Ishmael, this is a bad night's work, although I think we've made the best of it; and I am glad that you insisted upon those bold terms with the rector; if you had not, the good man would have had us all before the assize beak, and I, for one, should have found myself in an unpleasant fix. You know the burglars, you said?"

"Yes, brother, I knows 'um; but the least said's soonest mended."

"I guess who they are, Ishmael--I suppose there's no harm in my guessing?"

"No harm, brother, ony keep it to yoursen, and don't let me hear o' bygones."

"And why not, Ishmael? What have you to fear either from the tawnies who so lately pitched their tents in the Half Moon dingle, so called in the Dane's Dyke, or from these burglar tawnies whom we have just left in such good company at the rectory?"

"Nothing to fear, brother—but much to heed. I see you've got eyes, brother—and I doesn't want to hear your tongue about this thing. Let it drop."

"As you please, Ishmael. And now, will you do the bushnie a favor before he goes to his house?"

"What is it, brother?"

"Ask granny how it fares with the dark-eyed chi, this morning."

"Good!" said he, "I'll be back in a minute." So he lifted the canvas of old Mabel's tent, and called to her in Rommany, where she lay amongst the straw. She replied in the same language; and finding that all was well, I gripped fists with brother Ishmael, and went to lie down in my tent under the beech tree.

Satan welcomed me as usual. I had desired some of the bolshins to chain him to the door during my absence, and attend to his wants; and "Master Geordie's bulldog" had evidently been well cared for; so we slept lovingly together.

I was at the Golden Lion before seven o'clock that morning, and found the kitchen full of fishermen, who were drinking freely, and talking excitedly about last night's burglary at the rectory

"Hev you heard the news, sir?" cried Bill Gibbons, as I entered the room, and before I could answer, a group of the men had gathered round me, anxious to learn whether I knew more or less than they.

"News, Bill!" said I, "what news? Have the French landed on the Headland, or have the rocks swallowed up the North Sea, that you are all so wild this morning?"

"Note o't soort, sir," replied Mr. Snorra, lifting his spec-

tacles from his nose, and resting them over his shaggy brows, as if he could see better without them; "but the rectory was brokt into last neet, and robbed by four gipsy chaps, whose camp lies afore Dane's Dyke-an' they've cotched 'ura all alive, as the song says, and are goin' to tak 'um afore't squire the morn."

"That's bad news, Mr. Snorra, and I'm sorry for it. I thought gipsies weren't given to such tricks, and only did a little business in the poaching line, because they had no land of their own, and couldn't afford to buy a game license.'

"It be all true, nevertheless, sir," rejoined Ben Olaff; "and though we don't like the parson, we wouldn't see him wranged, yer know, if we could help it."

"Right honest, Ben! I'm sure you wouldn't, and I respect you all the more for your manly and generous feelings. Fight your foc to the death if need be, on fair ground, with fair and equal weapons; but no false bitting, gouging, knife or revolver practice; and so I hope these rascals will be punished."

"Small fear o' that, sir," said Mr. Snorra, "and Jack Matson, son of old Mat, who was called in to help to teck the gipsies, says that t' parson is goin' to rout the 'campment below afore the day's out."

"And very right too, Mr. Snorra, if the burglars belonged to Toon's tribe; for I understand it is Toon's people who lie in the tents down there. But I must say, in justice to them, that they bear a good character all through the country, and this is the first time I've heard it doubted. Events, however, will show; and as we are met once more so unexpectedly together, I invite you all to drink with me, when I shall be glad to hear the particulars of the robbery. So pray let us be seated, and do you, Bill Gibbons, act as master of the ceremonies, and commander of the beer on this occasion; for, to tell the truth, friends, your landlord is not a man I like to deal with, seeing that he won't give me the commonest civilities for love or money; and I know you chaps can bridle him, and give him measure for measure."

At these words the landlord, who was hard by, blew out his rubicund cheeks, and extended the circuit of his eyes to the dimensions of a Yorkshire teacup, and with one hand on his goodly paunch and the other akimbo, he opened the rusty doors of his mouth and let his ugly voice walk out like a snubbed bully who fain would, but "dasn't."

"Hear the gentleman, yer Flambruffers," said he; "as if a hard word, spoke at neet time to a chap i' the dark or outside t' door-which is all the same-ain't a goin' never to be forgiven i' this world! Where does he expect to dee when he goes to? I sud loik to know if he woin't forgive his enemies? He's a varry pretty gen'leman, now, I'se sure—an I've nowt agin him, an I hopes he's nowt agin me arter this. If he hes, why, he mun hev, that's all; and I doesn't care a tinker's dam about him."

"Be civil to him, then, yer unruly brute baste! be civil to the gentleman, I say, old swill-tub! will you," cried Gibbons, "or I'll drown thee i' one o' thy beer-butts; an stop thy jaw at this present or thou shall drink a pint o' salt and water wi' a cinder in it. An now fetch in pints round out o' 'old bott'-last year's October, mind yer-an don't mix it, if thou wouldn't have thy body tapped o' its oil when thou comes back from t' cellar."

The fat landlord scowled at Bill, and muttered sundry rough oaths as he left the room to execute the order; and the men laughed long and loudly as they seated themselves at the oak tables.

When the drink was supplied and order restored, I learned what I was most anxious to know, that the men were ignorant of Toon's share in the capture of the burglars. The parson had kept the secret, and it was even said that he himself had taken them all unaided; a fact which raised him considerably in the estimation of the fishermen, and made them all speak of him with respect. I didn't care, therefore, about his threat to break up the encampment, for I knew he would not do that for his own sake; revenge being as dear to a gipsy as a Christian. I did not give him any credit for gratitude, it is true, because he did not know what the thing meant; but he had his instincts of self-preservation, and I depended upon these alone to keep make its own hell or its own heaven. We are all liable to kicks

him from any active aggression. So I shortly afterwards left the fishermen to themselves, and ordered breakfast in the "traveller's room."

As I sat at meat, meditating on the things that had passed and were passing around me, some one knocked at the door, and I called upon the person, whoever he was, to come in. It seems I was not heard, for presently the landlord cried out at the top of his voice, "Knock agin, and be dombed to thee! I tell thee he's in there; don't I? stuffin his hide wi' ham and eggs." So the knock was repeated, and this time I shouted loudly enough for the knocker to enter, which he did, and proved to be the house-boy of the rectory, who had brought me a note from Violet, in which she detailed the occurrences of the previous night, and pleaded sickness for not meeting me to-day as she had promised. "Perhaps," she added, "I may not see you again, dear friend, before I leave these parts; for, indeed, I am terribly shaken by the events of the night, and shall be on my way to Sherwood to-morrow, at latest, with my aunt. But I shall never forget you, and hold you to your promise to come and see me as soon as you can after your work is finished in the village. And now, dear friend, I want you to execute a commission for me. I am deeply indebted to those brave and good gipsies who so unaccountably came to our rescue, and especially to that gipsy youth I spoke to you about yesterday; and I cannot go away without thanking him and them. I would do so personally if I were able, but I am not; I am too much excited and altogether too unwell. So, I pray you, go to them in my stead, and tell them how grateful I am to them, and how gladly I would serve them if I were able. I would send them money; but an action like this could not have been dictated by any mercenary motive, and in my little intercourse with them, I have never found them mercenary. Still, you must judge for me if money would be serviceable to them; in which case pray write me, and they shall have enough to make their whole tribe rich, as they count riches. I am almost ashamed to talk about paying in money for such service as they have rendered me; but how else can I return their kindness? Only by gratitude, and this—one of the most sacred of all feelings-I shall retain for them until death. Tell them so; and speak kindly to the pretty gip:y girl who told my fortune, and tell her if she should ever need a friend or a home, she shall find both in and with me.

"My aunt, who was absent last night, has just returned from Graham Hall, and is so terribly alarmed that she wishes to depart immediately. So, perhaps, we may go to-day. If we should you will write to me constantly, will you not, dear friend? And come to me very soon; for I think life will no longer be sweet and beautiful to me when I am away from

"I could say much more, for my heart is full, and longs for that sympathy which I have found only in you; but words will not speak much at the best; and now they seem as if they could say nothing.

VIOLET." "Ever thine, dearest,

My whole frame shook with contending emotions of love, admiration and disappointment, as I read this confiding, simple and touching letter. I felt I could not then reply to it, and as the boy was waiting, I wrote a brief answer full of love and sympathy, gladly undertaking the errand which she requested me to perform, and promising to visit her as soon as possible, which, I resolved, should be very soon.

When the boy was gone I fell into a fit of melancholy-excusable perhaps under the circumstances—but neither pleasant nor profitable. For what is the good of being down-hearted? I never knew any good come of it; nothing but evil. A man lays himself open to all sorts of inroads from all sorts of enemies when he is down-hearted, and is then an easy prey to the weakest and most vulgar assailants. Keep thy heart up. my brother! always, under all circumstances—in love, in war, in poverty, distress and direst misery; for nobody and nothing can hurt thee save thyself; and thou, being strong, art the master of the world. "To be weak is to be miserable," says austere John Milton, "doing or suffering," and the mind can and cuffs, and some of us get much more than our share of these stimulants; but it is better to take them bravely than cowardly. There are wise lessons even in wrong and injustice, for those who can learn them. Is not life a battle and a discipline? Then,

my son ain't a common fisher chap to talk wi' every fine feller who wears a black coat. He's been to Ingies, my son Paul hes. An' let me tell you mister, that he's a reight nabob is Paul! An' he's more larnin' than ony fiddle-faddle parson, or schule-pline? Then,

Why soldiers, why, Whose duty 'tis to die, Should we be melancholy boys?

Thoughts like those ran through my head that morning, after the first storm clouds had passed over me—and I rose up strong once more. Faith and love took possession of my heart, and drove disappointment and all the mean brood of selfish feeling away from it. I could wait; and he who does not understand the heroism and wisdom of waiting has yet to learn one of the profoundest lessons of life. To quote great John again:

They also serve who only stand and wait.

But something must now be done to fill up the long hours of the day. How should I occupy myself now that the hope of the day was gone? All the ordinary ways of employment, and even of amusement, looked dead and barren to me—and yet something must be done; that I knew. For I had early learned that work, or occupation of some sort or other, was the only thing to keep life sound and sweet; and I never yet met a devil in my path whom I could not drive away from me by minding faithfully my own business. It is astonishing how work strengthens and enables a man—even the meanest and most dyspeptic; how it kills his bad humors—restores his health, and morals, and intellect—and places him once more in true communication with man and nature.

So I resolved to occupy myself, at least, for the day. And whilst I was considering how I should do so with most profit to myself, it struck me, suddenly, that I would call and see poor Paul Dradda, whose strange speeches had so alarmed and interested me the night before. Without more ado, therefore, I put on my hat and walked down to the Jolly Pirate.

When I entered the hotel I found Polly at her old post in the chimney corner, smoking her everlasting black pipe, and in precisely the same position as I had twice before seen her. There was a good deal of alteration, however, in the furniture of the room. The walls were hung around with tigers' and lions' skins, and elephants' tusks, with gold-headed bamboo walking-sticks, rich cashmere shawls, rifles, pistols, cutlasses, and an array of pipes and tobacco pouches which might have furnished the divan of a pasha. The squalor of the room—the bare mud floor—the rough pine settles—the great open chimney—the pewter pots and drinking crockery ware suspended upon it—old Polly herself—and the variegated cotton curtain hiding her beer cellar and bed-room as I have before described it—contrasted most strangely with these foreign and cestly articles, and gave to the place an appearance of Asiatic barbarism.

I accosted Polly as I entered: "Good morning, mistress Dradda! I see you've improved your dwelling since I last had the pleasure of paying you a visit; and I'm glad to learn that your son has returned to comfort your old age."

"An' wat hev ye to do wi' Polly Dradda, an' her son, I sud like to know?" she asked, eyeing me with no little curiosity, as she drew her pipe from her mouth and suspended smoking for the time. "Wat meks ye tek such an interest i' the ode woman of the beer-house all on a sudden, I wants to know? An' who be yer, mister, that cums wi'out bell, an' meks so free wi' a stranger body's house? I niver seed ye afore that I kens o'; but I suppose ye are like the rest o' t' warld—ye cums to talk grandly to t' ode 'oman now that she's no needen o' your comforts—an' wants none o' your money. But it waint dew, my fine man, wi' your peacock feathers! It wan't dew! None o' your sawder! If yer wants a quart, out wi' the dubs an' say so; an' there's your beer. But no gammon man! no gammon!"

"You mistake me, Polly, altogether," said I. "I don't come to gammon you, and I don't come to drink your beer. But I come to see your son, because I like him, and want to have an hour's talk with him, if he hasn't anything better to do, this morning."

"Oh, yer do, do yer? An' who be yer? Tell me that. For

who wears a black coat. He's been to Ingies, my son Paul hes. An' let me tell you mister, that he's a reight nabob is Paul! An' he's more larnin' than ony fiddle-faddle parson, or schulemaester uther i' these parts. An' there ain't one on 'um can talk like him—an' he don't read in t' book as parson does but spakes all out from his yead. There's Bill Gibbons now, as is a reight down canny lad, an' kens a few things I'se a notion, an' Bill was in here the morn takin' his drinkin's, poor thing! -as he alus does, mister-an' no offence to ye unless ye loick to take it—an' says Bill to me, says he, 'Tell yer what it is, Polly, we had a meetin' in t' village last neet about a schoolin' matter for t' men to learn to write and count-and says he your son Paul was clev'est chap there a long chalk, says he: an' made t' parson shake i' his black bones, and skulk off like a dog wi' a tin kettle tied t' his tail.' Oh, he's a fine chap, is my Paul! cumed back at last to his ode mother, arter all these lang, lang years! But he ain't a show jack, mister, an' I doesn't mean he sall mek himsen so cheap as to spake to ivery jackdaw as cums to t' Headland.''

"I'm glad, Polly," said I, "that you think and speak so well of your son, and I like him as well as you do. You asked just now who I was, and I answer that I'm the man who got up the meeting last night, where your son was and spoke, and where he did me good service."

"You be the gen'leman! You!" cried Polly rising from her scat, and putting her pipe down on the table. "Lord bless you, mister, why didn't you say so afore? Buss me, mister! Buss me, I say!" she added flinging her arms round me, and slobbering me with her kisses in spite of all I could do to prevent her. Then having, as I suppose, satisfied her motherly pride for Paul, in this very pleasant manner to me, she held me at arm's length, and looking lachrymosely into my face, cried, "Why, Lord bless you, mister! my Paul says you are the blessedest man he iver seed i' all his travels." And so, overpowered by her feelings, she sunk into her chair, and seizing the pot of beer on the table, drank deep, down, down amongst the dead men, till she reached the bottom, to refresh herself.

"Well, Polly," said I, after this melo-dramatic exhibition, "where is your son? I hope you will allow me to see him, now you know who I am."

"Won't I?" said she, "wus luck, mister! that I will. Paul Dradda!" she cried aloud, "Paul! Leetle Paul that used to be! Big Paul that is! Cum down, Paul! Here's a friend o' yourn cumed to see yer—him as was wi' ye last neet when yer tooked the shine out o' the parson chap. Paul! I say; do yer hear, Paul! Cum down! cum down!"

I looked about the room, and up at the roof, and everywhere where "up" might be supposed to be, wondering where "up" was, and where "up" at last would prove to be—when, to my amasement, I beheld two legs dangling over some boards under the rafters, over the chimney, and presently I saw Paul dressed in the outlandish clothes which he had on last night, sitting bolt up, as if he had just turned out of his bed, and gasing below with wildered and sleepy looks. As soon as he saw me, however, he gave a shout of recognition and ran like a cat down a rope ladder which I had not observed before, and in another instant grasped my hand.

"I'm glad to see you, sir," said he; "I've overslept myself this morning—but I'm not the less obliged to you for coming and rousing me up."

"I am also glad to see you, Mr. Dradda, and if you have no objection should like your company in a stroll on the beach as soon as you have taken your breakfast."

"T' coffee's boilin' on t' fire, Paul," said the old woman, "an' all's ready for your eatins as soon as you're ready for 'um. I've a nice stew of hallibut, as was in t' sea the morn, in t' oven, an' sum bread cake not an hour ode. An' if the gen'lemen' ud loick to join you, Paul—thou knows he be welcome for thy sake."

"Thank you, Polly," said I, "but I've breakfasted long ago; I'll wait for your son, however, with pleasure"—and without more ado the breakfast was served and eaten.

"Now then, Mr. Dradda," said I, as he rose from the table,

"if you have no objection we will go and greet the sca this morning. I love the Headland so much that I am never tired of wandering round it."

"In a moment, sir," said Paul, in one moment;" and he crossed the room to a little box inlaid with mosaic work, which stood upon a large trunk near Polly's sacred curtain, and applying a key to it, opened it and took therefrom a lump of what I knew to be opium, the size of a man's fist, and setting his teeth to it, cut off a piece as big as a hazel nut, which he bolted without ceremony. I stared at him in amazement, not unmixed with alarm and even horror; for he had taken a dose enough to kill any dozen men in a normal state. I said nothing, however, and we walked together towards the beach.

"Last night had like to have been very stormy," said he as we journeyed along. "That parson's the most impudent fellow ever I saw."

"True," said I; "and last night also he nearly lost his life." "How so?" he inquired. "The fishermen didn't molest aim."

"No, but some rascal gipsies did, for they broke into his house, and gagged him; although strange to say, every one of them was captured?"

"That's queer news," he replied laughing gleefully; "but how-if the parson was gagged and so, as I suppose, disabledwere the robbers caught?"

"That's more than I can tell. But so I learn it was."

"Then the Lord was more merciful to him than he deserved to have mercy shown him," he replied; "for look you, sir, these men are the weeds of the soil, and choke all the life of the people. I am their enemy-sworn to be such till I die; for I know there will be no peace nor happiness on the earth so long as they are suffered to cumber it."

I saw that Paul was getting once more on his mad point; so I tried to change the subject.

"Parsons are not so good as they might be," I said, "and to speak truth, I don't think they are much worth talking about any way. But there are many things round the Headland which are truly interesting to me, and will prove more profitable to both of us, I have no doubt, than any talk about your 'blackbirds.' There is one thing especially, which I should like to ask you, for example: it is said that Bloody Beldin, the pirate, had a secret cavern amongst the rocks of Flamboro', and that its whereabouts is well known to some of the fishermen. Are you acquainted with it, Mr. Dradda?"

"What put that in your head, sir?" asked he sharply. "How came you to know anything about the secret cave?"

"I don't know anything about it at present, Mr. Dradda, I replied; "but Bill Gibbons gave me a hint of its existence one day, when he and I were boating together; and I have never forgotten it; and my curiosity is strongly excited to see it, if there be such a cavern in existence."

"Bill was a fool, sir!" he replied, "and must have been mad or drunk when he said anything to lead you to suppose so foolish a story. I tell you he was mad, sir, mad! when he said any such thing. What right had Bill to blab. Oh! oh! Bill Gibbons, you've turned traitor, have you? Good! my man! good! But I remember things, sir, which happened here when I was a youth, and nobody ever heard me open my lips about them; no! nor never will. Paul Dradda doesn't peach on his old friends. No, no! not Paul Dradda! Why then Bill Gibbons?"

"But," said I, "Bill Gibbons hasn't said anything to impeach anybody. He only hinted whilst telling me the tale of Bloody Beldin, that possibly such a cave might still be in existence. And trust me, Bill would be the last man in th world to say anything which would compromise his mates."

"I always thought this of him," said Paul; "and so no more about the cave."

"And why not, Mr. Dradda?" There's no harm in the cave, I suppose? and I've a great curiosity to see it."

"Maybe you have, sir," said Paul, "but without leave I would not and dare not show you where it is."

doubt. And look you! here come Bill Gibbons and Ben Olaff. What if we consult them about it?"

"As you please, sir; if they've no objection I've none, you may be sure."

When the matter was put to these worthies, Ben stared wide eyed, as if he didn't believe his ears; and Bill laughed a halfsly, half-foolish laugh, as the took off his sou-wester and scratched his shaggy pate. Presently Gibbons called his mate on one side, and they had a conference together which lasted some minutes; at length they returned, and Olaff said to me, taking me by the buttonhole in confidence:

"Sur, I'se no doubt we can trust yer; but you see it's a matter o' 'portance is this 'ere cave, to more than twenty on us livin' here i' Flambruf; and if Paul shows you the secret on t you mun giv your word as a honest gentleman that yer want betray us to onybody as to what yer may see i't' cave, nor show onybody where away the openin' to't lies. You hear the conditions."

"Yes, Master Olaff, I hear; and I will faithfully preserve your secret."

"All reight," cried he, grasping my hand. 'Bill an' I is bound Bridlington way, or we wad join yer; but Paul knows the water tracks. So, good day, sir.'

"Good day, Master Olaff. And I say, Bill, have you got no word of greeting for a body before we part? Nothing but a grin? Or do you think that the seven o'clock ale this morning was greeting enough for one day ?"

"Lord bless you, sir," said Bill, "I was a greetin' on yer all the time, an' larfin' i' my sleeve to think how you hev but cumed down upon me about the cave. Who'd a thote now that a idle word-spoke i' the windin's of a tale about Bloody Belden-wad ha' set you so soon on the trail o' that ole hidin' place of hisen?"

"My cars are always open, Bill, you see, and few things escape me worthy to be noted when I am talking to a man. won't repent letting me see the cave, however, Bill; and I already begin to smell the rat you've got stowed away there. So once more, good day to you both."

Paul and I now made the best of our way down to the beach, and shoving a boat into the water, we each took an our and pulled round the south rocks towards the main head.

When we arrived within about four hundred yards of the light-house, which was situated on the most commanding height, nearly five hundred feet above us, Paul rested on his oar and began to reconnoitre.

"Look you, sr," he said, "those two savage rocks standing together in that little inlet, surrounded by those monstrous overhanging cliffs, are called the "Cow and Calf." how the water has cut them into arches and caverns, and how grand they look in the morning sunlight, set off by those dense masses of shadow. You wouldn't think now that there was any thing like a big cave-bigger than Robin Lythe's-under the carcase of the old Cow, would you?"

"I certainly see no sign of a big cave, Mr. Dradda," said I: "suppose, however, that we pull nearer to them; perhaps, I may then find it out."

"No you won't, sir; not if you looked till you were blind," said he, dropping his oar into the water, and giving way with a will. "Now, sir," he continued, as we came alongside them, "here we are, and here is the old 'Cow'-see then what you can discover."

I looked carefully from the boat into every opening of the rocks, but found no sort of clue to the entrance of the cave.

"Does the entrance lie on this side the old Brahmin, Mr. Dradda?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "not ten yards from the bows."

I looked again eagerly, and with no small curiosity; but was again at fault, and so gave it up.

"Then I must show you the secret of the robber's cave myself," said Paul. "There's no 'open sesame,' no magic necessary to enter it. But you'd better be taking off your clothes, sir; for we shall have to dive some way below here before we reach the gates."

I looked at him with doubtful eyes, wondering if his madness "It 'll be easy enough to get leave, Mr. Dradda, I've no had suddenly returned to him; and then remembering the large dose of opium which he had taken, I bethought me that the illusions of the drug were perhaps working upon his imagination, and cheating him out of the reality of his surroundings. He began, however, very coolly to examine the rocks—as if for some secret marks to indicate the position of the cave under the deep, if cave there really were—and so I said to him:

"Dive, Mr. Dradda! What do you mean? You are surely not in earnest? How can you enter a cave by diving under the water?"

"Good!" said Paul to himself, as he concluded his examination. "Now, sir, here's the marks, look you! From this jagged line to that is a distance, you see, of about eight feet; and between these lines lies the mouth of the cave, which, at low water, as it now is, is not more than three feet below the surface. What we have to do is to dive to that depth, and then swim straight ahead a dozen strokes, and on rising to the surface, we shall be in Bloody Beldin's cave."

I confess I was still very incredulous—but Paul spoke evidently in good faith, sincerely believing his own words, and as he immediately began to undress I followed his example. He presently let go the anchor about five yards from the rock that we might get a greater impetus, as he said, when we plunged from the boat.

"Mr. Dradda," said I, "the only thing I'm afraid of in this adventure is, that we shall find it considerably cold inside the Cow's bowels—and I don't see how we can get any dry rigging to clothe ourselves with, when we land in those regions."

"Ok!" said Paul, laughing, "I dare say Father Neptune, or some other good chap, has provided for such a difficulty. Are you ready, sir?"

"Quite," said I. "So dive away, and I will follow you in a second."

"Here goes, then!" cried Paul, and down no went. I followed him, after the lapse of a few moments, and swam rapidly out, until I thought I had gone far enough; then rising, I found myself, sure enough, in a cave of enormous height and dimensions, lighted from the top by a natural circular opening. Paul was swimming a few yards ahead, and called on me to follow in his wake. I did so until we came to a rude stair leading to a platform, which as I afterwards learned was above water mark at high tide. As I expected, the cold damp of the cavern struck into my very bones, and made my teeth chatter again.

"Where's Father Neptune's rigging, good Mr. Dradda?" quoth I, as we mounted the platform. "I hope he hasn't forgotten to supply his wardrobe, for I'm freezing to death."

"He used to keep twenty or thirty suits in a place I know of in times gone by, sir," he added; "and I've no doubt he's as generous and hospitable as ever he was. Follow on, sir, and we shall soon see."

With that he led me, under a low arch, to another cave, or rather room in the cave—in which I was surprised to find a considerable number of coarse wooden chairs, tables, chests, spirit kegs and various kinds of fire-arms, swords and cutlasses. The walls were hung round with double linings of canyas, evidently ships' sails which had seen good service before they were put to their present use. Paul immediately opened one of the chests and drew from it a couple of Guernsey jackets and flannel drawers, two large pea jackets and two pairs of pants; which we severally and speedily appropriated.

"And now," said Paul, "for a glass of the real Hollands to keep the fire burning, for sure enough it's a very cold climate is this of Bloody Beldin and Father Neptune."

So he turned the tap of one of the spirit kegs, and holding under it a tin cup which was suspended from the barrel head by a string, he filled it and drained the contents. I also drank a hearty draught, for though I am a cold water man, I never allow any crotchet to ride me to death, and much good the generous Hollands did me, and thank you, Mister Hollands.

"If we could only find some shoes and stockings," said Paul, "we should be all right—and whilst I overhaul these other chests, sir, suppose you try and light a fire. There's plenty of wood in yon corner, you see, and though it's no doubt damp enough, there's a tar and sawdust mixture—which you're sure also to find there—as will make it burn in a jiffy."

The romance of the thing, as well as the pleasure of sitting by a good fire in a cave under the sea, pleased me much, and in a short time I succeeded in kindling a blaze which lit up the old rocks with a cheerful warmth, subduing somewhat their aboriginal savageness, whilst it heightened the picturesqueness of the scene. I stood for some time watching the smoke as it rose high up the cavern, now gathering together in dense volumes, and now scattering in graceful sweeps its floating outline of shadow, until it mingled at last with the blue of heaven as it escaped through the far off opening at the summit. Whilst I was thus engaged Paul had found both shoes and stockings—and what was quite as welcome to me, a couple of black clay pipes, and a large plug of Cavendish tobacco. He then replenished the tin can, and cutting the string which held it, brought it in his hand to the fire, and we sat down together.

"Well, Paul," said I, "this is the most romantic of all my adventures in these parts, although I've had some notable ones, I assure you. So the fishermen use this cave to keep their black ware in, do they, and cheat the excise?"

"You see, sir, with your own eyes," said he, "what it's used for; and a mighty snug shop it be. I once saw a similar entrance to a cavern in one of the Tonga Islands, where Mr. Mariner lived so long, but barring that, never heard of another but this."

"Nor I, Paul; but is there no other entrance to it?"

"You may depend upon't there is," he replied, "or how would the chaps get their lumber into the hold! They don't bring it down through yonder skylight," he added, pointing to the roof.

"No. Paul, I don't suppose they do."

"And yet they do get it here nevertheless," said he—" and more I haven't to communicate at present."

"Very well, Paul, then let us fill our pipes." When the weed was cut and lighted, I said:

"These be black Jacks, these pipes be, Mr. Dradda—and if the tobacco which has been smoked in them had paid duty, the revenue would have been improved a little, I'm thinking. But I've got a blacker pipe than either of them at the Golden Lion; a meerschaum which I've smoked these fourteen years."

"I should like to see it, sir," he replied, "for you see pipes are my hobby, and I've got some at the Jolly Pirate, which are worth a sight of money; and it does one good to sit at ease and blow a cloud of smoke out of 'um. I see strange things in the smoke sometimes, sir; fiery salamanders; dusk demons, whose eyes glare forth the immortality of hell; Indian gods; crocediles; Yogees, whose hair has grown into the earth round the roots of trees from their long sitting and watching and meditation; grinning Chinese men, and laughing apes and mocking-birds, and unearthly sexless beings, who utter wild cries, and threnes dreadful enough to appal the hearts of the damned. And then again I see such glorious things, that words cannot paint them, and I sit for whole hours motionless, and absorbed in the contemplation of their beauty."

"Did you ever eat opium, Mr. Dradda?" I asked, as if I were ignorant of the fact.

"Why do you ask?" he replied, eyeing me with curiosity, if not with suspicion

"Because a mere tobacco-smoker could not see such visions as you describe—as the effects of his smoking. But an opium-eater may."

"So may a hashish-smoker for that matter," said Paul; "and as you ask the question, I will tell you plainly that I do eat opium. I learned the magic trick, you see, in India, where everybody eats opium or betel-nuts or hashish."

"And how much may you eat in a day now, Mr. Dradda?"

"More and less. Never less than a lump of the crude equal to five thousand drops of laudanum."

"I don't wonder you see all those queer sights, Mr. Dradda. I think I shall stick to my little black meerschaum and my tobacco, and not run the risk of making my smoke populous with the horrors of opium."

^{*}Thomas De Quincy drank eight thousand drops of laudanum per day for nearly three years. Enough for nearly four hundred min, at the rate of twenty-five drops per man.

"It is best to do so, sir," he added, sadly; "for opium might make you mad, as it does me sometimes."

He then told me the history of his opium experience; how he began with small doses at Calcutta; how the hunger for it increased within him, day by day, until at last it became as necessary to him as his daily food.

This relation, which was a pretty long one, excited him so much that I was fearful he would break out into one of the mad fits which he had confessed himself subject to. So I proposed to repeat to him some lines addressed to my little black meerschaum, which a good parson gave to me so long ago, thinking the change of subject would divert and calm his mind. He said he should like to hear them, and so I repeated them from memory. Here they are:

GEORDIE TO HIS TOBACCO PIPE.

ı.

Goop pipe, old friend, old black and colored friend, Whom I have smoked these fourteen years and more, My best companion, faithful to the end, Faithful to death, through all thy fiery core!

How shall I sing thy praises, or proclaim
The generous virtues which I've found in, thee?
I know thou carest not a whit for fame,
And hast no thought but how to comfort me,

And serve my needs, and humor every mood;
But love and friendship do my heart constrain
To give thee all I can for much of good,
Which thou hast rendered me in joy and pain.

Say then, old houest meerschaum! shall I weave Thy history together with my own? Of late I never see thee but I grieve For him whose gift thou wert—for ever gone!

Gone to his grave amidst the vines of France; He, all se good, so beautiful and wise! And this dear giver doth thyself enhance, And makes thee doubly precious in mine eyes.

For he was one of nature's rarest men, Poet and preacher, lover of his kind, True-hearted man of God! whose like again, In this world's journey I may never find!

I know not if the shadow of his soul,
Or the divine effulgence of his heart,
Have through thy veins in mystic silence stole,
But thou to me dost seem of him a part.

His hands have touched thee, and his lips have drawn,
As mine, full many an inspiring cloud
From thy great burning heart, at night and morn,
And thou art here, whilst he lies in his shroud!

And here am I, his friend and thine, old pipe !
And he has often sat my chair beside,
As he was wont to sit is loving type,
Of many companies, the flower and pride!

Sat by my side, and talked to me the while, Invisible to every eye, save mine, And smiled upon me as he used to smile, When we three sat o'er our good cups of wine.

Ah! happy days, when the old Chapel House, Of the old Forest Chapel rang with mirth, And the great joy of our divine carouse, As we hob-nobbed it by the blazing hearth!

We never more, old pipe, shall see those days, Whose memories lie like pictures in my mind; But thou and I will go the self-same ways, E'en though we leave all other friends behind.

And for thy sake, and for my own, and his,
We will be one, as we have ever been;
Thou dear old friend, with thy most honest phir.
And no new face shall come our loves between!

Thou hast thy separate virtues, honest pipe!

Apart from all the memory of friends;

For thou art mellow, old, and black and ripe,

And the good weed that in its smoke ascends,

From thy rare bowl, doth scent the liberal air,
With incense richer than the woods of Ind,
E'en to the barren palate of despair—
(Inhaled through cedar-tubes from glorious Scince!)—

It hath a charm would quicken into life, And make the heart gush out in streams of love, And the earth, dead before, with beauty rife, And full of flowers as heaven of stars above.

It is thy virtue and peculiar gift,
Thou sooty wizard of the potent weed;
No other pipe can thus the soul uplift,
Or such rare fancies and high musings breed.

I've tried full many of thy kith and kind, Dug from thy native Asiatic clay, Fashioned by cunning hand, and curious mind, Into all shapes and features, grave and gay.

Black nigger's heads, with their white-livered eyes, Glaring in flery horror through the smoke; And monstrous dragons, stained with bloody dy And comeller forms; but all save thee I broke!

For though, like thee, each pipe was black and old,
They were not wiser for their many years;
Nor knew thy sorcery though set in gold,
Nor had thy tropic taste—these proud composes i

Like great John Paul, who would have loved thee well, Thou art the "only one" of all thy race; Nor shall another courade near thee dwell, Old king of pipes! my study's pride and grace!

-

Thus have I made assurance doubly sure, And scaled it twice—that then shalt reign alone? And as the dainty bee doth search for pure Sweet honey, till his laden thighs do groan

With their sweet burden, tasting nothing foul; So thou of best tobacco shalt be filled; And when the starry midnight wakes the owl, And the lorn nightingale her song has trilled,

I, with my lamp and books, as is my wont, Will give thee of the choicest of all climes— Black Cavendish, full flavored, full of juice, Pale Turkish, famed through all the Osman times

Dark Latakia, Syrian, Persia's pride, And sweet Virginian, sweeter than them all ! Oh, rich bouquet of plants! fit for a bride, Who, blushing, waits the happy bridegroom's call.

And these shall be thy food, thy dainty food, And we together will their luxury share; Voluptuous turnults stealing through the blood— Voluptuous visions filling all the air!

I will not thee profane with impious Shag, Nor poison thee with Nigger head and Twist, Nor with Kentucky, though the planters brag That it hath virtues all the rest have missed.

These are for porters, loafers and the scum,
Who have no sense for the diviner weeds;
Who drink their muddy beer, and muddier rum,
Insatiate, like dogs, in all their greeds,

But not for thee, nor me, these things obscene, We have a higher pleasure, purer taste. My draughts have been with thee of hypocrene, And our delights intelligent and chaste.

Intelligent and chaste since we have held Commune together in the world's highway; No Falstaff fallings have my mind impelled To do misdeeds of sack by night or day;

But we have ever erred on virtue's side—
At least we should have done—but wee is me
I fear in this my statement I have lied;
For ghosts, like moonlight shadows on the sea,

Crowd thick around me from the shadowy past, Ghosts of old memories reeling drunk with wine ! And boon companions Lysius-like, and vast In their proportions as the god divine.

I do confess my sins, and here implore
The aid of "Rare Old Ben" and other ghosts,
That I may sin again but rarely more,
Responsive only unto royal teasts.

For save these sins, I am a saintly man, And live like other saints on prayer and praise; My long face longer, if life be a span, Than any two lives in these saintly days.

Solet me smoke, and drink, and do good deeds
And boast the doing like a Pharisee;
Am I not holy if I love the creeds,
Even though my drinking sins choke up the :ea

Digitized by Google

When I had finished my recitation about the black meerschaum, Paul started up with wild, staring eyes, and exclaimed. "Hurra there! we're going to make the rocks literary; these rocks that have hitherto echoed only to the roaring and rioting of drunken smugglers. Now we'll have all the great men and gods of the East here, and they shall talk to us, and read their sacred books to us, and we will be drunk with the wine of the soul. See, sir," he added, approaching me with great politeness and bowing as he spoke; "this is Confucius, this bald-headed gentleman here, with the great, calm face and eyes. I made his acquaintance five hundred years before the Christ you worship was born—when I was travelling, a poor scholar, from the great Bardic Institution of Britain. Let me introduce you, sir. A fine man is Confucius I assure you, sir; and a great moralist and lawgiver. Pray be seated, good Confucius! This is a gentleman whose name I torget, but somehow or other he is with me here, to-day, and I want you to know how finely he can talk about a black tobacco pipe. Sir," turning to me, "wont you speak to Confucius?"

"Certainly," said I, "Mr. Dradda," not a little alarmed to find myself alone in this cave under the sea with a madman, for it was clear that the opium had begun to work upon Paul's imagination, and had deprived him of his reason. "Certainly," said I. "I will speak to him. How fares it with you most learned and devout Confucius! Your wise books have travelled a long way westwards, and you have many sincere admirers in this island who regard you with reverence. I, for one, am your humble servant, and should be glad to talk with you awhile if you have no objection. I want to know something about the state of civilization in China at the time you lived and taught in that wonderful old empire. Will you deign, sir, to reply to me?"

I waited for several minutes, my cycs on Paul all the time. At length I said:

"I can get no answer from your friend, Paul. I presume, therefore, that he does not wish to converse with so illiterate a man as I am."

"It's very unmannerly of him," said Paul. "But no matter, he'll come to by and by. Here now, here is another friend of mine, an ancient Indian god by name Arjoon—whose history is written in the Bhagvat Geeta, which is, as you know, sir, an episode to the great Indian epic poem called the Mahabburratt. He is a Sanscrit god is Arjoon. Will you ask him a question. sir?"

"To be sure I will; and as he looks like a mild, gentle youth, I've no doubt he will be more civil than your other friend from China. I have heard of you, O Arjoon!" said I; "and have read all the philosophy and metaphysics and morals which were taught to you on those Indian plains, in the presence of the armies of your enemy. Do you still think that fighting is an evil thing?"

I again paused for an answer, and Paul got angry with his Indian friend because he also refused to speak.

"You see, Mr. Dradda," I said, "it's no use for such chaps as you and me to talk to these gods and great men. We had better by half sit down quietly and have a talk to ourselves."

"Very well," said Paul. "This is one of my best palaces, and I'm well enough contented to dwell in it, and entertain my friends. But I don't like those uncivil gentlemen who are standing there, and wouldn't reply to civil questions. Perhaps," said Paul, addressing his shadowy guests, "you will take a seat at the fire, and I will order you to be served with coffee, unless you prefer a smuggler's can-full of Hollands gin—which is no bad stuff—although it mayn't suit such worships as you. That's right; I'm glad to see you sit down. Will you take coffee? Very good. What ho, there!" he cried, "without there! Bring in coffee at once, on the gold salvers."

"I should prefer a little of the gin and water, if you please, Mr. Dradda," said I, for I still felt cold and chilly in spite of the fire.

"Who do you call Mr. Dradda, slave?" he cried. grinding his teeth. "Know, fellow! that I am the Pasha of India! and only tolerate your presence until I can find my scymitar to kill you."

"Most high and mighty prince!" said I, "pardon a hasty expression in thy servant; and as for his life, he well knows it is in your highness's hands, and you can do with him as seemeth you good."

I resolved, however, to keep a sharp look-out, and to take care he didn't lay his hands on the scymitar to take away my life. He had no time for reply, however, tor before I had done speaking, a troop of beautiful girls entered, attending the bearer of the coffee on the golden salvers. So he said; and forthwith began to dally with them.

"Come hither to me, O beautiful Gulnare," he said, grasping a shadowy waist. "Lift up your eyes, so black and bright, like liquid diamonds! and let me gaze into their deeps for ever. Press your red lips, like full blown roses to mine, that we may kiss until we die! Ha!" he exclaimed, rising with demoniac fury in his gestures, and thrusting the beautiful Gulnare away from him, "what devil's this that thou art changed into, thou false witch of the pit! What ugliness and horror are in all thy features and lineaments! What foul deformity in thy person! Out of my presence to the damned ye come from!" And then his eyes, staring on vacancy, as if they would burst from their sockets, his face bathed in perspiration and shining in the firelight with that peculiar glimmer which opium alone produces, and his hair literally standing upright on his head, he asked in a subdued, deep, sepulchral voice, his whole body heaving in the convulsions of his agony, "What is this dreadful upheaving within me, as if the universe were in its last throes, and all the pain thereof were sent shivering into my heart and soul. What mean these vast processions of clouds, all black and horrible—these merciless clouds—like the pageantry of some dreadful unnameable funeral? And why drag me after you, O merciless, dreadful clouds! Let me go! Leave me on the earth, for I am mad and cannot follow you. I am sick and dizzy at this height of your travel. Hold! hold! I topple over your sides—down, down through the star regions -through gulfs of darkness-down, down, for ever and for ever."

So ending his wild speech, the unhappy man fell on the rocky floor, as I thought, in a fit of apoplexy.

(To be continued.)

LANGUAGES.—The least learned are aware that there are many languages in the world, but the actual number is probably far beyond the dreams of ordinary people. The geographer, Balbi, enumerates eight hundred and sixty which are entitled to be considered as distinct languages, and five thousand which may be regarded as dialects. Adelung, another modern writer on this subject, reckons up three thousand and sixty-four languages and dialects existing, and which have existed. Even after we have allowed either of these as the number of languages, we must acknowledge the existence of almost infinite minor diversities; for, in almost every country, we see that every province has a tongue more or less peculiar, and this we may well believe to be the case throughout the world at large. It is said there are little islands, lying close together, in the South Sea, the inhabitants of which do not understand each other. Of the eight hundred and sixty distinct languages enumerated by Balbi, fifty three belong to Europe, one hundred and fourteen to Africa, one hundred and fifty-three to Asia, four hundred and twenty-three to America, and one hundred and seventeen to Oceania, by which term he distinguishes the vast number of islands stretching between Hindostan and South America.

A TAME STICKLEBACK.—The youngest of the Blenny family, in my aquarium, I took under my especial care, and christened little Jock. It may sound somewhat doubtful, but I positively assert that this little Blenny learned in a very short time to answer to his name. Upon calling to him, he would instantly make his appearance, and struggle to get his body on the ledge of the tank. When I placed him on the polm of my hand, and titilated his little back with my soft pencil, he exhibited evident signs of pleasure. I mentioned this remarkable instance of tameness and docility to many of my friends. They all conceived that I exaggerated the fact, until they had ocular demonstration for themselves.—John Harper.



MISS HARRIET HOSMER, THE AMERICAN LADY SCULPTOR.

HARRIET HOSMER.

Miss Harrier Hosmen, distinguished by her achievements in the statuary art, was born on the 9th of Cctober, 1830, at Watertown, Mass., where her father, a highly respected physician, still resides. She was early distinguished by a fearless independence of disposition, great intellectual activity combined with unusual physical energy, and by a masculine daring in her girlish love of fun. With a constitution predisposed to pulmonary disease, she was early guided by her father to love the free atmosphere of the open country in preference to the domestic occupations of the majority of her sex, and having lost her mother while she was yet a child-without brothers or sisters, for her only sister and her two brothers fell victims to consumption at an early age-her natural tendency to pursuits unfeminine, though by no means inappropriate, was confirmed. Harriet Hosmer, scarcely entered upon her teens, had all the exuberance of spirits which characterize a school-boy. She rode, walked great distances, to the astonishment of her lady friends, was an expert markswoman, prepared a cabinet of ornithological specimens, shot and stuffed by her own hands, navigated the Leautiful Charles river in a skiff which she fearlessly and skilfully managed, and made herself widely known by her love of mischief and of practical jokes. One of her freaks was attended with no little expense to her father. We believe it has never been parrated in print, and, as we can vouch for

the truth of the story, will give it here. Harriet Hosmer, at the age of fourteen, went daily to a chool in Charlestown, about five miles from Watertown, with other young girls of the latter place. A branch of the Boston and Fitchburg railroad connects Charlestown with Watertown, and the passage to and from school was accomplished by this medium. One afternoon the party of girls reached the station in somewhat higher spirits than was even usual, and Miss Hosmer suddenly offered to bet with her companions that she would be the first in Watertown. Her wager was accepted, and the laughing school-girls took their seats. Just as the bell rang, and "all aboard" was shouted, Harriet slipped out of the car, hastened to the platform of the baggage car, and uncoupled it from the remainder of the train, so that when the engine started the entire body of passengers were left behind. The engine driver knew nothing of what had happened, and the dismembered train ran a mile or two on its way before the baggage-master succeeded in conveying intelligence of the madcap freak of his young lady passenger. The engine was then "backed" to Charlestown, and the couplings refastened. Harriet did not reach Watertown, after all, before her friends, and her father was compelled to pay several hundred dollars by way of "damages" to the corporation.

At this time a decided inclination to artistic pursuits developed itself in Miss Hosmer. At the age of sixteen she commenced the study of oil painting, but at the same time

declared her preference of sculpture as an art to follow. Her | first attempt of any magnitude was the modelling of a head of Cymbeline, from an engraving. Her success was marked, and she proceeded to indulge her imagination in the modelling of ideal forms. Her first effort in marble was a diminished copy of the colossal bust of Napoleon by Canova. This first fruits of her genius is still in her father's possession. Miss Hosmer visited St. Louis, in her eighteenth year, for the purpose of studying anatomy with a friend, and shortly afterwards definitely adopted the profession of a sculptor as her own. Her tached to, altogether penniless. The widow and her orphans first statue was Œnone Deserted by Paris, which is now in the rooms of the St. Louis Mercantile Library. In September, 1852, Miss Hosmer went to Rome with her father, and became a pupir of John Gibson, the celebrated English sculptor. Miss Hosmer remained for several years under his tuition, producing in the meanwhile several meritorious works of art. Her most applauded achievement has been the recumbent statue of Beatrice Cenci, an illustration of which we append. The fair young girl is represented as wrapt in that last slumber from which she was awakened only to be led to execution. This statue was brought to America in 1857, and exhibited in New York, Boston and elsewhere. Miss Hosmer accompanied her statue to this country, and returned, about a year ago, to her studio in Rome.

Among the most celebrated works of Miss Hosmer may be enumerated her statue of Hesper, her busts of Daphne and Medusa, a bust of Mrs. Cass, Puck, a fantaisie in marble, beside several other productions of great merit.

THE LAWYER'S CLERK.

FREDERICK HOLFORD, otherwise known as "Fred the Dauntless"-a cognomen given by his school-fellows at -, a seminary for young gentlemen preparing themselves for commercial or other professional departments of a business existence-was celebrated for his daring, buoyant spirits, skill in rowing and the like. Holford was a youth of sixteen, preparing for the higher departments of a collegiate education, in order to qualify him to follow his father's profession, as a physician in excellent practice, when that father died, and left him, his mother and a young sister totally unprovided forhis father's ample scale of living absorbing every item of an available income; and the inevitable moment found them completely thrown upon their own resources, which were limited, indeed, and upon the sympathy of friends, which was scant and soon exhausted, and upon the aid of relatives, only one of which they knew living who could aid them, and he—the father's brother—a miserly old lawyer, who had made an enormous fortune by 'cuteness and chicane; and having quarrelled with his more prodigal younger brother, on account of his imprudent marriage (as he was pleased to term it) in early life, had never been known to draw his pursestrings to help a single human creature during the long term of a pretty long existence.

To cut this part as short as possible, Jeremiah Holford, then a rising lawyer practising in Lincoln's Inn, had been struck by the beauty of Miss Adelaide Rochdale, the daughter of a professional man in somewhat straitened circumstances, and whom he had met at some evening party or other. He fell in love with her,

did this man, whose heart was fast hardening against the world, and becoming absorbed in his profession. A wife might have managed him, and warmed the current of his yet unchilled blood. He proposed, and was-rejected. To this he submitted with a sort of sullen equanimity; but when he found, subsequently, that she had accepted, and became married to, his younger brother, John Holford - then just having passed through his studies, obtained his diploma, and set up in business-the pent-up passions of the man were converted into a sullen dream of vengeance, a malignant thirst to hear of failure

and ruin following both. He refused his brother, manfully struggling with many difficulties, his countenance, his assistance, all forms of help. John Holford was a proud man; Mrs. Adelaide Holford, then, a woman proud of her husband, and irritated against her hard brother-in-law. The struggle was unequal-Holford and his wife quitted London. He managed to obtain a little country practice, to do well, to thrive, to keep a good house, to give his son a good education, and to die, leaving his beloved wife, and the children he was so tenderly at-



knew not which way to turn. The brothers had not met for years. As yet, the lawyer had scarcely received notice of his brother's death. It must be conveyed. It might be even a sad service to them-at least, it was in this light that Fred Holford, an ingenuous, talented, high-spirited youth, looked upon it, when the idea first broke upon him of applying to his uncle for the means of pushing him through the world 0

"Humph!" grunted the grim, shaggy-100king old lawyer, with his withered visage and his keen, vulture eyes, showing 2 vast strength and vitality within his shaken frame, for all he rnbbed his swathed limbs, all swollen with gout. "Humph! And so your father is dead?"

The youth, who had been accustomed to elegance, was gazing about him in some astonishment, dazzled at the sybaritic splendor of that drawing-room—one-half gilding, furniture, carpet, and pictures; vases, plate, and the like, making up the remainder.

"He is dead, sir," replied Fred, in a low, stricken tone.

"Humph!" again growled the other. "He was ten years younger than I, and he is dead! I have not seen him these eighteen years; and—your mother—I—yes, I remember your mother."

"Do you, uncle?" said Fred, a flash of hope darting upon him, for the harsh reception he met with had really daunted him.

- "Uncle!" repeated the other with a bitter sneer, "you recollect it now, then? You have been long in finding it out!"
 - "I did not know--I never heard----" stammered Fred.
- "Did not know! Soh! Your father was too proud to remind you that he had a brother, was he? Your mother was haughty, too——"
- "Sir," began Fred, with a firm but touching tone, "my mother is widowed, unhappy, friendless—sorrows have stricken her forehead heavily."
- "She was beautiful once!" murmured the lawyer. "I thought so once—once—once!" and his voice sank into silence.
 - "She is beautiful yet," insisted Fred.
- "Silence, sir, silence!" said the lawyer, sternly. "This letter—this letter—what does it mean? Is there aught in it beyond informing me of your father's death?" and he opened his gold spectacles, and unfolded the paper afresh.

"If you will please to read, uncle," said Fred, half timidly, "you will, perhaps, find out. My mother wrote it after great hesitation. I know not why."

"Perhaps I do," returned his uncle; "but that is of little consequence now. She made me feel the sting of her beauty once—she made me writhe beneath something like contempt—she is very humble now;" and a malignant twinkle shone in his deepset eyes.

"She is a widow, and very poor. She is bereaved and heartbroken," replied Fred, inclined to be very indignant, and to walk out of the magnificent chamber, and quit the palatial house, never to set foot in it more.

"She is poor, she states. Your father, who might have left her a moderate independence, at least, was a wasteful spendthrift."

"Sir! uncle!" and Fred sprang to his feet, his handsome young face all after with anger. The steady glittering eye of the lawyer seemed to fix him, for he grew still and calm, and the impassible Jeremiah Holford proceeded.

"I forgot he was your father," said he, coldly. "Nevertheless, it was so. Your father sought me not for nearly twenty years; your mother, whom I once—knew, held aloof. She entreats me to aid her now, by placing you in some way to mak your fortune in the world. You are far more likely to waste, than to spend one, I make no doubt."

"That would be difficult," replied Fred, a little gaily; "since I must first have one to spend."

"Has your mother told you that I am unmarried—without relatives—without friends, save those who seek me through self-interest? That I am an old hypochondriac, without a creature in the world to care for me?" He paused.

"Something of this, indeed, she did say, sir," hesitated Fred.

"Speak out, and speak frankly, nephew," said the lawyer, with his grimmest smile. "Did she tell you I was—rich?"

"Yes," replied Fred; "but all the world said that."

"Did she tell you—did she hint that it was possible—that I might take a fancy to you—and, like an old fool in the farce, leave you my wealth—make you—my heir—sh?"

Fred colored. "Mothers," said he, with an ingenuous blush build up many a baseless castle for their children. My mother

loved me dearly, and hoped, no doubt, that what she wished might come to be true."

"Tell her, sir, that she is mistaken."

- "I have done so already!" replied Fred, with a manner that made the old lawyer start.
 - "What can you do?" he asked abruptly, after a pause
- "I have been educated for college, sir."
- "Well, and your own bent—what was it?" impatiently demanded the other.
- "The army. To be a soldier, sir!" Fred quailed at his uncle's look.
- "Phew! humph! Corporal of a marching foot regiment! The army, forsooth! True, the doctor and the soldier have one common end; and my brother had a lofty flight of fancy about him. Well, sir?"

"My father spoke of purchasing a commission for me-

"And left his widow a pauper—his son a beggar! Sir, you need not frown—nor is this the office of the commander-inchief," growled the lawyer, looking his very blackest. Then, as he bit his lips and fixed his fiery eyes on his nephew, "Listen to me, and let this fully satisfy you," he said; "I give no alms—I extend no aid. Neither you nor yours have any claim upon me; though, perhaps—but no matter. Trust to no hopes your mother may cherish. Expect no legacy—no heirship, least of all! For there is one whose claim is prior to yours. Do you follow me, nephew?" he added.

"I believe I do, sir. I think I understand you."

"My business is still carried on in Lincoln's Inn. I will give you a desk there, and one guinea a week to begin with. I will article you—advance you as you shall show that you merit it; and I will make a lawyer of you. You are but nineteen: at thirty you shall wear your gown at the bar! Do you accept?"

"I accept, sir-I accept!"

And so, unconditionally otherwise, Fred Holford began his life of servitude and drudgery; and days and months, and even two or three years went on, and no event of any further consequence or importance transpired.

"Re Marshfield," muttered Frederick, one morning, as he was busily engaged with some papers at his desk in the dingy room allotted him, in the dingier offices of Holford, Cognovit and Latitat, the celebrated solicitors of Lincoln's Inn. "What the deuce can this case be, which seems to be of so mercilessa nature? Arrest and distraint—seizure and sale of effects! It seems to be a multiplication of summary proceedings; and I must myself serve summonses and copy of a writ! No messenger at hand, and the time imperative. And yet these letters praying for grace and lenity-a little time-and no time granted! Some of these creditors are very severe, and-heyday! here's my uncle's own hard fist of a signature, insisting on arrest for costs. I'll go and see to this myself; some instinct tells me that I have an interest in the matter!" and, 90 saying, he put the sinister-looking slips of paper in his pocket, his hat on his head, and walked forth in the direction of the house where the person representing the name of Marshfield resided.

In the meantime, as he journeys on, let us glance over the manner in which fortune and the world had used Fred Holford, his widowed mother and his orphan sister Susy, during the three years he has been arduously pushing his way through the dusty intricacies in the firm of the great lawyer, who, reputed to be miserly and sordid in all outward dealings with the world—and Fred had really found him so—continued to live in a mansion luxuriously fitted up, as if for Sardanapalus binself, and who spared ro expense upon his own gratifications—so the world averred—that with the selfishness of age, and the egotism of wealth, he permitted none others to share with him.

Between the uncle and the nephew there was but little intercourse; between the elder Holford and his sister-in-law, none. Fred worked hard, steadily and patiently. There was something akin to heroism in the utter sacrifice of every bright and brilliant dream the young man had cherished, to what he considered a sense of duty and of right. His mother, having sold off their household effects, had joined him in town, where he had taken a little house in a northern suburb, and where she

set up a small school, in which she was ably assisted by her daughter Susy, who was growing up into a devoted, studious girl. The small family plodded on contentedly if not quite happy. Year by year—and three had passed by—Fred's income had been raised a little; while his studies in the law seemed likely to fulfil his grim, gaunt uncle's prediction. As yet he was in his clerkship; soon he was to take a higher initiatory post; but in the interval the circumstance occurred which we have already indicated, which was likely, perhaps, to change the whole course of his future. Who knows? A lawyer's letter can do so much at times!

The house or villa-cottage, with its pretty garden and trim lawn, situated in a pleasant rural suburb, was soon attained. On asking for Mrs. Marshfield, he was told she was an invalid, but requested to walk in and wait a few moments, until the lady came to him. Following a passage, and entering the parlor or chamber at the end—which the somewhat slatternly servant indicated to him by a jerk of the head and thumb over the shoulder—a somewhat amusing scene presented itself to his view.

The sound of merry but suppressed laughter greeted his ears first, and a voice, so full, so rich and thrilling in its intonation struck upon the sense, that involuntarily he started in something like surprise and delight at its singular melody of tone. The other was a childish treble, but not less full of glee.

The parlor was well, even handsomely furnished, with a piano in one recess, beside a door leading into a bed-chamber—and old-fashioned chairs, tables, couch and other etceteras of a comfortably arranged room. It seemed however, to be in a high state of scrub and polish with its occupants, for the first object that caught Fred Holford's eye was a plump little girl, with the most comical expression of alarm it is possible to conceive, exclaiming at some mishap that had just occurred, to which Fred's unexpected entrance contributed.

The next on which his glance, his attention, his whole heart and soul concentrated immediately, was a lovely "mignonne"-looking maiden of about sixteen, with an arch face full of smiling beauty and mischievous naivete, with clustering brown hair, laughing eyes and dimpled chin—the sweetest object, even in her deshabille, he had ever been captivated by. Her outer petticoat, tucked up for the convenience in furthering the duties she was engaged upon, displayed a beantifully rounded leg and ankle—the latter rendered ravishing by the neatly fitting boot that so lovingly was laced close to the fairy foot. Mounted on a stool, thus enabling her to reach a height beyond her ordinary stature—Fanny was not tall, but petits and charming (her name was Fanny)—stood as it were, on a pedestal, the prettiest model of girlish beauty, budding into womanhood, Fred believed he had ever looked upon.

Caught, as it were, in some freak or little episode provocative of fun and laughter, Fanny's furtive smile—the twinkle in her bright, good-tempered eyes—the charming confusion of the moment—the pretty embarrassment caused by Fred's appearance, completed at once what a moment had begun. Fred was in love before he knew it! How often, and to how many of us, has this sweet, strange, inexplicable fact before this occurred?

What kind of conversation, and to what length the said conversation extended between Mr. Fred Holford, clerk, and pretty Fanny Marshfield, spinster, it is not very necessary to say. They seemed to be very good friends all in a moment; to be vastly pleased with each other; to exchange confidences in a manner that you would have supposed them to have been friends from childhood.

Let it not surprise our readers that a young gentleman of Mr. Holford's birth, education and "expectations," should have become so respectfully familiar with Fanny Marshfield, engaged in her menial occupation as she was; and charming she looked, too, in her quaintly tucked-up dress, the little "slavey" who helped her having already vanished.

She, too, was well-born, well-educated—belonged to that class of persons who had "seen better days," and who were not above helping themselves in the hour of need. There is a free-masonry easier understood than described between the sexes. The interpreter is youth, sympathy, honest frankness;

and when Fred guessed that it was Fanny's parents who were in trouble, and that they were the object of the odious business papers he carried in his pocket, he vowed to embarrass that portion of his duties at any cost.

Their tete-à-tete was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Marsh-field, Fanny's mother. Her feeble gait and the pallor of her face showed her in the last stage of a lingering disease. Fanny, with a look of affection cast on her mother, quitted the room, and left the two together.

Fred's business was soon told. "He regretted it," he said; but as he thought he might be of some little help, the copy of a writ he was commissioned to serve on Mr. Marshfield might be deferred."

"Mr. Marshfield, my dear sir, is beyond the reach of these things now," was the mild reply. "You have not observed my widow's cap?" she added. "Mr. Holford—and your name is Holford?"

"It is my uncle, ma'am," stammered Fred, "and a hard man enough he is."

"Alas! it is but too true: His treatment of my husband, for what reason I know not, has been like persecution; and though I have striven, by letting portions of this little house, to make a meagre life for myself and my daughter, who has been a treasure to me, and is my servant as well as my child—though we thought of other things for her, now, I suppose, an execution upon the goods must be expected, and our little home broken entirely up."

Then followed a short, sad, common, every-day story; the result of which was, that Fred bade her be of good cheer, inwardly resolving that if he could hinder it, that home should be inviolate, that domestic hearth saved. He left the widow comforted and hopeful.

He arrived at Jeremiah Holford's retreat, some time after that worthy must have dined, and was ushered into his uncle's grim presence.

Frederick Holford opened his business respecting the case of the Marshfields, with some misgiving. Darker and darker grew the scowl upon his uncle's brow. At last he said, "Have you done, sir?"

"I hope you are not offended with me, sir? If you were to see the hopeless case of these poor clients of yours? Why, sir, the father is——"

"He shall rot! Marshfield shall rot!"

"You say right," returned Fred, coldly, but impressively. "Marshfield is dead! and to 'rot,' is his last composition with the world!"

"Marshfield—dead!" As the elder Holford sank back into his chair, in thorough collapse, the fire in his eyes died out. His voice sank to a whisper. "Hark you, sir!" he said; "no more of this. Never presume to dictate, to interfere, to interpose again between me and any I have business to transact with. I have an ancient wrong to set right with that man, and he baffled me! cheated me! The seizure shall take place, the sale proceed! and—you may go!" And he waved his hand to the door.

"And you, you may go to the—d—l!" muttered Fred, as he banged the door after him.

Strange things now came to pass. The two widows speedily made each other's acquaintance. The two girls, Lucy and Fanny, became fast friends; and though misfortune and sorrow spread a cloud over this brief intercourse, it was—as Fred many a time after denominated it—a pleasant, pleasant time; for it was during this period that he told Fanny that he loved her, and received from her own rosy lips the confirmation which made the poor lawyer's clerk the happiest being in existence.

The lawyer kept his word. The little home of the Marshfields was broken up, and the effects sold. Fred bought in the most cherished articles; and by a great struggle and effort, Fanny's piano, at a very small price. They, mother and daughter, found a home under Fred's humble roof. Then——

Then, the young man committed an act of rashness—folly—madness! He married Fanny! Her mother blessed her, and—died!

Digitized by GOOGIC

Fred still continued to plod on steadily and perseveringly, and was at last beginning to reap the true reward of his industry and talents. One morning, at breakfast, his blooming little wife spoke out with an exclamation of surprise. She was just glancing over the *Times*. "Next of Kin! Why, my dear Fred!" she exclaimed, startlingly.

"What's the matter, my love?" asked Fred.

"Next of Kin of the late Ephraim Sharpe, of the Inner Temple. Apply to Jeremiah Holford, of the firm of Holford, Cognovit & Latitat, Lincoln's Inn," read Fanny. "Why, my gracious! That's my grandfather—old Mr. Sharpe."

Fred took the paper—read—pondered—and next, decided. He dressed himself somewhat more sprucely than usual; and he bade his wife put on her best.

They were soon, by cab, at his uncle's house—quaking with fear of the old man, becoming more harsh and grave every day

"So, sir, growled his uncle, "what brings you here at this hour of the day? Business! Who's that?" indicating Fanny.

"My wife, uncle!" said Fred.

"Your wife, you idiot! I was never married."

"More's the pity, uncle," returned Fred, bluntly.

There was a long pause, and the old man's broken voice made Fred's heart throb, as he sighed out, "Perhaps I sought for the woman I wanted; but I found her not. But come, sir, what do you desire with me?" and his tones were harsh once more.

"There is an advertisement for the 'next of kin' to a Mr. Sharpe, of the Inner Temple," began the nephew.

"Well, well!" eagerly cried the lawyer.

"My wife, uncle, is his grandchild This is the daughter of Mr. Marshfield;" and again he introduced the blushing Fanny.

"Marshfield! And he married the child of my benefactor—robbed me, as an additional wrong, of the only chance of happiness I ever had, I think, in this world! There's retribution in this, nephew! My love!"—and the gruff man addressed Fanny with touching tenderness—"sit down, child of my first friend, of my benefactor! Welcome!—and you her husband, and my nephew, welcome too! We must not enter into long explanations now."

We need only add here, by way of deduction, that Frederick Holford, Esquire, of Holford Hall, Hants, and his lady, Mrs. Fanny Holford, became very rich and grand folks—rich! oh, so rich! for the old man died composed and happy at last, and left to the orphans who befriended each other, and who supplied to each other for so long all that they had lost in early life, the whole of his vast wealth. The few latter years of his life were those of calm, placid contentment, and he sank to his grave smiling.

Mrs. Holford also found a comfortable and affluent home in her declining age; and as for Susan Holford—But we must stop short here, as we shall require a heroine for some future story, and Susan cannot be disposed of in this abrupt manner.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

On the 13th of June, 1777, the following resolution was adopted by the American Congress: "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternately red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." There is a striking coincidence between the design of our flag and the arms of General Washington, which consisted of three stars on the upper portion and three bars running across the escutcheon. It is thought by some that the flag was derived from this heraldic design. History informs us that several flags were used by the Yankees before the present national one was adopted.

In March, 1775, a minor flag with a red field was hoisted in New York, bearing the inscription on one side of "George Rex and the Liberties of America," and upon the reverse, "No Popery." General Israel Putnam raised on Prospect Hill, July 18th, 1775, a flag bearing on one side the motto of the Commonwealth, "Qui transtulit sustinet," on the other, "An Appeal to Heaven," an appeal well taken and amply sustained. In October, 1775, the floating batteries of Boston bore a flag with the latter motto, and a pine tree upon a white field, bearing the Massachusetts emblem. Some of the colonies used in 1775 a flag with a rattlesnake coiled as if about to strike, and the motto, "Don't tread on me."

On the 2d of January, 1776, the grand Union flag of the stars and stripes was raised on the heights near Beston, and it is said that some of the regulars made the grand mistake of supposing it was a token of submission to the king, whose speech had just been sent to the Americans. The British Register of 1779 says: "They (the rebels) burnt the king's speech, and changed their colors from a plain red ground to a flag with thirteen stripes, as a symbol of the number and union of the colonies." A letter from Boston, published in the Pennsylvania Gazette, in 1776, says: "The Union flag was raised on the 2d in compliment to the United Colonies."

The various flags we have mentioned, the Pine Tree, Rattlesnake and the Stripes, were used according to the taste of the patriots, until July, 1777, when the Stars and Stripes were established by law. At first a stripe was added for each new State, but the flag became too large, and Congress foreseeing, possibly the spirit of annexation, reduced the stripes to the original thirteen, and now the stars are made to correspond in number with the States.

The American flag is one of the most beautifu, that floats upon any land or sea. Its proportions are perfect when it is properly made—one half as broad as it is long. The first stripe at the top is red, the next white, and these colors alternate, making the last stripe red. The blue field for the stars is the width and square of the first seven stripes, viz.: four red and three white. The colors of the American flag are in beautiful relief, and it is altogether a beautiful national emblem. Long may it wave untarnished. He who would erase one stripe or dim one star upon it, "acts a traitor's part, and deserves a traitor's doom."

NICKNAMES OF SEVERAL STATES AND CITIES .- Virginia, the Ancient Dominion; Massachusetts, the Bay State; New York, the Empire State; New Hampshire, the Granite State; Vermont, the Green Mountain State; Connecticut, the Land of Steady Habits; Pennsylvania, the Keystone State; South Carolina, the Palmetto State; Ohio, the Buckeye State; Indiana, the Hoosier State; Illinois, the Sucker State; Iowa, the Hawkeye State. So also we have: New York City, the Metropolis of America, the Commercial Emporium, and Gotham; Boston, the Modern Athens, and Literary Emporium; Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, and the City of Penn, and the Quaker City; Baltimore, the Monumental City; Cincinnati, the Queen City, Queen of the West and Porkopolis; New Orleans, the Crescent City; Washington, the City of Magnificent Distances; Chicago, the Garden City; Detroit, the City of the Straits; Cleveland, the Forest City; New Haven, the City of Elms; Richmond, Indiana, the Quaker City of the West; Lafayette, the Star City; Indianapolis, the Railroad City; St. Louis, the Mound City; Keokuk, the Gate City.

LONGEVITY OF A CAMBEY BIRD.—A few days since, a canary bird belonging to a lady in Brooklyn died at the advanced age of twenty-six years. For one year previous to his death, he had been totally blind, and for several years had exhibited other evidences of advanced years—such as emaclated limbs, a bald head, and feathers bleached almost white. Up to the last, he managed to help himself to soft food, and would occasionally sing.

In one of the courts a man who was called on to appear as a witness could not be found. On the judgo asking where he was, a grave, elderly gentleman rose up, and with much emphasis said, "Your honor, he's gone?" "Gone! gone!" said the judge, "where's he gone?" "That I cannot inform you, replied the communicative gentleman, "but he's dead." This was considered the most guarded answer on record.

A CHAPTER OF WIT, ANECDOTE AND HUMOR.

About this time there is a good deal of laughing in the political world. The laughing, however, consists of two kinds-the one, a downright hearty laugh of success; the other, coming out of the wrong side of the mouth, is of a decidedly doubtful character, but as it comes under the head of a laugh we chronicle it, and also for another reason. Though the Democratic party loses as a whole, certain of the defeated party have tumbled into rare fat offices, and they can afford to give a hearty laugh for themselves, though they may mourn for their suffering friends. About this time, too, we have the joyous, merry laughs of children who are celebrating the Christmas holidays; the theatres, too, are full of laughing people, some laughing at the actor's fun, and others at the author's stupidity. In short, this is the season of general pleasure, and if we do not laugh at this time, we must be poor in spirit and incapable of taking a A correspondent sends us the following capital story:

A RACE ON A RAILROAD.—Rather a novel event occurred to-day a the C—— and P—— railroad, which, perhaps, as a bit of news

on the C—— and P—— railroad, which, perhaps, as a bit of news you could find a corner for.

The lessee, owing to the late crisis, had got behind in his rent, and according to the terms of his lease certain arrangements had to be carried out, which he failed (through neglect or otherwise) in fulfilling; his lease was therefore in a certain degree forfeited, but in what is take it out of his hands and place it is these of the new filling; his lease was therefore in a certain degree forfeited, but in order to take it out of his hands and place it in those of the new lessees, a form of law had to be gone through with, which, when it came to the scratch, was not exactly agreeable to the party about to be dispossessed; this law proceeding was the seizure (under pretence of rent overdue) of everything that could be got hold of on the road and termini and at the different stations along the line by the sheriff, who was then to hand over possession to the new lessees. He succeeded in effecting this at the C——terminus without any trouble, and got an engine and car in readiness to proceed along the line to do the same at the other stopping-places. Now comes the fun, which I must premise by stating that the hands on the road were in a state of open rebellion, caused by the stoppage of their pay by the present of open rebellion, caused by the stoppage of their pay by the present lessee, and some outrages had been committed several days before, and the ringleaders lodged in jail, also that this engine was the private property of the lessee.

To continue; the engine and car, as I said before, were all in readiness and about to start with the sheriff and his myrmidons, the readiness and about to start with the sheriff and his myrmidons, the new lessees and others interested, when the former lessee jumped on the tender, pulled out the coupling-pin of the car, and called to the driver to go ahead; the driver, it may be supposed, was not fully aware of the true state of the case, and being more likely to obey his master than any one else, he did go ahead, leaving the sheriff and company (as of course they must have been) desperately exasperated and disappointed, behind. It now became a serious matter; the object of the lessee was to get along the line as quickly as possible, and put his private property, consisting of engines, cars, &c., in such a position on side-tracks that they could not be seized on a distress warrant and handed over to the company or the new lessees; and that of the sheriff was to prevent this. The engine that had the start was a small one used for working on the road and occasionally to take a passenger car or two; the sheriff therefore ordered another (a large and powerful one) to be got ready as quickly as possible, and to take a passenger car or two; the snerin therefore ordered another (a large and powerful one) to be got ready as quickly as possible, and started in pursuit. Now came the tug of war; the little one flew along, up grades, down grades, across bridges, around curves, astonishing the nerves of the country people as they passed, pursued at a long distance behind by the big fellow, but alas! for human hopes; just as they supposed they were about to accomplish their object, the driver discovered that the drawbridge on R———lake, that it was absolutely necessary that about cross was up and their esters. a long distance behind by the big fellow, but alas! for human hopes; just as they supposed they were about to accomplish their object, the driver discovered that the drawbridge on R——lake, that it was absolutely necessary they should cross, was up, and their career stopped a short distance from the end of their journey; and this, too, by the lessee's own men, the still unsatisfied rebels, who had taken this mode of enforcing their demands. What is now to be done? the sheriff will soon be along; threats, entreaties, promises, all are of no avail. Hark! the big one is coming—listen—it will soon be too late—see—there they are—a few minutes more and they will be on us—oh! that I had paid these dolts, I would now be all right and snap my fingers in the face of my pursuers. Thus soliloquized our friend the lessee, as he racked his brains for something in this terrible emergency. Happy thought! I have it; and the thought he immediately prepared to put in execution. He told the men in a few rapid words the whole state of the case, that it was a matter of life or death, and that he was running the engine against time to save it from the sheriff's clutches for the express and only purpose of paying them their long kept back wages. The bait took, and had the desired effect, down went the draw, over flew the little one, and with a hearty cheer joined in by all the lately disaffected, the successful winner speeded on her course, and the lessee, it is supposed, accomplished all his desires; the discomfited sheriff, et al, having nothing left for it but to return at their leisure, breathing vengeance and indignation writs, ft fas, warrants and all the other terrible nothing left for it but to return at their leisure, breathing vengeance and indignation writs, ft fas, warrants and all the other terrible machinery of the law, he looking like a cropped horse or a whipped dog. These are the facts as nearly as they are yet known.

A LITTLE learning is a dangerous thing, but it is often a source of great satisfaction to its possessor. Mrs. Smith, for instance, could hardly be persuaded that she does not know "what is what :"

Mr. Smith's little boy fell sick. The doctor came, and after examining the little fellow wrote a prescription, and left. Mr. Smith went to the druggist, and the medicine was obtained. On his return he and Mrs. Smith got to talking about the child's complaint. The wife said, "He has got concussion on the brain, husband."

Smith—"Congestion of the brain, my dear."

Wife—"No! the doctor said it was concussion."

Smith—"Do you know what a concussion is, my love?"

Wife—"I never saw anybody have it."

Smith (who is well up on the subject)—"It would be a concussion of the brain, my dear, if he should fall down and hit his head

sion of the brain, my dear, if he should fall down and hit his head against something harder."

Wife (victoriously)—"Well, he does fall down when he has it, and sometimes hits his head very hard."

Smith (apologetically)—"Yes, it was a concussion when he fell and hit his head, but what caused him to fall?"

Wife (clenching the matter)—"Why, the concussion of course. He wouldn't have fallen if he hadn't had it."

Smith (argumentatively)—"Yes, my dear, but what caused the concussion? The concussion was the effect."

Wife (triumphantly)—"What caused it? why, he had it from his mother. You know she often suffers from a pain in the head."

Smith gives it up. and inquires for his hat. sion of the brain, my dear, if he should fall down and hit his head

Smith gives it up, and inquires for his hat.

WE have heard of one woman who was entirely satisfied with an answer given to a question. We look upon this as a singular fact, and make a note of it accordingly:

fact, and make a note of it accordingly:

"Doctor," said an old lady, the other day to her family physician,
"kin you tell me how it is that some folks is born dumb?"

"Why, hem! why, certainly, madam," replied the doctor; "it is owing to the fact that they come into the world without the power of speech."

"La, me!" remarked the old lady. "now just see what it is to have a physical edication. I've axed my old man more nor a hundred times that are same thing, and all I could ever git out on him was, 'kase they is.' Well, I'm glad I axed you, for I never should a died satisfied without knowin' it."

WE have before said that "coolness" is a great institution, and we have rarely met with a more sublime case than the following, which is told of a man named Bently, a most confirmed drinker, who would never drink with a friend or in public, and always bitterly denied, when a little too steep, ever tasting liquor:

One day some bad witnesses nad concealed themselves in his room, and when the liquor was running down his throat, seized him with his arm crooked and his mouth open, and holding him fast, asked him with an air of triumph, "Ah, Bently, have we caught you at last? You never drink, eh?" Now one would have supposed that Bently would have acknowledged the corn. Not he; with the most grave and inexpressible face, he calmly and in a dignified manner said, "Gentlemen, my name is not Bently."

PORTRY, as a general thing, is more calculated to get a man in a scrape than to get him out of one. With the mass of the people, a poet is a "ne'er do well," a "no account" sort of body, but poetry and impudence stood our friend John Jay in good stead.

In a city well known to everybody (if they can find out the name), a poetical genius was hauled up before a magistrate for kissing a girl, and kicking up a dust, and the following dialogue ensued:

M.—"Is your name John Jay?"
P.—Yes, your honor, so the people say."
M.—"Was it you that kissed the girl, and raised the alarm?"
P.—"Yes, your honor, but I thought it was no harm."
M.—"You rascal! did you come here to make rhymes?"
P.—"No your honor, but it will happen sometimes."
M.—"Be off, you scamp! get out of my sight."
P.—"Thank'e, your honor; then I'll bid you good night."

A MAN cannot be too careful about giving advice, and in doing so he should be very particular respecting the old adage, "Po unto others as ye would others should do unto ye." Ben Harding, now an old man, got a rich wife in a way which will fully

illustrate our position: In the days of his young manhood, he was workman on the farm of a very wealthy landholder, and there sprang up between the young laborer and the old man's daughter what is often called a secret attachment.

By-the-by, attachments are generally secret. Ben and his Dulcinea made out matters in proper time, without the knowledge or consent of his intended father-in-law. Indeed, the old man had never suspected that the aspirations of the youth were tending to an alliance with his family—and if it had ever occurred to him, he would have always spurned the thought. Ben was aware of his aristocratic no-

tions and of the existence of almost insurmountable objections to

the match. So, one day, consulting the ingenuity of nature, he devised ways and means to bring it about.

Going to the old man, he told him that unfortunately he had conceived a liking for the daughter of a wealthy farmer in the neighborood—that it was impossible to gain the consent of the girl's father that he loved her and she loved him; and asked what course he would advise him to pursue.

"Won't she run away with you?" said the old man.

"She might," answered Ben. "I could make the arrangements.

Do you think it would be honorable for me to take advantage of that?"

"Certainly," replied the originator of this plot. "There would l nothing wrong in it.

Ben so enlisted the old man that he made him a tender of his horse and buggy, and a few dimes to carry out the elopement. The place of meeting was arranged, and—reader, you know what followed.

Ben ran off with the old man's daughter, a fact which the old fel-low snuffed in the next morning's breeze, and one which chagrined him not a little. Ben and his wife were forgiven.

HAUNTED rooms have been a bugbear for ages. Even at the present time of enlightenment numberless houses retain the distinguished prestige of having a "haunted chamber." Every now and then some strong-minded individual takes a "mystery" by the horns, and turns it incide out to the won lerment of an admiring crowd. A few such cases as the following would go far to destroy the popular belief in haunted cham-

A room in the principal inn of a country town had the reputation of being haunted. Nobody would sleep in it, and it was therefore shut up; but it so happened that at an election the inn was quite full, shut up; but it so happened that at an election the inn was quite full, and there was only the haunted room unoccupied. A gentleman's gamekeeper came to the inn, exceedingly fatigued by a long journey, and wanted a bed. He was informed that unless he chose to occupy the haunted room he must seek a bed elsewhere.

"Haunted!" exclaimed he; "stuff and nonsense! I'll sleep in it! Ghost or demon, I'll take a look at what haunts it."

Accordingly, after fortifying himself with a pipe and tamkard, he took up his quarters in the haunted chamber and retired to rest. He had not lain down many minutes when the bed shook under him

had not lain down many minutes when the bed shook under him most fearfully. He sprang out of bed, struck a light (for he had taken the precaution to place a box of lucifer matches by his bed-side), and made a careful examination of the room, but could dis-

over nothing.

The courageous fellow, would not return to bed; but remained watching for some time. Presently he saw the bed shake violently; the floor was firm; nothing moved but the bed. Determined, if possible, to find out the cause of his bed-quake, he looked in the bed, under the bed, and near the bed, and not seeing anything to account for the shaking, which every now and then seemed to seize on the bed, he at last pulled it from the wail. Then the "murder came out." The signboard of the inn was fastened to the outer wall by a nut and screw, which came through to the back of the bed, and a nut and screw, which came through to the back of the bed, and when the wind swung the signboard to and fro the movement was communicated to the bed, causing it to shake in a violent manner. The gamekeeper, delighted at having hunted up the ghost, informed the landlord the next morning of the real nature of his unearthly visitor, and was handsomely rewarded for rendering a room, hitherto useless, now quite serviceable. All the ghost stories on record might no doubt have been traced to similar sources, if those to whom the "ghosts" appeared had been as "plucky" as our gamekeeper.

An Englishman describing his tour in Germany, arrives at the conclusion that there is something peculiar about that "Institution" an Englishman, in the following words:

We have not proceeded half way down the Bruhl, when we are accosted by a veritable child of Israel, who in tolerably good English requests our custom. Will we buy some of those unexceptionable slippers? In spite of my cap and blouse, it is evident that I bear some national peculiarity about me, at once readable to the keen eyes of the Jew; and upon this point I remember that my friend Alcibiade, of Argenteuil, jeweller, once expressed himself to me thus: "You may always distinguish an Englishman," he said, "by two things; his trousers and his gait. The first never fits him, and he always walks as if he was an hour behind time."

THE following is a good-humored satire upon a certain class of husbands, who are given to small fault-finding-a failing which in women we should call "nagging." We will let Mr. Caudle's lecture speak for itself:

"Now, Mrs. Caudle, I should like to know what has become of my hat? Here I've been hunting all over the house and lost ten minutes that should have been given to the Mutual Life Insurance Company. Now, I say, what have you done with my hat? You have not seen it? Of course not; never do see it. Frank, go and get me my hat, and Jane fetch me my cane. What's that? You can't find my hat? Now, Mrs. Caudle, I should like to know why you will persist in training your children in such a heedless manner? He can't find my hat! To be

sure not; how can he, if you don't learn him how to look? Did I not leave it in the kitchen when I went there last night after something to eat? How the deuce should you know? I say it's your business to know, and to have things all ready for me in the morning, and not to have me lose so much of my time. Bh, you have too much else to do? Of course you have, with three servants and two children! Be calm! Oh yes, I will be calm! You see I am calm, and if you would only be so I should have been able to have found my hat long ago, instead of staying here to listen to your excuses, when I ought to have been down town attending to business. I wonder how you expect I'm going to keep this house agoing, if I'm to be kept here waiting for my hat. What, how can you help it? Why, madam, it's the easiest thing in the world! It's simply the mode of management. Now, do you suppose things would go on in this way, if you'd only see that articles are in their right places? But I suppose that you haven't got time to do that even! Of course not. Well, there is no use of talking, I must go to the offlice baseheaded. Your bonnet, madam! Your bonnet! But why should I be surprised if you should offer me your skirts also, since I seem to have lost all authority in this house! It's not your fault! And pray, then, whose fault is it? I will repeat it over twenty times, if you wish it—Whose fault is it? I will repeat it over twenty times, if you wish it—Whose fault is it? What, the servants? No, madam; I tell you, you are mistaken! It's not the servants? I tell you it's your fault. I wonder who oversees the servants? I to madam, but you? Then it's clearly your fault that can't find my hat. (Sits down). Well, it's no use talking—I shan't go to the office to-day, and you, madam, shan't go to Newport—d'ye hear? It's no use asking, you shan't go! You needn't suppose I'm going to be deprived of my hat in this way, and then allow you to spend my money at Newport. No, madam, I'm no such fool as all that comes to. No, madam, here I am, and here I'

Women are wonders when an excuse is to be found for doing something that they ought not to do. Their cunning excels the cunning of men, and they are never at a loss. To object is useless; we commonly grin and bear. Let husbands read the following and take warning:

At a late ball in Paris, a very stout gentleman, proprietor of a bad catarrh and a most charming wife, insisted, very inconveniently (at the close of a polka, in which the latter's breast-pin was quite too intimately made acquainted with the waistcoat button of a very nice young man), that madam should take leave, and return to the less objectionable bosom of her family. "Never mind," she said to her partner; "invite me to dance in the next quadrille all the same, I will find a way to stay for it." Slipping out while the sets were forming, she went into the gentlemen's dressing-room, found her husband's hat, and threw it out of the window. Then returning, and requesting her spouse to first find his hat, and then call the carriage, she accepted partners for the next six dances, quite sure of two hours. she accepted partners for the next six dances, quite sure of two hours before the hat could be found.

WE throw a bundle of odds and ends at our readers of wit and racy humor. We shall follow the fashionable plan, and dropping particularities, introduce the whole en masse:

"You are about to remove, are you not?"

"No."
"Why, you wrote up 'Selling off.'"

"Why, you wrote up 'Selling off."

"You say, 'No reasonable offer refused."

"Why, I should be very unreasonable if I did refuse such offer."

"But you say, 'Must close on Saturday."

"To be sure; you would not have me open on Sunday, would you?"

A debating society have been discussing the question: "How many times must a man sneeze before he is up to snuff?"

A SAD Loss.—An old lady was telling her grandchildren about some trouble in Scotland, in the course of which the chief of her clan was beheaded. "It was nae great thing of a head to be sure," said the lady, "but it was a sad loss to him."

WASN'T EXACTLY CERTAIN.—The following testimony was giren in the case of the Commonwealth vs. Borrowscale, for an affray, tried at Boston some years ago.

Counsel-" Did you see William Borrowscale knock the man Witness-" William Borrowscale might do such a thing."

Counsel-"Answer me directly. Did you see Bor owscale knock

Counse!—'Answer me directly. Did you see Borrowscale and him down?

Witness—"I can't exactly say that _ did.

The Court—"State, Mr. Witness, what you did see."

Witness—"Well, I saw William Borrowscale take his hand away from the man's head quick, and then the man fell down right away."

MR. AND MRS. SPRATT.-The old nursery rhyme has been improved by a suffering Benedict:

A wife, to dress In the mode, I guess, Picks a husband's bones quite clean; And poor Mr. Spratt
Must cry "no fat!"
As his wife will cri-no-line!

A STRANGE IDBA.—A youth, who desired to wear the matrimonial yoke, had not sufficient courage to pop the question. On informing his father of the difficulty he labored under, the old man replied, quite passionately:
"Why you booby, how do you suppose I managed when I got marri d?"

marri ar
"Oh, yes!" said the promising lover, "you married mother, but
I've got to marry a strange girl!"

WE have heard of a man, reasonable in all other matters, who declared that he had been ruined, by all his vast property being swallowed by an earthquake. But when asked by strangers, "What earthquake, and where?" the ruined man, with a deeper look of injury upon him, would reply confidentially, "That's it! that's just it! The earthquake, sir, was most shamefully hushed up!"

BEST BREAD MEN.—The baker was genuine who advertised as follows: "The subscriber, knowing that men need bread, wishes the public to know that he kneads it. He is desirous of feeding all who are hungry, and hopes his good works may be in the mouth of every one. He is well disposed towards all men, and the best bread people among us will find him, he hopes, one of the best bread men in the cire."

THERE is a man who has moved so often, that whenever a covered wagon comes near his house, his chickens all march up, and fall on their backs and cross their legs, ready to be tied and carried to the next stopping-place.

NON-CONDUCTORS.—Colonel Jones is a gentleman and a wit. The Non-Conductons.—Colonel Jones is a gentleman and a wit. The other day he was showing the town to some ladies, from the steeple of the court-house. One of these asking him why the lightning rod, where it was attached to the building for support, was incased in a piece of horn, the columel replied that horn was a non-conductor.

"Oh, indeed!" says the lady; "I never knew that before."

"To be sure," says the colonel. "Have you never observed that when the boys have a horn they can't conduct themselves properly?"

The great height from the ground prevented the ladies from fainting.

"When was Rome built?" inquired a "competitive" examiner.
"In the night, sir."
"In the night, how do you make that out?"
"Why, sir, you know Rome wasn't built in a day."

THE BREADTH OF IT.—" My dear, come in and go to bed," said the wife of a jolly toper, who had just returned from the vaces in a decidedly how-come-you-so state. "You must be dreadful tired, sure, with your long walk of six miles."

"Get away wid your nonsense, it wasn't the length of the way at all that fataigued me—'twas the breadth of it!"

A GENTLEMAN showed a friend his portrait, admirably done by the

photographic process.

"It's very well." said his friend, returning it to him; "but the fact is, I hate the style altogether!"

"But why, my good sir?"

"Because," replied he, "it is a foe to graphic art!"

THE HAIR OF DISTINCTION.—A manufacturer in the south of France advertises a preparation which he calls "Eau de Noblesse;" and declares that "it makes the hair always preserve an honorable direction, and gives to the person who uses it an air of distinction and supremacy!"

A TIPPLER who had his load on "fetched up" against the side of a house which had been newly-painted. Shoving himself clear by a vigorous effort, he took a glimpse at his shoulder, another at the house, a third at his hand, and exclaimed, "Well, that is a carcless nouse, a time at his man, and the trick in whoever painted that house, to leave it standing out all night for people to run against."

A DEFINITION IN POLITICAL ECONOMY.—"Will you never learn, my dear, the difference between real and exchangeable value?"
The question was put to a husband who had been lucky enough to be tied to a political economist in petticoats.

"Oh, yes, my dear, I think I begin to see it."

"Indeed!" responded the lady.

"Yes," replied the husband. "For instance, my dear, I know your deep learning, and all your other virtues. That's your real value. But I know, also, that none of my married friends would exchange wives with me. That's your exchangeable value."

USE RIGHT WORDS.—"Doctor," said a despairing patient to his physician, "I am in a dreadful state, I can neither lay nor sit; what shall I do?"

"Why, then," replied the doctor, very gravely, "I think you had better near."

better--roost.

REPORTERS.—Newspaper reporters should not drink. Here is a story handed in by one of the craft, which shows in very strong colors the manner in which things become disturbed by viewing them

in the holton of a tumbler:

"Yesterday morning, about four o'clock p. m., a man with a heel in the hole of his stocking, committed arsenic by swallowing a dose of suicide. The verdict of the inquest returned a jury 'hat the deceased came to the facts in accordance with his death. He leaves a child and six small wives to lament the loss of his untimely end."

-"Will you have it rare, or well done?" said a landlord to an Irishman, a few days ago, as he was cutting a piece of

"I love it well done ever since I am in this counthry—for it was rare enough we used to ate it in Ireland," said he.

It is an easy matter to knock a crotchet out of a crazy man's head, if you only hit him right. An old gentleman, whose brain was a little turned, called out to his son, about two o'clock one morning:

"Abel, Abel, Satan has been tempting me all night to go and drown myself in the horse trough."

"Well, he must be a great fool," said Abel, "for there hasn't been a drop of water in it for six weeks."

The old gentleman turned over and went to sleep, thinking no more of evil spirits, or their influence.

"HAVE you finished both these bottles of port without assistance Mr. Gulpitup?" inquired an indignant spouse.
"No, my dear, I had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira," was

the reply.

"I DON'T believe it's any use, this vaccinating. I had a child vaccinated, and he fell out of the winder a week arter!"

A LADY, some time back, on a visit to the British Museum, asked the person in attendance whether they had a skull of Oliver Cromwell? Being answered in the negative—"Dear me," said she, "that's something very strange; they've one at Oxford."

THERE is one thing not sufficiently studied in this world, and that is courtesy. Politeness is so very inexpensive a commodity, in fact, one that may be had for the asking, that the man who has not a ready stock for daily use may be considered as a very ignorant or brutish kind of a person. A popular author thus gives his definition of it .

As to politeness, many have attempted definitions or it. I believe it is best known by description, definition not being able to compose it. I would, however, venture to call it "benevolence in trifles," or it. I would, however, venture to call it "benevolence in trifles," or the preference of others to ourselves in little, daily, hourly occurrences in the commerce of life. It is the perpetual attention to the little wants of those with whom we are, by which attention we either prevent or remove them. Bowing, ceremonious, formal compliments, stiff civilities, will never be politeness; that must be easy, natural, unstudied, manly, noble. And what will give this but a mind benevolent and perpetually attentive to exert that amiable disposition in trifles to all you converse or live with?

A CRITIC.—During the Harrison campaign in 1840, an eloquent orator, in the western part of the State of Virginia, was holding forth to an inmense assemblage in favor of the hero of Tippecanoe, and Tyler too. Especially the speaker was expatiating upon General Harrison's courage, tact and success as a military commander. While in the midst of his discourse a tall, gaunt man, probably a schoolmaster in those parts, arose from the crowd, and said, in a voice which penetrated the whole assembly:

"Mister—mister, I want to ax you a question. We are told," he continued, "fellow-citizens, that Gineral Hirrison is a mighty great gineral; but I say he is one of the very meanest sort of ginerals. We are told here to night that he defended himself bravely at Fort Meigs; but I tell you on that occasion he was guilty of the small tail movement, and I challenge the orator here to deny it."

The orator declared his utter ignorance of what the man meant by the "small tal movement," and asked him to explain himself.

"I tell you," said the man, "I've got it here in black and wlite. Here is Grimshaw's History of the United States"—holding up the book—"and I'll read what it says—this it is: 'At this critical mement General Harrison executed a novel movement.' Does the gentleman deny that?"

tleman deny that?'

tleman deny that?"

"No, no; go on."

"Well, he executed a novel movement. Now, here's ohnson's Dictionary," taking the book out of his pocket, "and here it says, "Novel, a small tale. And this was the kind of movement Gineral Hirrison was guilty of. Now I'm no soger, and don't know much of milentary tictacks, but this I do ay, a man who, in the face of an enemy, is guilty of a small tail movement, is not fit to be president of the United States, and he shan't have my vote."

The orator of the evening could make no head against such an argument, and gave it u in despair.

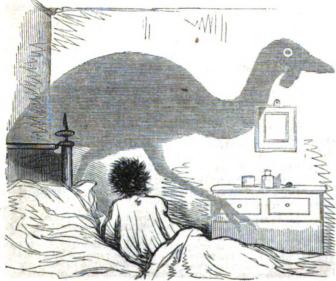


THE TABLES TURNED.

Sarah undertakes to kill the Thanksgiving turkey.



Pig-"Wha, crying because it's Thanksgiving day! Why with us voor pigs it's Thanksgiving all the time. We never know when we are safe."



The ghost of a turkey appearing to young Bo's on Thanksgiving night.



THIN BOY—" Well, Jake, d'you feel thankful!"

FAT BOY—" Well, don't I look as if I had crt to fal
thankful!"



THE CASE REVERSED

HEAD OF THE FAMILY—"Shall I help you to a little man?"



" Confound these men, one would almost think they knew it ".
Thanksgiving."



FRANK LESLIÉ'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1858.





FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR DECEMBER.

HEAD-DRESSES AND BONNETS. PAGE 570.



1. HEAD-DRESS.



2. HEAD-DRESS.



3. HEAD-DRESS-GENIN.



1. BONNET-GENIN.
. III., No. 6-36



2. BONNET-SIMMONS.



3. BONNET-GRNIN.



WHAT TO BUY, AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

WINTER has now commenced its reign in good earnest; all the signs of natural life which the parks and small private enclosures of a city afford have fled in terror at its approach, and in its stead the current of artificial life sets more strongly than ever towards the warmth and shelter of brick and stone walls, calling in the bright, glittering gaslight to aid the sunshine, and trying to make amends by the show and merriment within, for the loss of all beauty and joy without.

And yet, after all, winter is not without a beauty and charm of its own; apart from the increased social life, the yearly revival of pleasant memories, and also the exquisite beauty of its natural pictures, more than in all these it developes a strength and power of resistance, a will to overcome obstacles, and a keen enjoyment in so doing, which the diese far niente engendered by warmer climes can never know.

The dark frosty atmosphere, the biting wind, and even the first shimmer of the white snow-flakes, does not prevent the streets of New York from being full of busy life. The activity of the first part of the season apparently received a check during the middle of the fall, but the approach of winter has revived again the prospects of trade; heavy garments have to be purchased; Christmas is coming, and for its gay festivities, numberless goods must be bought and sold.

The "party" season makes all kinds of fancy goods especially interesting, and we therefore call the attention of our fair friends to the beautiful evening dresses recently imported by James Gray, corner of Broadway and Waverley Place, which are novel and very recherché in style, and especially adapted to the wants of the fair and fashionable belies, who flutter their gay wings in what is termed par excellence "society."

The material is white silk tulle, arranged in very full double skirts, or from three to five flounces, and elegantly embroidered in white or colored silk chenille. The edge is also ornamented with ruches, sometimes of crimped tartalane, put on in waved lines; others of tulle with little blonde edge. A charming robe was embroidered in blue medallions, connected together by a light kind of folioge of blue and white floss silk, in the centre of which were white tartalane roses.

The favorite ball-dress of the Empress Eugenie is white tulle or tartalane, the light flowing drapery being especially seen to advantage in the graceful exercise of dancing.

In lace goods we notice sets, consisting of flounces and scarf in superb patterns in point Alencon, at seven hundred and fifty dollars, and eight hundred and fifty. The ground is exceedingly well covered, the designs of rare and striking beauty, and the workmanship exquisite. Berthes are rarely imported now with lace sets, the present style of decoration for the sleeves and corsage requiring that the lace be bought by the yard to match. Lace sets comprising collar, sleeves and pocket handkerchief were especially admired; the perfection of some of these exquisite gems seemed beyond the touch of mortal fingers. This was especially true of a set of point d'Angleterre, price two hundred dollars. New lace sleeves for full dress are made wide and cut up in front, a border being formed by a colored ribbon inserted in a broad hem. Above this a row of deep point lace just touches the hem, and is surmounted by a narrow puffing of tulle, in which a ribbon is inserted. Beyond this a very large tulle puff descends just below the upper edge, and completes the sleeve.

The embroideries at this house are equal to its reputation; the collars continue very small, and are simply a little band of the most delicate embroidery, edged with Valenciennes, or composed of little squares of Valenciennes, alternating with needlework, and edged with a fine Valenciennes lace. The bows in front are no longer flat, but consist of ribbon an inch in width, with a solid centre and brocaded edge, disposed into a round clustered bow with ends, resembling a rosette.

It is becoming an object of supreme ambition with ladies of the highest ton to possess a real Indian shawl, one of the magic cashmeres from the Eastern looms, whose wonderful beauty and rare qualities, only perceived by initiated eyes to the fullest extent (and therefore so much the more valuable), have been the subject of inspiration from the pens of Moore and Byron. and are inseparably associated with all the gorgeous romance which lends so indescribable a charm to the tales of the East. We have therefore extreme pleasure in calling attention to a few rare and magnificent specimens exhibited by George A. HEARN, 425 Broadway, and selected by himself in Paris, under circumstances which rarely occur. The appearance of these shawls, to even an ordinary observer, is very striking; the designs are so new and so truly and superbly Oriental, while the rich colors, exquisitely blended, prevent the unique from ever becoming the outré. The perfection of the workmanship is almost painful, when one considers the days, months, years and even generations, before the royal fabric, slowly and imperceptibly growing under patient fingers, comes to its splendid maturity No work of modern machinery has ever rivalled this or ever will. The collection comprises a great variety of long and square shawls, and the prices are more moderate than any we have ever seen, many being little more than half the price of some in other houses of inferior style and finish.

The cloaks at this establishment are also worth more than a passing notice. The "Eugenie" is a very rich, thick, black satin, plaited on a sort of yoke, and having exceedingly wide, deep, pointed sleeves, laid in plaits at the top. It is richly lined and quilted, and ornamented with a broad, fine plaiting à Vieille, edged with a narrow thread edging and almost imperceptible jet. Another was a superb velvet burnous, with a remarkably elegant and stylish sleeve, cut square up in front, and offering a wide sweep for the costly lace, which formed its A border of lace with a fine jet heading was also decoration. placed round the bottom, and the same exquisite fabric fell as a sort of berthe gracefully from the shoulders. A clock of the same pattern, except that the sleeves were pointed, was made perfectly plain, with only a berthe of the finest crochet work, intersected with rows of tiny drop-buttons with jet on the tips, and terminating in rich fringe.

The designs in cloth are very recherche, very long narrow pointed double hoods accompanying the long pointed sleeve, and presenting a very distingué appearance. Wide ribbed beaven are lined with fine plush, which will not come off as it does from inferior qualities. All the materials, indeed, will be found of the finest quality, the jet is cut, the trimmings are made by hand especially for the house, and are the choicest in style and workmanship. The velvet is pure silk, the cloth pure wool, with no admixtures which, after a week's wear, will leave it defaced and worthless. Nearly all Mr. Hearn's goods are selected and purchased by himself in Paris and Lyons, and all are distinguished by that excellence and singular felicity of taste for which the establishment is noted.

We have not space to describe special styles, but give a word in passing, which our readers must note down, respecting the admirable silk importations superior to any other house, in just those styles which every one wants to buy, and of qualities soft, thick and lustrous, which will neither rub out nor wear out. All the new colors in lavender, green, mauve, purple, drab and the superb "dahlia," are to be found, together with fine brocade figures, which last, especially in black, deserves more than a passing notice. The plain merinos also, in royal purple, sahes of roses, Napoleon and Maria Louisa blue, are very handsome; but we might go on enumerating for ever; and we should not forget some genuine furs, neither dyed, stained, or subjected to any tricks of the trade, only time and space forbid, and after what we have said, our lady friends can find out the rest for themselves without much difficulty.

Speaking of evening toilettes in a former paragraph, we

should have mentioned some exquisite head-dresses just received by S. M. Peyser, corner of Broome street and Broadway. They consist of braids of gold and chenille, fastened with magnificent pins, and disposed in a very piquant and coquettish fashion, with tassels and pendants, and called the "Grecian Cap."

Another style is the "Piccolomini Balls," which can be placed over the back hair, and descend upon the throat or placed round the head in the form of a coronet. The balls are composed of white or colored enamel, mounted with gold or silver, and strung upon elastic cords of graduated length. The magnificent Spanish and Tuscan pins, imported by Mr. Peyser, are a sufficient and distinguished head-dress of themselves, if the wearer possesses an abundance of fine hair. It must not be forgotten that Mr. Peyser is the only one of his name now in the business in New York. His brother, who formerly occupied a store on the corner of Franklin street, having relinquished it, the reputation of both houses, therefore, falls upon Mr. S. M. Peyser, who carefully maintains his portion of it.

Mr. Genen has recently made a magnificent for addition to the already large and numerous ware-rooms of his extensive bazair. The change has been principally made to accommodate the great number of work-people connected with the establishment; and, also, to provide a proper sales-room for the gentlemen's hat department, which will be removed from down town before the opening of the New Year. In the meantime, the additional building is occupied as an exhibition-room for a very fine display of costly furs connecting with the cloak-room at the back, and from thence with all parts of the main establishment. The lower floor is divided off into work-rooms, dressing and retiring-rooms for the benefit of the dressmaking and other industrial occupations, and also for storing goods not in use.

A brilliant light is obtained by means of glass domes, which, when completed, will be painted in sky-blue and rose, emitting a flood of the softest light, which will lend an indescribable charm to the graceful figures of the lady visitors. Mr. Genin may now congratulate himself on having completed the largest and most magnificent establishment of the kind in the world—one which has no rival here nor in Europe. There are twelve perfect departments, which contain everything necessary for the family wardrobe; and in these six hundred hands are regularly employed, except for a short time during the dull season. About three hundred are occupied in the work and sales-rooms of the establishment; the rest receiving out-door employment. One hundred and twenty persons alone are engaged in the infant's department, and in making up baby linen.

It is gratifying to observe, in this age of grasping selfishness, that some of our largest employers and manufacturers use their increasing wealth as a means of providing for the welfare of those who have assisted in building up their fortunes and reputations, and do not consider the weekly wages, even if it is paid regularly and without grudging, as entirely cancelling the obligations which exists between the employer and the employed. It is to be hoped that these examples will become more frequent.

The bazaar now includes four large and distinct buildings, all united in one. The first contains furs and cloaks, and is two hundred and thirty feet long; the second contains the millinery department; the third, the ladies' and infants' department; and the fourth, which adjoins the main entrance to the St. Nicholas, is occupied by boys' clothing, laces and embroideries, gentlemen's furnishing goods, &c.

The classification of the different departments commences properly with ladies' clothing and wedding outfits, for which the establishment is so widely celebrated. Every article known in a lady's wardrobe is here provided, either by the single one or in sets, and plainly or elaborately worked to suit the taste or the means of the purchaser. The materials employed are always the finest and best that can be procured, and the exquisite beauty of the workmanship finds no rival in the most celebrated of the outfitting magazines of Paris.

The finest needlework, the costliest lace, the most fairy-like of tucks, are relieved by even rows of magical stitching, which look like tiny seed pearls set with marvellous care and nicety.

The shapes and designs are also elegant and becoming, presenting no outré features, and are such as the most fastidious taste may approve and adopt with pleasure. Nor are these distinctions confined to garments of costly style and character; the plainest are prepared with equal nicety and attention to the minutest details which can add to their beauty or the convenience of the wearer.

The same is true in a still greater degree of the baby linen department, which comprehends the entire outfit necessary for mother and child. All these delicate little articles are wrought with exquisite beauty, and of materials suited to the tiny fragility of the miniature forms they are to enfold. The fine white cambric, the pretty lace edging, the soft flannel and merino—each add their quota, and are each enriched by magical leaves and flowers, the growth of many hours patient labor; and then presented in forms so attractive to the young mother, who thinks nothing can be too good for her darling.

The outfits for older boys and girls are almost infinite in their variety, and among these we particularly admire the suits for boys in solid colors, and the new children s style of hats and bonnets, from the little Marie Stuart cap of Valenciennes and narrow white satin ribbon, to the jaunty beaver, with buckle and feathers, which captivate the fancy of young New York in jacket and trowsers.

The millinery department is well known for its striking and original styles. On the occasion of Piccolomini's arrival, a hat from this establishment was sent for her acceptance, which was a chef d'œuvre of grace and beauty. It consisted of pale lavender Eugenie velvet of superb shade and quality. Bands of the velvet were cross-barred over a transparent crown, shaded by a fall of magnificent blonde lace. At the sides, this was caught up by by narrow bands and formed graceful drapery. A bandeau across the front was edged with blonde on the lower side, about an inch in width, and this also surrounded the entire edge of the bonnet. A bow and end of velvet edged with narrow, fine blonde, a few rich pink buds, with wide white strings of an extraordinary length, bound on one side only with velvet, and it was complete.

The cloak-room, which comes next in order to the millinery department, always contains a variety of exclusive. French designs, in addition to those invented by the modistes attached to the Bazaar. Some of the prominent styles for this season will be found illustrated in another part of the Gazetts.

We have already mentioned the new fur store, which connects with the cloak-room, and contains an immense variety of rich furs, prepared and made up with care and skill. Sable is of course the most desirable, as it is the most rare and costly; next in order comes mink, then stone martin, and the gray squirrel; outside of all these the royal ermine holds its own place for evening and for carriage wear.

Speaking of furs, we notice at the "Metropolitan" fur store of R. HARRIS and Son, 570 Broadway, a very beautiful fur Raglan, with wide sleeves, and extremely graceful in shape. The long flowing sleeve is a novelty in furs, and is not only very comfortable, but permits the egress of the full puffed Pompadour under-sleeve now in vogue. We find here also very fine sets of ermine, including muff, cuffs, and half cape, beautifully finished for fifty dollars a set. These are specially intended for carriage wear over the superb cloaks of black velvet and lace, which are considered the gems of the season in ladies overgarments. Nothing can be more exquisite than the contrast between the silvery whiteness of the ermine and the rich dark folds of the velvet. The popular trade, however, confines itself to sets of the same kind in handsome dark mink, which can be obtained at thirty-five dollars, and upwards to fifty. When the quality of goods are taken into consideration, these prices will be found extremely moderate, and are proof that first-class goods in Broadway stores are not necessarily subject to enormous exactions.

The millinery establishment in the hands of the same proprietors at 571 Broadway, is famous for its exquisite French novelties from the hands of such artists as Alexandrine, Laure, Erard and others, and has surpossed itself this season in the importations of velvets in rare shades of color, the most striking and elegant designs, and the rare and striking beauty of the lace decora-

tions. It must, however, be remembered that real lace and the genius of a French artiste has to be paid for, and must not be expected (as some ladies appear to think it might be) at the same price for which we should obtain cotton fabrics made up by some poor overworked girl, for one and sixpence, over a farthing rushlight.

We have much pleasure in announcing that Mr. Burriw, whose splendid models of cloaks and mantillas have so often embellished our pages, has removed his establishment back to his old spacious quarters 361 Broadway, and opened with a very fine display of cloaks in cloth and velvet, and rich furs; the merits of this house are too well known to the lady readers of the GAZETTE to require more than mere mention.

JAMES G. AITKEN (SUCCESSOT to MOLYNEUX Bell), in Canal street, also exhibits some very elegant styles this season in black velvet and lace, and black velvet embroidered. The designs at this house are in the best taste, and the materials of excellent quality. The medallion embroidery was noticed as particularly fine, and a very pretty effect produced by a frosted velvet trimming, which we have not seen elsewhere. This is an edging of velvet in lace pattern on either side of the centre, which looks precisely like an edging of French guipure, enclosing an insertion of richly embossed velvet.

The millinery department, superintended by Mrs. Aitken, is gradually achieving a

high reputation. We noticed a charming opera bonnet made of than this season, the designs peing models of elegance and China blue "Eugenie" velvet, edged with a fall of wide fine



HALF BOBE. PAGE 570



CLOAK-GENIN. PAGE 570.

simplicity, and the materials very rich, and in charming combinations. These features are especially observable at Mrs. CRIPPS' excellent establishment in Canal street, where, moreover, purchasers may rely upon the exact truth of any representations made with regard to goods, and a reasonable scale of

We found at this house early in the season the first bonnet

made in the beautiful "dahlia" colored vel vet which is so rare and so much admired. Later we noticed a superb bonnet in Tyrian purple, a shade now scarcely ever seen, but which, dark in the shade, has a peculiarly bright tint when turned towards the light. An edging of fine white blonde and a plume of soft marabout feathers was the only ornament. The inside was not disfigured by any attempts at over decoration. A simple bandeau, and side ruche with long wide strings of purple velvet edged with white blonde.

The brides, or strings, upon the most elegant bonnets, are of inordinate length, and are of velvet edged with blonde or white taffeta edged with velvet. Narrow ones are always placed over them in order to tie. The finish of a stylish hat in a great messure depends upon the strings, and it is in these that French milliners are always faultless.

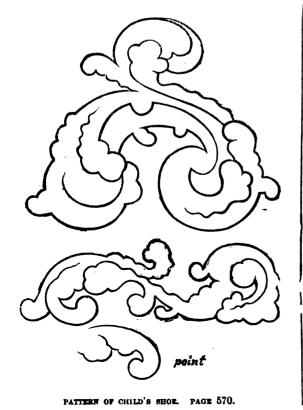
An obstacle to adopting the same method upon bonnets of lower class and value exists in the high price of ribbons, the rates of which have for some time been steadily advancing, partly in consequence of the demand for a better quality, and partly because a large quantity has been used for dress trimmings. This is, however, in a measure falling off, and the fall trade having ceased in the wholesale houses, the present offers an excellent opportunity for purchasing at reduced rates of reliable parties. One of the best houses is that of S. & J. Govedna, 18 John street, where every description of trimming and bonnet ribbons are to be found, from the very lowest grades up to the latest novelties, as well as a full supply of all other kinds of millinery goods. A late arrival brought, also, a few elegant head-dresses, in wreaths or branches of velvet flowers, mixed with gilt or light feather tips, which are, we think, more graceful and becoming.

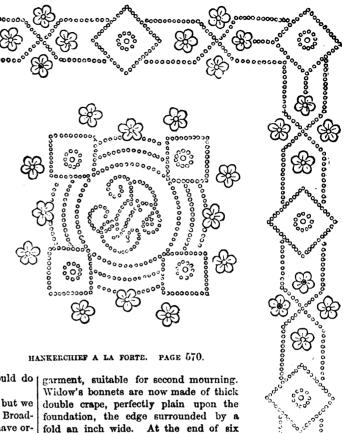
Another excellent ribbon house is that of J. FARREL, 116 Chambers street. At this establishment a panic has been originated in the ribbon market during the fall, and has had the effect of forcing a reduction in the prices everywhere. Elegant sash ribbons and pieces an inch in width, in solid colors, which ladies buy for undersleeves, may be obtained very low. In addition to an immense stock of ribbons, we find also very desirable styles of velvet bonnet materials at a very great reduction from former prices.

A great number of new cloak and mantilla stores have sprung up within a very short time, some of which must, it would seem, have only a very short and ephemeral existence; but such will not be the case with the new store opened by Henry Edgerton, in Canal street. This establishment makes no pretensions to keeping a high class of goods; but gets up in good style a popular trade in raglans, beaver cloth cloaks and broadcloth lined. We notice also very pretty, light and black cloth casaques, which would do

either for in-door or out-door dress, with furs.

There is nothing new to be said of mourning goods; but we recommend the establishment of William Jackson, in Broadway, as one of the most reliable for those persons who have orders to send from a distance. The goods are always excellent in quality; the making-up department is in admirable hands, and superintended by Mrs. Jackson. One of the handsomest winter garments is a "Spanish Raglan" (double breasted), and ornamented with a deep border of double English Canton crape and pendant buttons in tulip pattern, also made of crape. The "Spanish Circular" is also a very stylish and much admired





at the sides.

We have had much pleasure in examining recently a new Family Sewing Machine, issued by the well-known firm of Grover & Baker, to supply the demand for a machine of less cost than those first manufactured for family use. All the machinery part of it is precisely like the more costly ones; the difference in the price resting altogether upon the style of finish. Almost every one is acquainted with the celebrated Grover & Baker stitch, which is formed by two threads which are inter looped, the lower one passing through the upper, and the upper through the lower, thus forming a complete tic, a separate fastening to every stitch. Thus a seam stitched across on the bias may be broken in several places, and yet will remain firm,

the stitch next to the broken one remaining tight as ever. At

months, rosettes of crape are permitted



OPERA NEGLIGE. PAGE 570.

the same time, work done incorrectly may be taken out with the greatest facility, by finding the two ends of thread at one end of the seam, and the Gordian knot will loose itself as far as it is desired.

The mechanism is exceedingly simple, and very readily kept in order, and has sufficient strength to admit of doing all kinds of family sewing without any strain or difficulty. The demand for the lower priced ones is already something enormous, and we think they will be found a great desideratum in every family.

A great many people imagine that nothing can be found out of Broadway, and it is true that to a few large establishments are confined a certain class of costly goods, but if articles are required combining excellence with moderation in price and durability with elegance, then it is not always best to confine oneself to a particular locality. Canal and Grand streets have each their claim upon public attention, and the classic shades of old Bowery also contain many widely known and much respected names, which are in themselves a sufficient guarantee for the quality of the goods they offer. Among these W. K. Peyron, near Houston street, monopolises much the largest share of public favor, both from the extent, variety and excellence of his establishment, and a method of dealing which makes him prefer small profits and quick returns, to seeing the same old goods lie on his shelves year after year. Economical persons in want of cloaks or shawls, or winter dresses, should by all means go and see him.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

A NOTICEARLE feature in New York, and one especially remarked by strangers, is the size and splendor of the dry goods and other establishments particularly devoted to articles of ladies' consumption. The size and number of these palaces increase year by year, most of them concentrating their attractions on the main thoroughfare, Broadway, until this street bids fair to surpass any other in the world in the facilities for displaying rich fancy goods. Indeed the facilities seem to be much greater than is warranted by the demand for very costly fabrics. For notwithstanding the outery about extravagance, and the more general love of display which appears year by year, the small amount of wealth generally owned by individuals entirely precludes any excessive indulgence in those extraordinary luxuries of dress which distinguish the higher classes of France and England.

While, therefore, our magnificent warcrooms are filled with a medium class of goods, with here and there a costly fabric, or an article of rare and unusual value, the smaller and less striking establishments of Paris and London are crowded in their darkest nooks with rich cashmeres, rare velvets, exquisite laces and jewels fit for a princess' bridal or a prince's ransom.

If a dress is made in New York at a cost of a hundred dollars, the fact is heralded in the newspapers from one end of the Union to the other, while a visit paid to a fashionable modiste in Paris would afford an opportunity of seeing several hundreds of dresses, each one composed of the rarest and most valued products of genius, skill and taste. The richest velvets, silks and satins, ornamented with lace in profusion of a fabulous price, and these not in solitary instances, but followed in constant succession, and affording no matter for particular comment.

The public gardens exhibit crowds of ladies in toilettes which would here be considered almost too precious to handle. French ladies are particularly extravagant in the use of lace, nor will they condescend to the use of the cheap imitation which is sometimes adopted by our would-be fine ladies. For whatever purpose it is used it must be the best, and must be sufficient in depth and quantity to produce the desired effect, or they would prefir to have none.

They are also exceedingly fond of presenting startling contrasts and original ideas, intensely enjoying a novelty or a sensation in dress, and contrary to the habits of American ladies, who are afraid to adopt any mode until it has received every-

body's sanction, the fair Parisienne is inexpressibly happy when she surprises her friends by a toilette which may be a caprice or fantastic as possible, if it is only unique and piquante.

Since the introduction of hoops, very few decided changes have taken place in costume, the general tendency being to give sufficient amplitude to the sleeves and every part of the toilette, to make it accord with the fulness of the skirts. Two cliques now exists among the arbiters of fashion in Paris, one of whom adhere to the present style of flowing skirts, and courageously defend the expansion of crinoline, the other announce a fixed determination to annihilate hoops and revive the old classic models of long, straight drapery, with trains and plumes. For the present crinoline is in the ascendant, although the other has the advantage of novelty, and takes very well at court (excepting with the Empress), many of whom have a great fancy for reproducing in their own proper persons the stately forms and visions of their ancestors. Here, however, where we have no ancestors, and no court in which to air our powder and plumes, where rich velvet and lace are extraordinary occurrences, and would be wasted on trains, to trail in the crush of small private parlors and drawing-rooms, where even the wealthiest dress with a view to utility, we imagine there is very little hope of the antique ever coming in for a very great degree of favor.

STYLES FOR THE MONTH.

The icy hand of stern winter is now fairly upon us, the trees have lost their last vestige of leafy covering, the country is deserted, and the metropolis is in all the bustle and excitement attendant upon the return of yearly festivities. The early severity of the season has obliged the fair residents of the North to throw aside the garments suited to a milder atmosphere, and claim the protection of furs and wrappings which might defy the sharp breath of the old ice king himself.

The over garments for the winter season are especially rich and elegant, and if there are few real novelties, the new combinations of old favorite styles are sufficiently desirable to be repeated. The most distinguished and costly cloaks of the season are in velvet and lace—the richest black Lyons velvet, the most costly thread, or real Chantilly lace. They are very large, a combination of the circular and Raglan, or the basquine and the Polonaise, and have wide sleeves richly trimmed with lace, the same width and the same kind as that which borders the bottom of the cloak. A double lace berthe of a much wider pattern is placed so as to fall gracefully from the shoulders. Another style has very wide "military" sleeves, ornamented upon the back with medallions in embroidery, and looped up in front with Brandebourgs.

Bonnets are distinguished for the beauty of their shape, their exquisite simplicity, and rare shades of color. Fall dress hats are uniformly of rich velvet, in one or two solid colors. A perfect little bijon, however, was noticed in one composed of the immortal (since fashion has immortalized it) 42nd plaid velvet. A full plaited front, laid flat, cap crown, surmounted by an exquisite barbe of black lace disposed in a flat bow on the top, with the ends hanging down; a plain bandeau across the front, and side ruche of black blonde—that was all. It was called the "Jennie June." Another of mauve velvet was made in precisely the same manner, and was almost equally charming.

Where two colors are used, black and a brilliant emerald green are very distinguished. The curtain is of green, the rest of the bonnet, including a plain crown, black. The ornaments are long flat loops on one side, green and black; on the other, a long, straight, glittering cocque de plume in various shades of green.

Purple, especially that peculiar shade called Tyrian purple, is very recherché, partly because it is very rare and difficult of attainment. We have observed a dress at the opera of this color, which is worthy of description. It consisted of two skirts, the under one entirely plain, but very full, the upper one ornamented with bands or quilles of purple velvet in a lace pattern, and rounding at the bottom. The body was cut à Raphael, without points, and very low across the bosom,

point lace. The sleeves consisted of one large puff, and moderately deep flounce, the latter lined with white silk edged with ribbon ruche. A medallion trimming of purple moss velvet bordered both sleeves and corsage. The under-sleeves were flowing, and finished with point lace flounces. A roccoo pearl cross was suspended from a narrow black velvet, which encircled the round white throat, a pearl bracelet clasped one fair delicate wrist, and two magnificent pearl pins fastened a long barbe of black lace which ornamented the beautiful hair.

Near this lady sat another, dressed in a still more striking manner. Her robe was of the richest black velvet, with long pointed corsage and square stomacher of puffed illusion, trimmed with full rows of Maltese lace.. The sleeve was simply a deep, wide, rounded cap, open, and disclosing elegant undersleeves of puffed illusion, trimmed to match the stomacher, excepting that bows and ends of rose-colored ribbon were added. A diamond and pearl bracelet was the only article of jewellery worn. A coquettish Grecian cap, however, adorned the hair, which was full dressed, and glittered in front with a small quantity of shining powder, apparently thrown upon the fair, short curls.

Two remarkably elegant dresses recently made in Paris for a lady of rank, are worthy of notice. One is of rich maroon-color silk, with two skirts, each edged with two narrow flounces, plaited in the style called à la Vieille. The upper skirt is open in front and rounded at the corners. The corsage is high, and has four points at the waist; one in front, one at the back and one at each side. Over the corsage there is a pelerine edged by a plissé. The sleeves are formed of three frills plaited in corresponding style. The other dress made by the same hands, and for the same lady, is of dark green silk. It has two skirts. each trimmed with a broad band of tartan velvet. The upper skirt is open at the sides, and the openings are confined by bows of velvet. The corsage is high and plain, and the sleeves are trimmed with velvet in a style corresponding with the other parts of the dress.

In Paris many ladies are wearing long pardessus or casaques of the same material as the dress with which they are worn. They are called Polonaises, and are made of silk or velvet.

Some elegant little jackets of the kind called Coins-de-feu have already made their appearance. Some of them are exceedingly rich, being made of cashmere or velvet, embroidered in gold or silver. Others, of a plainer description, are ornamented with velvet or braid.

Some exquisite wreaths of blue flowers without foliage have just been introduced. They are of a beautiful tone of cerulean blue, and are made of feathers. Nothing can exceed the light and becoming effect of this sort of coiffure. These feather flowers are also much employed for trimming ball-dresses.

DESCRIPTION OF NEEDLEWORK.

COVER FOR A CUSHION OR BLIND TASSEL IN IRISH POINT. PAGE 569.

Materials. - Messrs. Walter Evans & Co.'s. Boar's Head Cotton, No. 30. No. 4 Penelope Hook.

11 ch unite in a circle; 1 ch u (or under) this circle, work 7 Dc: make a knotted bar thus—(°6 ch Dc in 2nd loop from last Dc; 7 ch Dc in 3d loop from last Dc; 2 ch o). Wherever these stars appear close together, thus co, there make a knotted bar; now Dc u circle; 9 ch Dc in 5th ch of circle 00; 7 Dc on the 7 Dc; oo Dc u centre of knotted bar (always u centre between the knots); oo Dc u 9 ch; 3 ch 5 L with 1 ch between each L u the same 9 ch; 3 ch 1 L u centre of bar; 5 ch T (or turn on reverse side); 1 L u 1st 1 ch; 1 ch 1 L 1 ch u each 1 L for three times; 1 ch 1 L u 8 ch (at end of L); 1 ch 1 L u same 3 ch for 3 times more; 5 ch 1 L u bar; 9 ch Dc on next Dc between the knots; 7 ch Dc u next bar; 9 ch 5 Dc on Dc; co Dc u bar already worked into; ** Dc u next chs; 7 ch 1 L u 3d 1 ch; 1 ch; 1 L with 1 ch between each, u each 1 ch for 4 times more; 50 Dc u next chs; 5 ch 9 Dc u each of next chs for 3 times; 3 ch 1 L on centre of 5 Dc; 00 Dc u bar; 00 Dc u same

which was shaded by an elegant Pompadour chemisette of | ch 1 L 1 ch u each 1 ch for 4 times; oo Dc u bar; oo Dc u chs; 7 ch a row of Dc on all the Dc; 5 ch 1 L u 8 ch; 7 ch Dc u bar; 7 ch 1 L u next; 5 ch T7 Dc u 1st 7 ch; 1 ch T7 Dc on Dc; 7 ch 1 L u bar already worked into; 5 ch 1 L u same; 5 ch 1 Lunext bar; 5 ch 1 Lusame; 00 Dcunext chs; 5 ch 7 Dcu next oo Dc u next; 5 ch 1 L 1 ch u each 1 ch for 3 times; oo De u bar; 11 ch De u next bar; 5 ch T 13 De u 11 ch; 3 ch 1 L u bar; 7 ch T 5 Dc the 1st on 8th Do; 5 ch 1 L u 5 ch at end of Dc; 7 ch Dc u next 7 ch; 00 9 Dc on the 1st 9 Dc; 5 ch T 5 Dc on Dc; 3 ch 1 L u bar; 5 ch T Dc u 5 ch (at end of Dc); 00 9 Dc on Dc, the 1st on 2nd Dc; 00 Dc u chs; 00 Dc u next chs; 5 ch 1 L on 1st of the Dc; 1 ch 1 L 1 ch in each alternate loop 3 times; 7 ch 5 Dc u next chs; 4 Dc u each of next chs for 8 times; 3 ch 1 L u bar; oo Dc u chs; 3 ch 1 L on centre of Dc; 5 ch 1 L u bar; 5 ch 1 L u same; 00 Dc u chs; 3 ch 1 Lu 2nd 1 ch; 5 ch Dcu bar already worked into; oo T Dcu 1st chs; 5 ch Dc u bar; 7 ch Dc u next chs; 7 ch Dc u same; 00 Dc u next chs; 5 ch 1 L u bar; 7 ch 1 L u same; 7 ch Dc u next chs; oo 13 Dc on Dc; 5 ch T 7 Dc on 1st Dc; 3 ch 1 L u bar: 5 ch T Dc u 5 ch at end of Dc; 7 ch Dc u same; 5 ch Dc u next chs; 7 ch 1 L 1 ch u each 1 ch for 3 times; 1 ch 1 L u next chs; as Dc u bars for twice; 7 ch 3 Dc on 3 of the centre De; 3 ch 1 L u bar; 5 ch T De u 7 ch; •• De u bar; 9 ch u next bar; 9 ch Dc u 1st 1 ch (between the L stitches;) 1 ch T 11 Dc u each 9 ch; 5 ch T 20 Dc on Dc; 5 ch 1 L 1 ch u each 1 ch for twice; 5 ch 5 Dc u each of next chs for twice; 8 ch T 7 Do on Do; 5 ch 1 L u 1 ch; 5 ch 1 L u next chs; 7 ch 5 Do the 1st on 3rd Dc; oo Dc on 5th Dc; 3 ch 1 L 1 ch in each alternate loop of Dc for 4 times; 7 ch 1 L u bar; 7 ch 1 L u chs; 5 ch 1 L u L stitch which goes across; 9 ch T Do u 2nd of the chs; 5 ch Dc u next; 5 ch Dc u same; 4 ch 1 L u each 1 ch and 3 ch for 4 times: OD Dc u bar: 7 ch 3 Dc on centre of Dc: 5 ch 5 Dc u next chs; 7 ch T 1 Dc on centre Dc of the 8; 7 ch 1 L u next chs; 5 ch 1 Lu same; 5 ch Deu bar; 00 Deu 1st 1 ch; 5 ch 1 Lunext 2d 1 ch; 5 ch T1 Lu bar; 5 ch 1 Lu same; 7 ch 1 L u chs; 5 ch Dc u next chs; 7 ch Dc u next; 8 ch Dc u next; 7 ch Dc u next; 1 ch T7 Dc u7 ch; 4 ch miss the 8 ch 5 Dc u each of next chs for 8 times; 7 ch T 14 Dc on Dc; 5 ch T 18 Dc on Dc; co 1 L u chs between L stitches; 5 ch 1 L u same; 5 ch 1 L u next chs; 7 ch T Dc u chs between L stitches; 7 ch 1 L u bar; 5 ch 1 L u same; 7 ch 9 Dc on Dc; 8 ch T Dc u 7 ch; 5 ch Dc u same; co Dc u chs between L stitches; co Dc u next chs; 9 ch T Dc u bar; 00 Dc u next bar; 3 ch T Dc u bar; 5 ch 1 L u same bar; 9 ch 1 L u chs at edge; 5 ch T De u 9 ch; 5 ch Dc u 5 ch; 5 ch 1 L chs u at edge. Draw the cotton through. Fasten off; but leave an end of cotton on. Make a 2nd division, do not fasten off, but proceed to join them together, thus:-Lay the first completed piece at the back of the 2nd, but with that side of the 1st piece which is without the end of cotton against the side of the 2nd piece, which has the reel of cotton attached; therefore the sides will not match, but the points of both pieces will be at the right hand side, De u the 1st chs at point of b (or back piece); 4 ch Dc u chs in f (or front), where the L stitch is; 4 ch Dc u next cha at b, where the L stitch is; 4 ch Dc u 5 ch in f, close to knot; 5 ch Dc u next chs at b; 3 ch 7 Dc u chs in f; 3 ch Dc u next chs at b; 5 ch Do u 5 ch in Do stitches in f, 5 ch Do u the single L stitch at b; 3 ch Dc u 3 ch in f; 3 ch 1 L u chs close by the 4 L at b; 8 ch 5 Dc on Dc in f; 2 ch Dc u 1st 5 ch at b, 3 ch Dc u next 5 ch at b; 3 ch 1 L u next chs in f; 3 ch Dc u chs at b; 2 ch 7 Dc on Dc in f; 2 ch 1 L u the 1 L at b; 8 ch Dc u 5 ch in f; 1 ch 5 L u chs in f; De through knot at b; 3 ch De u next chs at b; 8 ch 1 L u 1 L in f: 5 ch Dc u bar already worked into at b: 3 ch 5 Dc u chs in f; 3 ch Dc u chs at b; 7 ch 5 Dc on the Dc in left hand piece. Fasten off. Four of these divisions will complete the cover; but in joining up the 1st and last division, it will be necessary to turn the work; so as to get that side of the division in front, which will correspond with the instructions given for

For the small circle and puffs at the top. Make • 5 Dc u each of the 2 chs on the top of each division; then 2 ch (which will be over the joins). Repeat from o. After the last 2 ch Dc in 1 st Do stitch, and work a row of Do all round; then 3 ch Do u each alternate loop; then 4 ch Dc u each 3 ch; then 4 rows with 5 bar; oo Dc u next; 7 ch 1 L u next chs; 5 ch 1 L u same; 5 ch (reckon six rows of holes upwards), 1 row with 4 ch; 1 row

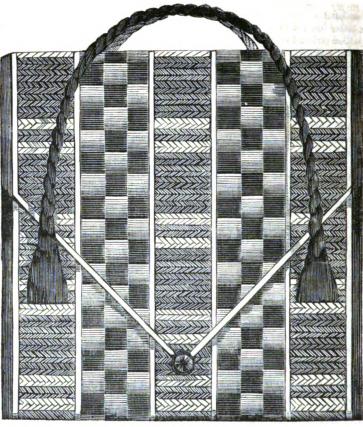
with 3 ch; 1 row with 2 ch; then 2 Dc u each 2 ch; then a row of Dc; then a row of L stitches, 1 into each alternate loop. Then fasten off. These tassel covers, when washed, should be strongly stiffened, rolled in linen for a short time, then pulled in shape; the edges picked out with a piercer, then dried upright, without pressing.

A WORK, OR USEFUL BAG.

Materials .- 1 yard of Penelope canvas, that which measures 7 double threads to the inch, and which will count about 64 (not less) double threads in the selvage side; 4 shades of scarlet 8thread wool, or single wool doubled; one shade each of gold color, of green, violet and blue; 41 yards of black cotton velvet, the width of 4 double threads of the canvas; sufficient lining muslin, green sarsenet for

lining, and narrow green ribbon for binding; also ribbon for strings, and a small button

Measure the canvas exactly in half, lengthways, and run in the centre space a red cotton doubled. Count 7 double threads of canvas on each side this red line, and run a black thread in the space; then count 12 double threads of canvas on each side this black line, and in the next space run a black thread; then 12 threads on each side these two black lines. Now count 52 threads of canvas from the selvage upwards, and run in the next space a colored wool. Count 65 more threads, and run in another colored wool; then count 25 stitches, and run in another wool. Count 28 stitches, and run in another wool. Cut off the remainder of canvas to within 2 inches of this line,

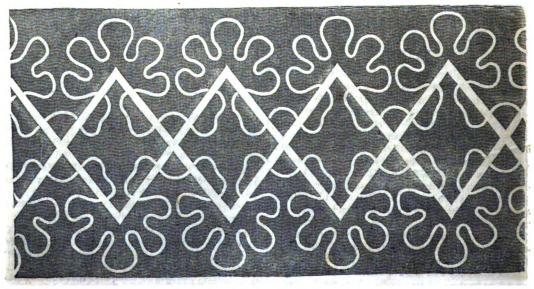


PATTERN OF WORK-BAG

from the line immediately above the last. Double the canvas so as to form a point from the red line in the centre to the line above, and draw in some wool or cotton along the edge of the turned canvas; now crease the canvas in all the other lines, except in the one above the point. Now in the 7th double thread of canvas from the red line in centre, work with gold color wool, a row of cross stitch on each side the red line. This will leave 12 threads of canvas in the centre. In the 13th thread of canvas from this gold color line on each side, work another row; also on the 11th line of stitches outside these last rows. This will be within two stitches of the canvas at the edges. Work also a line of cross stitch along the selvage, and along the point.

To fill up the stripes of bars.—In the 1st stripe, bring the needle upwards with lightest scarlet, in the space after the 4th double row of canvas, close to the selvage; miss 4 stitches; put the needle down through the canvas, in the space beyond the 4th missed stitch. With the next 3 shades work the same. Mix with lighter shade, bring the needle up in the line of stitches beyond and at the end of dark shade, and work the same, and on the other side of the 1st row of stitches the same; thus every space covered by wool will consist of 4 double threads of canvas and the open parts of 5 double threads, and this is where the velvet will have to be drawn in.

For the stripes of wool in Grecian stitch, which may be worked in one color, or two, or four, like the pattern. Grecian stitch (so-



PATTERN FOR BRAID WORK.

called from its resemblance to a Grecian braid) is worked in irregular herring-bone stitch, that is, taking one double thread of canvas in length, and 2 in width, making

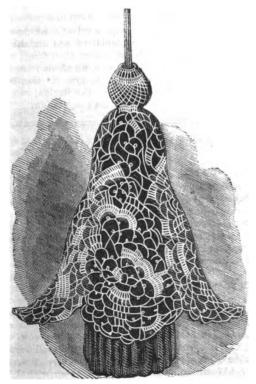
the 1st stitch a perfect cross stitch; in the next, go but one double thread of canvas, in advance, but putting the needle also under the 1st stitch; bring the needle upwards, and for the 8rd stitch, take the thread, of course, in advance, and also one thread of last stitch; and so continue working like the two last stitches.

Observe that when drawing out the threads which mark the divisions across the bag, to run others in on the outside of the wool work. The shades of Grecian stitch run in the following manner: I row of 12 stitches of canvas in (°) gold color one in violet, then green, violet, green, velvet, gold, blue, and repeat the shades again from °; now draw the velvet into the red rows, and slightly nail the work the wrong side uppermost, on a deal table, so as to stretch it equally and firmly; then brush it with thick gum all over. When dry, line with cambric, drawing the latter tight.

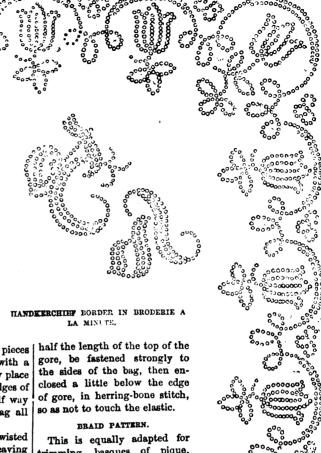
For the gores at the sides.—Cut two pieces of strong firm lining, 4 nails in length, and 2 nails in width; make a

lining, 4 nails in length, and 2 hats in water, make a turning an inch in width, top and bottom; crease the pieces down the centre; cover these gores with silk, and, with a hot iron, make the crease down the centre of each; now place these inside the side of bag, tacking the edges to the edges of canvas, and stitching the bottom of the gores about half way to the bottom of the bag: now bind the edges of bag all round.

For the handles.—Cover some large cord with linen twisted over; sew thickly some strong ribbon over this cord, leaving the ends unsewed, that the ends of cord may first be sewed on the bag, and the ribbon spread at the ends over the cord. Sew on the bag a convenient-sized button and piece of elastic, in a loop at the point. It will be found better if a piece of elastic,

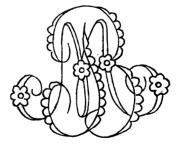


COVER FOR CUSHION OR BLIND TASSEL. PAGE 567.



This is equally adapted for trimming basques of pique, muslin, or other washing materials, and for ornamenting silk or woollen fabrics. When cotton braid is used, the best

French should be selected, the plait being close and firm. The widths No. 5 and 9 are those indicated in the engraving. This design would be pretty for trimming silk aprons, which are much worn at present, and are always handsomely ornamented. Russia silk braid, of two widths, may be used; and if the broad be



also a shade lighter than the narrow, the effect will be improved. This broad braid is the one which is put on last. As in all specimens of this sort of work, the design is previously marked on the material

HANDKERCHIEF BORDER IN BRODERIE A LA MINUTE.

This is designed for working within a deep hem, and is ap-



propriate for morning toilette. The cambric handkerchief is bought ready hemmed, and the pattern marked and worked in the small dots known as à la minute. The cotton employed is the royal perfectionné embroidery cotton, No. 18, of Walter Evans & Co., of Derby, England. Each spot is made by twisting the cotton three times round the needle, and then inserting it again in the cambric close to the place where it was drawn out. It is easily and quickly done, and looks very effective. The initials we give will serve to indicate the style in which all letters should be marked, when the handkerchief is embroidered à la minute. A simple scallop may be substituted for the deep bordered hem.

HANDKERCHIEF A LA FORTE. PAGE 565.

This pattern also to be worked on a deep bordered handkerchief, and combines broderie à la minute and à la forte. The small flowers are worked in the cotton, each petal in two stitches. They are done by winding the thread round the needle often enough to make the requisite length when drawn up tightly. The same cotton is used as for the broderie à la minute.

PATTERN FOR NAME. PAGE 569.

Helen.—Christian name, worked in satin stitch, with Evans' royal embroidery cotton. The pois or spots may be either worked over, or pierced and sewed over.

PATTERN FOR INITIALS. PAGE 569.

M. B.—Initials for embroidering in overcast-stitch, or point de rose, the flowers only being in satin-stitch.

PATTERN FOR BRAIDING A CHILD'S SHOE. PAGE 565.

The two parts—the point and one side. The material: cloth or velvet, with Russia silk braid, which is greatly improved if edged on at least one side by a fine gold cord.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

HEAD-DRESS NO. 1. PAGE 561.

One of the peculiarities of head-dresses this season is the fact that they almost entirely conceal the back hair. This one consists of a net of silk, ornamented with crimson bows in the form of rosettes, and heavy tassels.

HEAD-DRESS NO. 2.

This is an elegant coiffure, beautifully wrought in gold upon a ground of chenille, and ornamented with ribbon and heavy gold tassels.

HEAD-DRESS NO. 8

Presents one of the most charming and successful efforts from that reservoir of beauty, Genin's Bazaar. It is a simple combination of scarlet velvet leaves and fine blonde barbes, with superb scarlet tassels, and has the happiest and, at the same time, the most distinguished effect.

BONNET NO. 1.

This model of the beautiful styles in winter bonnets is also from Genin's Bazaar. It is composed of very rich white ribbed velvet, with a blue border upon the extreme front. It is ornamented with exquisite blonde and a large oriental cactus, with blue marabout terminations. The rolls of velvet on the other side are one white and the other blue, edged with blonde. Very wile and long strings, plain blue bandeau, edged with white blonde.

BONNET NO. 2.

This is one of the most delicious opera hats we have ever seen, even from the graceful hands of Mrs. Wm. Simmons, from whose extensive and admirable establishment this model was taken. The material is a lovely shade of pink moss velvet, surrounded with a shower of magnificent blonde, no other trimming is used with the exception of a bandeau of leaves and blossoms across the front, and wide strings of pink velvet edged with blonde.

BONNET NO. 3.

We have the pleasure of presenting a second exquisite model from the never failing repertoire of Mr. GENIN. This is a striking combination of black and canary colored velvet, the black form-

ing simply the headpiece between the full sloping crown and extreme front. The crown is crossed by bands of black and white blonde, and the entire edge is surrounded by a white blonde edged with black. Full white ruche with bandess and ornaments of black velvet and lace.

GENIN'S CLOAK. PAGE 564.

The distinguishing feature of all the cloaks this season consists in wide sleeves, which are considered almost indispensible adjuncts to the most elegant velvet, no less than the plainest cloth. The present illustration is a copy of one of the beautiful novelties of the season from Genn's Bazaar. The back of the cloak and the back part of the sleeves is ornamented with medallions in rich embroidery, finished with heavy tassels and fringe. The berthe also, which extends down the front in the form of tabs, is embroidered and trimmed with tassels and fringe to match.

HALF ROBE. PAGE 564.

HALF robe of very rich royal purple moire antique of a most exquisite shade. It is quite new this season, very dark in shadow, but thrown towards the light reflects a charming, bright, silvery tint. The upper skirt is open in front, and ornamented with a purple moire ribbon, with a satin edge laid in double for plaits. It will be noticed that it is much shorter than they have been worn, and gives the effect of a tunic. The sleves are short, full and flowing, and ornamented with a pointed cap; they lay smoothly over very full puffed undersleeves of talk, and are trimmed to match the skirt. Corsage plain, pointed before and behind, and worn with a lace berthe, trimmed with narrow velvet, and finished with small pendant tassels.

OPERA NEGLIGE. PAGE 565.

Spanish coiffure of black lace, spotted with gold, and edged with black silk fringe. It is fastened at the side with large gold pins, and has a very novel and distinguished effect.

BULPIN'S CLOAK. PAGE 572.

This is a very handsome specimen of the fine ribbed beaver cloth cloaks from Mr. Bulpin's excellent and extensive establishment, and which are now so much in vogue. The dimensions are very ample; and this has the "Raglan sleeve," pointed and tasseled. The hood is laid in plaits at the top, and is in the form of a half-handkerchief, elegantly finished with pendant tassels. A narrow border of velvet surrounds the skirt, sleeves and hood.

BULPIN'S CLOAK. PAGE 572.

This is an illustration of a superb velvet cloak from the same establishment, exquisitely embroidered and ornamented with the magnificent tassels and heavy medallion fringe which this season has introduced to those who can afford to be luxurious. The shape is distinguished by its graceful simplicity; the sleeves are shaped something like the Raglan, and the style and finish are worthy of Mr. Bulpin's reputation.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED PLATE.

FANCY BALL COSTUMES.

OUR young lady readers will, we think, be delighted at the presentation of two charming fancy toilettes, suitable for private masquerade or the larger fancy dress ball, which always vary winter amusements.

The first figure represents the union of the cross and the crescent, and is a charming dress composed of mauve and black velvet; the under skirt being of black embroidered with the cross, the upper skirt of mauve decorated with the crescent in black velvet, from which the cross is suspended, and a neary and cross in front of jet. The velvet bod co and lace chemisette defining the bust are exceedingly novel and graceful. A jet necklace, from which the cross is suspended, surrounds the throat, and a gold band surmounted by the cross the head: from the back part of the band a short white veil floats over the shoulders, edged with a black cross border. Bracelets of jet and gold both significant, crimson silk hose with black saiin slippers ornamented with jet.

Fig. 2. This dress has a very novel effect, and consists of

an under skirt of canary-colored satin and an over skirt of blue bordered with black and white like squares upon a chessboard. At a regular interval a broad stripe of canary-color, spotted with black and white balls, is inserted, and forms also braces to the corsage and trimming to the short, full, blue satin sleeve, or rather cap, which surmounts the white embroidered sleeve, with chequered top and cuffs. The sides of the corsage are of black velvet, the pointed front and back of squares in black velvet and white satin. Head-dress of enamel balls in black and white.

MAKING WAX FLOWERS.

A new impulse has been given to the cultivation of the art of making wax flowers in this city, by the exhibition of some beautiful specimens by a professor recently arrived from England, who also had the honor of being the teacher of the Princess Royal, now the Princess of Prussia. He it was who copied the "Victoria Regia," which, at the time, was displayed to crowds of the admiring nobility by the Duchess of Northumberland, and received the warmest encomiums from the London press. At that time, this gentleman, whose name is Mr. G. Worgan, was the superintendent and head workman of Minthorn's celebrated wax flower establishment in London, from whence he has come to this country to establish a reputation for himself. He has already secured a sufficient number of pupils to occupy all his time; the course of lessons required, however, being very short—six or eight at most. We have examined some of the specimen bouquets at his rooms, 720 Broadway, and were astonished at their extraordinary beauty, and perfect accuracy. Sprigs of mignonette and little clusters of forget-me-nots were exquisitely natural, and more surprising than the beautiful pale camelia, the rich passion flower or queenly rose. A noticeable feature is the total absence of the stark stiffness which is generally observed in wax flowers; these, on the contrary, seem to breathe life.

PICCOLOMINI IN NEW YORK.

Piccolomini is here at last, and every mail brings a flood of questions from charming country cousins, who desire to know how she looks, and how she dresses, if she is really fascinating. &c., &c. Her voice, in feminine judgment, is quite a secondary consideration; and the judgment is quite correct, for, with much less voice, Piccolomini's delicious coquetries would still be quite sufficient to carry Young New York captive; and, instead of our fashionable belies buying charming opera cloaks and fancy head-dresses, they might more appropriately put on the deepest mourning for the loss of their cavaliers.

The wonderful and varied expression of Piccolomini's sweet face and dark eyes is a new revelation to some of our fair, cold habitués, who discover that fascination does not consist wholly in delicacy of coloring and an interesting stupidity, and quite create a revolution in favor of "brilliant brunettes," in opposition to the furore for blondes, large and languishing, which has lately been excited.

Piccolomini's "art of fascinating" will become the rage, and young gentlemen may expect to see it reproduced in every possible shade of dilution for the next two or three seasons. Notwithstanding her sparkling and charming face, her forte is the touching and tender. As some one says, she has "tears in her voice," and an exquisite, mournful sadness, which sounds like the sobbing forth of a young life—the wail of a broken heart.

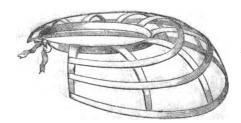
The pretty French sentiment of tears in the voice will take. Young ladies in Fifth avenue and Fourteenth street will practice quivers and quavers from morning till night—sing only broken snatches, and melt, until they become like Niobe, all tears. They will wait in an agony of expectation for some virtuous and indignant father to come and demand a "sacrifice," and listen with supreme indifference to the timid suggestions of their lovers touching furniture, &c.

Piccolomini is a fine costumer, as will be seen from the following notes of her dresses in *Traviata*:

The first was canary-colored moire antique, ornamented with a puffing of blue satin upon the front of the skirt, broad at the base, narrow as it ascended towards the point of the waist; antique sleeves, completed by a deep frill of lace, and bretelles of blue satin upon the corsage. Her hair was combed back in the Eugenie style, and its dark folds looped with pearls.

The second dress was of Napoleon blue satin, with white side stripes, and white lace berthe.

The third dress was magnificent. Superb white satin, with a pink front breadth inserted, bordered with dark crimson bouquets. Diamonds flashed from neck and arms, and a tiara encircled the fair brow. In addition to her other perfections, Piccolomini has one rare beauty in exquisitely moulded hands and arms, and these, with small, delicate ears, are enough, according to Lord Byron, to betray her gentle blood; although otherwise she does not look the least like a princess, but only the most kissable and lovable and bewitching little pet in the world.



THE SELF-SUPPORTING TOURNURE

The above engraving represents a patented article which has found great favor in Philadelphia—It is much admired for all toilettes, but particularly in ball and dress costumes. The horizontal hands are made of tape, except that which goes around the waist, which, as well as all the vertical bands, is of light steel. For long waists the above style is worn, and for short waists a similar one, in which the steel springs extend from the lower edge of the waist band. The whole is very light and easily adjusted, and dresses set beautifully over them. They are in such demand that the supply of the market is quite deficient.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. Susan E. Featherstone, Ark.—The patterns were somewhat delayed, owing to unavoidable circumstances; but were finally forwarded according to directions. They are from Madame Demorest's establishment, and her terms for supply ing full dress and plain patterns—quarterly or half-yearly, as desired—will be found in our advertising columns.

MRS. A. B. STEWART, PENN YAN.—The price of the materials for the book cushion in orné knitting amounts to four dollars and three cents, viz:

No. 16 orné knitting ball	-	-	-	- \$3	25
No. 11 knitting pins	-	-	•		25
½ oz. shaded amber	•	-	•	-	16
1 cz. deep claret Berlin wool	-	-	-		121
No. 2 Penelope hook -	•	•	-	-	25
				_	—
				\$4	3

M. L. BROOKS, KALAMAZOO.—We have inquired at the establishment of Mr. Lichtenstein concerning the money which was forwarded for goods which were never received, but could obtain no definite answer. That the ribbons have not been sent is certain, the proper person, it was said, should "examine the books, and if the money had been received the order should be attended to." We presume it must have been a case of o ersight in some of the employés, as we have always found Mr. Lichtenstein punctual and honorable in his dealings.



CLOAK-BULPIN.

Good News.—A reduction in the prices of Sewing Machines is announced in our advertising columns. We have heretofore expressed the opinion that the prices of this invention have been too highso high as to place them beyond the reach of many whom they would most benefit. Their utility is established beyond question, and at the present prices we see no reason why they should not be found, as they ought to be, in every household. Several varieties are manufactured adapted to various purposes. So far as public opinion has been formed and uttered, the preference is emphatically accorded to the Wheeler and Wilson machine for family use, and for manufactures in the same range of purpose and material. During the present autumn the trials have been numerous, and all the patents of any pretension have been brought fairly into competition. In every case, the Wheeler and Wilson machine has won the highest premium. We may instance the state fairs of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Illinois, Wisconsin and California, and the fairs of the Cincinnati, Detroit, Chicago and St. Louis Institutes, already held. At the fair of the St. Louis Mechanical Association the committee consisted of twenty-five ladies of the highest social standing, who without a dissenting voice awarded for the Wheeler and Wilson machine the highest and only premium, a silver pitcher valued at seventy-five dollars. If these facts do not establish a reputation, we know not what can. - Christian Advocate and Journal.

WHY WORDS IN THE BIBLE ARE PRINTED IN ITALICS.—These italic words generally consist of the-auxiliary verbs, as, an, are, was, &c., which in the original are not written, but understood. It is the

peculiar genius of the ancient languages, especially Hebrew, Greek and Latin, to omit the minor words of a sentence; but as these omissions would sometimes give rise to obscurity, the translators have generally supplied them, and, for the sake of distinction, printed them in *italics*. Thus in the Gospel of St. John i. 6—" There was a man sent from God, whose name was John"—the word printed in italic is omitted in the original Greek.

OLD AND YOUNG FRIENDS.—Old friends are the great blessings of one's latter years. Half a word conveys one's meaning. They have memory of the same events, and have the same mode of thinking. I have young relations that may grow upon me, for my nature is affectionate, but can they grow old friends? My age forbids that. Still less can they grow companions. Is it friendship to explain half one says? One must relate the history of one's memory and ideas; and what is that to the young but old stories?—Horace Walpole.

A BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM.—It was amongst the most beautiful customs of the ancients to bury the young at morning twilight; for as they strove to give the softest interpretation to death, so they imagined that Aurora, who loved the young, had stolen them to her embrace.

UNLEARN.—Of all learning the most difficult department is to unlearn. Drawing a mistake or prejudice out of the head is as difficult as drawing a tooth, and the patient never thanks the operator.



CLOAK-BULPIN. PAGE 570.